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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON,

Printed for W. BOWYER, L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS, and J. DODSLEY.

MDCCLXVIII.

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AN

ACCOUNT

OF A

MONUMENT

ERECTED to the MEMORY

OF

Dr. SWIFT, in IRELAND.

To Mr. GEORGE FAULKNER.

SIR, *Neale, February* 14, 1750.

I HAVE at laſt finiſhed, what you have often heard me wiſh I might be able to do, a monument for the greateſt genius of our age, the late dean of St. *Patrick's*. The thing in itſelf is but a trifle; but it is more than I ſhould ever have attempted, had I not with indignation ſeen a country (ſo honoured by the birth of ſo great a man, and ſo faithfully

ſerved by him all his life) ſo long and ſo ſhamefully negligent in erecting ſome monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wiſe in ſuch neglect: for they hurt themſelves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the ſervice of their country, when they ſee in it gratitude to the memory of thoſe who have deſerved well of them. The ingenious *Pere Caſtle* told me at *Paris*, that he reckoned it the greateſt misfortune that he was not born an *Engliſhman*; and, when he explained himſelf, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument of *Shakeſpear*; and another to a modern, but to the greateſt of them, Sir *Iſaac Newton*. Great ſouls are very diſintereſted in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, ſcorning the mean paths of intereſt and lucre: and, ſurely, in an age ſo mercenary as ours, men ſhould not be ſo ſparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of ſuch virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; ſince, in ſo doing, they beſpeak, and almoſt inſure to themſelves, a ſuc-

a ſucceſſion of ſuch uſeful perſons in ſociety. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my houſe, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, conſiſting of five walks; the central of which is a horſe-courſe, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are ſo laid out, that, from the centre, the ſix rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the center of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedeſtal, with all the decorations of the order; on the ſummit of which I have placed a *Pegaſus*, juſt ſeeming to take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedeſtal I have engraved the following inſcription, written by an ingenious friend:

In memoriam JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
viri ſine pari.

Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poëta,
Arte nova; aethereas propriis, ut Pegaſus, alis
Scande domos: aeternum addet tua fama columnae

Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam poſſur
umbram
Nominis in mentem ſacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic tibi parvus honorun
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo fine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quaerit, gentis Iernae
Pectora ſcrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.
MDCCL.

I have alſo appointed a ſmall fund annual premiums to be diſtributed in t celebration of games at the monum yearly. The ceremony is to laſt th days, beginning the firſt of *May*, year On this day, young maids and men the neighbourhood are to aſſemble in t hippodrome, with their garlands a chaplets of flowers, and to dance rou the monument, ſinging the praiſes of t ingenious patriot, and ſtrewing with flo ers all the place: after which, they a to dance for a prize; the beſt danc among the maids is to be preſented wi a cap and ribbands; and, after the danc the young men are to run for a hat a gloves.

The ſecond day, there is to be a lar market upon the ground: and the m

regu

regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the perſon who buys the greateſt quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the beſt yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the faireſt colt or filly, of his own breed likewiſe, not over two years old, ſhall receive a premium of two guineas alſo.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all the uſeful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembring the patron who with ſo much care and tenderneſs recommended them to others, and cheriſhed them himſelf.

I am, Dear SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

J. B.

LETTERS

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT

Ralative to Mr. FAULKNER.

Some through ignorance, and others from envy, having been impoſed on, it hath been reported, and even publiſhed, that the editor of Swift's *Works had not any acquaintance with the author; and particularly Dr.* Hawkſworth, *a gentleman of genius and merit, was alſo led into this miſtake by ſome* London *Bookſeller: Mr.* Faulkner *is therefore obliged, in vindication of his character, to publiſh ſome of the Dean's letters to him, to convince* [a] *the world of the favourable opinion he had of him, and the friend-*

[a] That this conviction might extend to *England* as well as *Ireland*, we have printed moſt of thoſe letters, omitting only two or three which contained nothing material in them. The reſt we have retained, as they are characteriſtic of the dean and others, and diſplay that life and humour which give an agreeable colour to all his connexions. *Engliſh editors.*

ſhip

ſhip and confidence he was pleaſed to honour him with. The originals of which, and many other letters, may be ſeen in his hands.

LETTER I.

To the EARL of OXFORD[b].

My LORD, *Dublin, Feb.* 16, 1733.

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, the prince of *Dublin* printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordſhip was ſo gracious as to admit him into your preſence, and receive him with great condeſcenſion, which encouraged him to hope for the ſame favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuſe. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much diſcontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any others on this ſide.

I am juſt recovered, in ſome degree, of two cruel indiſpoſitions, of giddineſs

[b] This nobleman, *Edward Harley*, was only ſon to *Robert*, lord high treaſurer of *Great-Britain*, who died *May* 21, 1724.

and deafneſs, after ſeven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs ſtill about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your lordſhip, and lady *Oxford*[c] and lady *Margaret*[d], continue in perfect health. I pray God preſerve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire reſpect and eſteem,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient

And moſt obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

MR. FAULKNER,

WITHOUT the leaſt regard to your wager, I do aſſure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one ſingle line or ſyllable of that pamphlet, called, *An infalli-*

[c] Lady *Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles*, only daughter and heir of his grace *John Holles*, duke of *Newcaſtle*, was married to his lordſhip the 31ſt of *October*, 1713.

[d] This lady was married to *William Bentinck*, duke of *Portland*, *July* 11, 1734.

ble Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation; and, as it is a very unjuſt, ſo it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taſte and knowledge of ſtyle or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived; and in this caſe, few men have ſuffered ſo much as myſelf, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never ſaw. I do likewiſe proteſt in the ſame manner, that I did not write the epigram upon *Taylor* [e], nor heard of it until Mr. *Pilkington* ſhewed it me in manuſcript. Therefore, pray deſire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on ſuch matters, and not to venture the loſs of his money and credit with ſo much odds againſt him.

I am,

Your affectionate Servant,

Deanry-Houſe, Mar. 29, 1732.

J. SWIFT.

[e] The famous oculiſt.

If

If this fancy ſhould hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the ſame time I ſhould take a fancy to be a writer, I ſhall be diſcovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechiſe me when ever I am ſuſpected.

LETTER III.

MR. FAULKNER,

I DESIRE Mrs. *Pilkington* will deliver you the paper relating to *Gulliver*, which I left with her huſband. For, ſince you intend to print a new edition of that book, I muſt tell you, that the *Engliſh* printer made ſeveral alterations which I much diſapprove of, and cannot ſet them right without thoſe papers.

If I am not miſtaken, Mr. *Pilkington* hath an edition of *Gulliver*, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuſcript; I deſire I may alſo ſee that book.

I am,

Your humble ſervant,

June 29, 1733.

J. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of *Caſhel* [f].

MY LORD, *Dublin, Auguſt* 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, our famous printer, goes in an hour to ſee *Kilkenny* and *Caſhel*, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen ſhillings, and your town coffee-houſe (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his ſhaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuſcripts ſcattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he ſerved me; although I never let him touch or ſee one. He has the name of an honeſt man, and hath good ſenſe and behaviour. I have or-

[f] Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*.

dered

dered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exerciſe you make uſe of to increaſe or preſerve it. But he is in haſte to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My lord, your grace's

Moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER V.

To the Right Honourable Lord *Howth.*

MY LORD, *Dublin, Auguſt* 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, came to me juſt an hour before he was taking a journey to *Kilkenny* and *Caſhel*, and deſired I would write by him to your lordſhip

lordſhip and the archbiſhop, only to let your lordſhip know, that he is an honeſt man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, becauſe I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the conſent of my friends, and ſo I ſhall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopeth, as a citizen, to be admitted to you lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you ſhall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuſcripts in his hands; otherwiſe, perhaps there will be the works of the Right Hon. &c. and of my lady and the g giant, neatly bound next winter. My lady *Acheſon* hath not been well ſince ſhe left the town; but her mother is almoſt perfectly cured, except the loſs of her eye. I owe my lady *Howth* a letter, I believe. I deſire my moſt humble ſervice to her and the giant. I have time to ſay no more, but that I am,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

g A very tall young lady, nearly related to lord *Howth*.

LET-

LETTER VI.

MR. FAULKNER,

I AM anſwering a letter I had from Mr. *Pope*, when I was at *Cavan*. My abſence and ſickneſs, ſince I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckineſs that you could never find him at home, which, he ſays, ſince his mother's death, he is often abſent from. I here will tranſcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I deſire you will return an anſwer to it, time enough for me to ſend a letter to-night, and I will inſert the ſum of it.

"As to his (Mr. *Faulkner's*) deſign about my works, I beg you will deſire him to poſtpone it, until he ſees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the firſt volume, publiſhed by *Lintot*; for that, joined to the reſt by *Gillever* [h], will make the compleateſt hitherto extant; and is reviſed by me. I gueſs they will be out at *Chriſtmas*."

[h] *Lawton Gillever*, a Bookſeller.

Pray

Pray, let me know what anſwer I ſhall make to Mr. *Pope:* write it down and ſend it by any meſſenger, the ſooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

Jan. 8, 1735-6.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may ſend your anſwer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. *Benjamin Motte*, Bookſeller, in *London.*

SIR, *Dublin, May* 25, 1736.

I Lately received a long letter from Mr. *Faulkner*, grievouſly complaining upon ſeveral articles of the ill [1] treatment he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you,

[1] *Motte* filed a bill in Chancery in *England*, againſt *Faulkner*, for printing *Swift's* works, to ſtop the ſale of them there, which made the author write this letter.

with

with none of which you thought fit
comply. I am not qualified to judg
in the fact, having heard but one ſide
only one thing I know, that the cru
oppreſſions of this kingdom by *Engla*
are not to be borne. You ſend wh
books you pleaſe hither, and the bool
ſellers here can ſend nothing to you th
is written here. As this is abſolute o
preſſion, if I were a bookſeller in th
town, I would uſe all the ſafe means
reprint *London* books, and run them
any town in *England* that I could, b
cauſe, whoever offends the laws of Go
or the country he liveth in, committe
no ſin. It was the fault of you and oth
bookſellers who printed any thing ſuppo
ed to be mine, that you did not agree wi
each other to print them together, if y
thought they would ſell to any advantag
I believe I told you long ago, that M
Faulkner came to me, and told me h
intention to print every thing that n
friends told him they thought to be min
and that I was diſcontented at it; b
when he urged, that ſome other bookſell
would do it, and that he would take th
advi

advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleaſed to order him, I ſaid no more, but that I was ſorry it ſhould be done here.——But I am ſo incenſed againſt the oppreſſions from *England*, and have ſo little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woolen manufactures to any country in *Europe*, or any where elſe; and conceal it from the cuſtom-houſe officers, as I would hide my purſe from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although *England* hath made a law to the contrary[k]: and ſo I would encourage our booksellers here to ſell your authors books printed here, and ſend them to all the towns in *England*, if I could do it with ſafety and profit; becauſe (I repeat it) it is no offence againſt God or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. *Faulkner* hath dealt ſo fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honeſty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookſeller; but ſince my friends told me,

[k] This we apprehend is better patriotiſm than good caſuiſtry; but perhaps we too are prejudiced in our turns, by the dean's own principle. *The Engliſh Bookſellers.*

thoſe things, called mine, would certainly be printed by ſome hedge-bookſeller, I was forced to be paſſive in the matter. I have ſome [1] things which I ſhall leave my executors to publiſh after my deceaſe, nad have directed that they ſhall be printed in *London*. For, except ſmall papers, and ſome treatiſes writ for the uſe of this kingdom, I always had thoſe of any importance publiſhed in *London*, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power any where, I will do the beſt offices I can to countenance Mr. *Faulkner*. For, although I was not at all pleaſed to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends adviſed me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in *London* by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to ſome little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I ſhall leave to be printed in *London* after my deceaſe, I will leave no other copies

[1] Directions to ſervants, and the Hiſtory of the laſt ſeſſion of *Queen Anne*, and of the peace of *Utrecht*, both ſince printed; the firſt in vol. XII. and the other in vol. XV. of this collection.

of

of them here; but, if Mr. *Faulkner* ſhould get the firſt printed copy, and re-print it here, and ſend his copies to *England*, I think he would do as right as you *London* bookſellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I ſhall publiſh ſome things that I think are important; but they ſhall be printed in *London*, although Mr. *Faulkner* were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and ſo I remain,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER VIII.

To the Right Worſhipful the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common-Council of the City of *Corke*.

Deanry-Houſe, Dublin, Aug. 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I Received from you, ſome weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a ſilver box, by the hands of Mr. *Stannard*[m]; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he was too full of more important buſineſs. Since that time I have been wholly confined by ſickneſs, ſo that I was not able to return you my acknowledgement; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great diſorder. Mr. *Faulkner* will be the bearer of my letter, who ſets out this morning for *Corke*.

[m] *Eaton Stannard*, Eſq; then recorder of *Dublin*, and afterwards made his majeſty's prime ſerjeant at law, in the room of *Anthony Malone*, Eſq; ſince promoted to the chancellorſhip of the exchequer.

I could have wiſhed, as I am a private man, that, in the inſtrument of my freedom, you had pleaſed to aſſign your reaſons for making choice of me. I know it is a uſual compliment to beſtow the freedom of the city on an arch-biſhop, or lord-chancellor, and other perſons of great titles, merely upon account of their ſtations or power: but a private man, and a perfect ſtranger, without power or grandeur, may juſtly expect to find the motives aſſigned in the inſtrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus diſtinguiſhed. And yet I cannot diſcover in the whole parchment ſcrip any one reaſon offered. Next, as to the ſilver [n] box, there is not ſo much as my name upon it, nor any one ſyllable to ſhew it was a preſent from your city. Therefore, I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, ſent back the box and inſtrument of freedom by Mr. *Faulkner*, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice,

[n] In conſequence of this letter, there was an inſcription, and the city arms of *Corke*, engraved on the box, and reaſons in the parchment ſcrip for preſenting him with the freedom of that city.

whether to inſert the reaſons for which you were pleaſed to give me my freedom, or beſtow the box upon ſome more worthy perſon, whom you may have an intention to honour, becauſe it will equally fit every body.

I am, with true eſteem

and gratitude, Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient, and

obliged ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

Deanry-Houſe, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1737-8.

SIR,

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earneſt deſire I had, and ſtill have, to record

record the merit and ſervices of the lord-mayor, *Humphrey French*; whom I often deſired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many paſſages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulneſs, but in reality of his modeſty: I take him to be an hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his ſucceſſors, as far as their genius can reach. I deſire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to preſs them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power of authority in the city; but particularly from Mr. *Maple*, who was his intimate friend, who knew him beſt, and could give the moſt juſt character of himſelf and his actions.

When I ſhall have got a ſufficient information of all theſe particulars, I will, although I am oppreſſed with age and infirmities, ſtir up all the little ſpirit I can raiſe, to give the publick an account

that great patriot; and propoſe him as an example to all future magiſtrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miſerable kingdom.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

Mrs. Cæſar *was wife of* Charles Cæſar, *Eſq*; *member of parliament for the borough of* Hertford, *who was commited to the Tower of* London, December 19, 1705, *for ſome reflexions in the houſe of* Commons, *on the earl of* Godolphin, *then lord high treaſurer of* England. *In* 1711, *Mr.* Cæſar *was appointed treaſurer of the navy, in the room of* Robert Walpole, *Eſq*; *afterwards a knight of the garter, who was created earl of* Orford, February 9, 1741. *This lady was alſo mother to* Julius Cæſar, *a brave ſoldier, a general*

in the ſervice of his Britannic Majeſty in Germany [April, 1762]. *The dean correſponded with this lady, who was remarkable for her good ſenſe, friendſhip and politeneſs, and much eſteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taſte, genius and learning; and therefore we imagine the following letters will be acceptable.*

LETTER X.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, ſuch as beggary, ſlavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppreſſion, and ſome other trifles of the like nature, that we philoſophers ought to deſpiſe; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great diſtance, are ſtill ſo kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleaſed to a great degree, that you happened to be one, ſince conſtancy is, I think, at leaſt as ſeldom found in friendſhip as in love. Mrs. *Barber*,

Barber, when I ſee her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interpoſition, the ſucceſs of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I muſt bear the load of this obligation, without the leaſt poſſibility of ever returning it, otherwiſe than by my beſt wiſhes for the proſperity and health of you and your family: for, in ſpight of all your good words, I am the moſt inſignificant man of this moſt inſignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months paſt, by an unlucky ſtrain, which prevented the honour and happineſs I propoſed to myſelf of waiting on you often during this laſt ſummer: and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's noſe; yet I flatter myſelf, that next ſpring I may take one voyage more, when you will ſee me altered in every diſpoſition of body and mind, except in my reſpects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. *Pope's* compliment which I cannot make you; for I could not with the

ſtricteſt

ſtricteſt ſearch find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thouſand words too few in your letter; therefore, I accepted and underſtood it only as a billet juſt writ while Mrs. *Barber* ſtood by in her hood and ſcarf, juſt ready to take her leave and begin her journey: and what is worſe, I ſuſpect that ſhe was forced to ſolicit you long, becauſe ſhe wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that ſhe was not an impoſtor.

I will not ſay one word in Mrs. *Barber's* behalf, for ſhe will always continue to deſerve your protection, and therefore ſhe may be ſure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. *Ceſar* is in good health, and deſire he will accept the offer of my moſt humble ſervice, with my hearty wiſhes for your whole family.

I am, with true reſpect,
Madam,
Your moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER XI.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

To Mrs. Cæsar.

Madam,

I COULD not let Mrs. *Barber* leave us for good-and-all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and conſtant lover: ſhe hath been afflicted with ſo many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her ſpirits ſunk; neither can I well blame her, conſidering her grand affair of ſubſcriptions muſt needs have ſlackened in her abſence. Neither could ſhe be in much diſpoſition to increaſe her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients abſolutely neceſſary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her ſpirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine ſhe looks on you as her chief patroneſs; becauſe, although ſhe be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I obſerve your name moſt often in her

her mouth. I wiſh it were in my power to take the ſame journey; but neither my health, nor the bad ſtate of my private affairs, will give me power or leave; I cannot make ſhift, nor bear fatigue as I uſed to do. To live in *England* half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I muſt have two ſervants, and three horſes, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church-rents would never be paid in my abſence. My lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope* preſs me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philoſopher; he dines at ſix in the evening, after ſtudying all the morning until the afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his ſtudies again. Mr. *Pope* can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always ſome poetical ſcheme in his head. Thus the two beſt companions and friends I ever had, have utterly diſqualified themſelves for my converſation, and my way of living. Mr. *Pope*, who had often promiſed to paſs a ſummer ſeaſon with me here, if he outlived his mother, ſoon after her death waved the faireſt opprotunity of performing his

his promiſe two months ago, of coming over with eaſe, and in company of dean *Cotterel*[o] and his ſiſter; he ſaid, we ſhould kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the *Deanry-houſe:* He would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. *Barber* will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable perſons, and of both ſexes, with whom to converſe; I chid him ſoundly in my laſt letter, for his want of friendſhip or reſolution. You ſee, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myſelf in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon ſecond thoughts, it is not true, for I ſhould be much better pleaſed to be your hearer. However, I ſhould certainly aſk you a thouſand queſtions, concerning yourſelf, and Mr. *Cæſar*, and your whole family. I have received ſo much friendſhip and ſo many civilities from you both, that I ſhall ever own my obligations; which are much increaſed by Mrs. *Barber's* feeding my vanity, with

[o] Afterwards biſhop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*.

telling

telling me that you did not receive her worſe for her being recommended by me; yet, I confeſs, her expreſſions were in ſomewhat ſtronger terms. Pray God bleſs you and your whole family. I deſire you will preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Mr. *Cæſar*.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

The following letter to the provoſt and fellows of the univerſity of Dublin *plainly ſhews the author's friendſhip to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, ſoon after this, Mr.* Dunkin *was introduced to the dean, who did him further ſervices, by recommending him to Dr.* Bolton, *archbiſhop of* Caſhel, *who ordained him for holy orders.*

LETTER XII.

To the Provoſt and Senior Fellows of Trinity-College, DUBLIN.

July 5, 1736.

Rev. and worthy SIRS,

AS I had the honour of receiving ſome part of my education in your univerſity, and the good fortune to be of ſome ſervice to it while I had a ſhare of credit at court, as well as ſince, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excuſed for laying a caſe before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr.

Mr. *Dunkin*, whom you all know, ſent me ſome time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His requeſt is, that you would be pleaſed to enlarge his annuity at preſent, and that he may have the ſame right, in his turn, to the firſt church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the ſcheme of his aunt's will; becauſe the abſurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifeſt; and the intention of the teſtator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propoſe is this, that you would increaſe his penſion to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promiſe of the firſt church-living in your diſpoſal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or ſomewhat more. This I take to be a reaſonable medium between what he hath propoſed in his memorial, and what you allow him at preſent.

I am almoſt a perfect ſtranger to Mr. *Dunkin*, having never ſeen him above

twice, and then in mixed company, n ſhould I know his perſon if I met hi in the ſtreets. But I know he is man of wit and parts; which, if appli properly to the buſineſs of his functio inſtead of poetry (wherein it muſt l owned he ſometimes excells*), might l of great uſe and ſervice to him.

I hope you will pleaſe to remembe that, ſince your body hath received r inconſiderable benefaction from the aun it will much increaſe your reputatio rather to err on the generous ſide t wards the nephew.

Theſe are my thoughts, after frequentl reflecting on the caſe under all its circum ſtances; and ſo I leave it to your wiſ judgments.

I am, with true reſpect and eſteem,

Reverend and worthy SIRS,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

Deanry-Houſe,
July 5, 1736. J. SWIFT

* See the tranſlation of *Carberiæ Rupes*, in vol. VII.

LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT, to Dr. KING,

Lord Biſhop of DERRY,

AFTERWARDS

Lord Archbiſhop of DUBLIN.

A very friendly correſpondence having been carried on, for many years, between Dr. KING, *Archbiſhop of* Dublin, *and Dr.* SWIFT, *D. S. P. D. it may be proper to prefix ſome account of his Grace before the following letters, for which we ſhall make no apology.*

WILLIAM KING was born at *Antrim*, the firſt day of *May* 1650, and was deſcended from an ancient family of the houſe of *Burras*, in the North of *Scotland*, from whence his father removed in the reign of king *Charles* I, to avoid engaging in the ſolemn league and covenant; brought his effects, and ſettled his family in the North of *Ireland*, where the above *William* was born, and had the

pleaſure of living to ſee his ſon promoted to the biſhoprick of *Derry*.

In 1662, he was ſent to a *Latin* ſchool in the county of *Tyrone*, and the 18th of *April*, 1667, entered the Univerſity of *Dublin*. In 1670, he took the degree of Batchelor of Arts; in 1673, that of Maſter; and the ſame year was ordained a Deacon by Dr. *Moſſom*, biſhop of *Derry*. On the 26th of *April*, 1674, he was ordained a prieſt by Dr. *John Parker*, archbiſhop of *Tuam*. In 1688, he was conſtituted Preſident of the Chapter of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin*; and, on the 26th of *January* following, was elected Dean by the Chapter. In 1689, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was promoted to the biſhoprick of *Derry* on the 9th of *January* O. S. 1690, and was conſecrated in *Chriſt-Church*, *Dublin*, the 25th of the ſaid month. Upon the promotion of Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*, archbiſhop of *Dublin*, to the archbiſhoprick of *Armagh*, Dr. *King* was tranſlated from *Derry* to the ſee of *Dublin*, the 11th of *March*, 1702. His grace, in the reign of *George* I, was four different times one of the

Lords

Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*, for his great loyalty and attachment to the proteſtant religion, and the houſe of *Hanover*. He died at the archiepiſcopal palace of St. *Sepulchre's Dublin*, on the 8th of *May*, 1729, having entered into the 80th year of his age; and was buried on the north ſide of *Donnybrook* church, near *Dublin*, witout any monument, tomb, or inſcription, as he had directed in his life-time.

His private charities were very ample and conſiderable; but ſo cautiouſly and ſecretly diſpenſed, that it is impoſſible to give a particular account of them. After he was tranſlated to the ſee of *Dublin*, he repaired and adorned the palace of St. *Sepulchre's*, which was in a ruinous condition, by expending above 3000*l.* on improvements, and erected a court-houſe for his archiepiſcopal manor, at his own charge. He purchaſed, from the late lord *Roſs* and others, many impropriate tithes, to add to the livings of the clergy in his dioceſe, to make them glebes, and for lectureſhips.

He gave in his life-time 500*l.* to the Univerſity of *Dublin*, towards founding a divinity-lecture for the benefit of thoſe who intended to enter into holy orders; and deviſed 500*l.* more to purchaſe a further maintenance and endowment for the aid lecture. He alſo deviſed 150*l.* to the poor of the city of *Dublin*. He gave 500*l.* in his life-time to the *Blue-Coat* hoſpital in *Dublin*, and 300*l.* to the fund ariſing from the application of the firſt fruits, for purchaſing glebes and impropriate tithes for the increaſe of poor vicarages.

His hoſpitality was ſuitable to the dignity of his character and ſtation, and the whole courſe of his converſation innocent, chearful, and improving; for he lived in the conſtant practice of every Chriſtian virtue that could adorn the public or private life.

In 1687, *Peter Manby*, dean of *Derry*, having publiſhed at *Dublin*, in quarto, a pamphlet, intituled, *The conſiderations which obliged* Peter Manby, *dean of* Derry, *to embrace the Catholic religion*; *humbly dedicated to his Grace Dr.* Michael Boyle,

Boyle, *the Lord Primate of* Ireland; Dr. *King* immediately wrote an anſwer. Mr. *Manby*, encouraged by the court, and aſſiſted by the moſt learned champions of the church of *Rome*, publiſhed a reply, under this title, *A reformed Catechiſm, in two Dialogues concerning the* Engliſh *Reformation*, &c. *in Reply to Mr.* King's *Anſwer*, &c. Our author ſoon rejoined in *A Vindication of the Anſwer*. Mr. *Manby* dropped the controverſy, but diſperſed a looſe ſheet of paper, artfully writ, with this title, *A Letter to a Friend, ſhewing the vanity of this opinion, that every man's ſenſe and reaſon are to guide him in matters of faith.* Our author ſoon publiſhed his anſwer. In 1688, our author was twice confined in the caſtle of *Dublin*, by order of king *James* II, and the ſame year commenced doctor of divinity. In 1690, he was advanced to the ſee of *Derry*. In 1691, he publiſhed at *London*, in quarto, *The ſtate of the proteſtants of* Ireland *under the late king* James's *government*, &c. "an "hiſtory, ſays biſhop *Burnet*, as truely as "it is finely written." He had by him at his death atteſted vouchers of every

particular fact alledged in this book, which are now in the hands of his relations. In 1693, his lordſhip, finding the great number of proteſtant diſſenters in his dioceſe of *Derry* increaſed by a vaſt addition of colonies from *Scotland*, in order to perſuade them to conformity to the eſtabliſhed church, publiſhed *A diſcourſe concerning the inventions of men in the worſhip of God.* Mr. *Joſeph Boyſe*, a diſſenting miniſter, wrote an anſwer. The biſhop anſwered Mr. *Boyſe*. The latter replied. The biſhop rejoined. In 1702, he publiſhed at *Dublin*, in quarto, his celebrated treatiſe *De Origine Mali.* Mr. *Edmund Law*, M. A. Fellow of *Chriſt's-College* in *Cambridge*, afterwards publiſhed a complete tranſlation of this, with very valuable notes, in quarto. In the ſecond edition he has inſerted, by way of notes, a large collection of the author's papers on the ſame ſubject, which he had received from his relations after the publication of the former edition. Our author, in this excellent treatiſe, hath many curious obſervations. He aſſerteth, and proves, that there is more moral good in the earth than

than moral evil. There are ten good acts, ſays he, done by thoſe we call bad men, for one ill one. A ſermon by our author, preached at *Dublin* in 1709, was publiſhed under the title of *Divine predeſtination and fore-knowledge conſiſtent with the freedom of man's will.* This was attacked by *Anthony Collins*, Eſq; in a pamphlet, intituled, *A vindication of the divine attributes*; *in ſome remarks on the archbiſhop of* Dublin's *ſermons, intituled,* Divine predeſtination, &c. He publiſhed likewiſe, *A diſcourſe concerning the conſecration of churches*; *ſhewing what is meant by dedicating them, with the grounds of that office.*

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO

DOCTOR KING.

LETTER I.

To the Lord Biſhop of DERRY.

Dublin-Caſtle, July 16, 1700.

MY LORD,

I WAS ſeveral times to wait on your lordſhip at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or ſo engaged that I could not be permitted the honour to attend you. I have an humble requeſt to your lordſhip, that you will pleaſe to excuſe me if I cannot be at the triennial viſitation; for, my lord [p] and lady con-

[p] Earl of *Berkley*, then one of the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*.

tinually

tinually reſiding at the lodge, I am obliged to a conſtant attendance there.

I am, with all reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

To his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin*.

Trim, Dec. 31, 1704.

My Lord,

I DID intend to have waited on your grace before you went for *England*; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the firſt opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other deſign than

than that of ſerving you. I believe
grace may have heard, that I w
England laſt winter, when the dean
chapter of *Chriſt-church* had, I t
with great wiſdom and diſcretion, c
a moſt malicious, ignorant, and
ſtrong creature to repreſent them; w
in your grace cannot juſtly tax their
dence, ſince the cauſe [q] they are eng
in is not otherwiſe to be ſupported.
I do aſſure your grace (which pe
others may have been cautious in t
you) that they have not been without
ceſs: for not only the general r
Doctors-commons was wholly on
ſide, which my lord biſhop of *C*
obſerved as well as I; but that littl
ſtrument of their's did uſe all his p
to miſrepreſent your grace, and
cauſe, both in town and city, as
his narrow ſphere could reach. A
ſparred not to ſay, that your grac
perſonal reſentment againſt him;

[q] A law ſuit between the archbiſhop of *Dublin* and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of *Chriſt-church*, *Dublin*, about his right of them, which was give vour of his grace.

[r] Dr. *Charles Crou*

you ſought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember, at a great man's table, who hath as much influence in *England* as any ſubject can well have, after dinner came in a maſter in chancery, whom I had before obſerved to be a principal perſon in *Doctors-commons*, when your grace's cauſe was there debating; and, upon occaſion of being there, fell into diſcourſe of it, wherein he ſeemed wholly an advocate for *Chriſt-church*; for all his arguments were only a chain of miſinformations, which he had learned from the ſame hand; inſomuch that I was forced to give a character of ſome perſons, which otherwiſe I ſhould have ſpared, before I could ſet him right, as I alſo did in the affair of the lean dean of *Derry*, which had been told with ſo many falſhoods and diſadvantages to your grace as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly preſume to ſay thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudices that have been given, you may more eaſily remove them, which your preſence will infallibly do.

I would

I would alſo beg of your grace to u ſome of your credit towards bringing to good iſſue the promiſe the queen mad at my lord biſhop of *Cloyne's* interceſſio to remit the firſt-fruits and tenths of t clergy; unleſs I ſpeak ignorantly, f want of information, and that it be thing already done. But what I wou mind your grace of is, that the crow rent ſhould be added, which is a gre load upon many poor livings, and would a conſiderable help to others. And I a confident, with ſome reaſon, that it wou be eaſily granted; being, I hear, und a thouſand pounds a year, and the queer grant for *England* being ſo much mo conſiderable than our's can be at beſt. am very certain, that, if the biſhop *Cloyne* had continued to ſolicit it in *En land*, it would eaſily have paſſed; but, l lordſhip giving it up wholly to the du of *Ormond*[a], I believe it hath not be thought of ſo much as it ought. I hu bly beg your grace's pardon for the ha and hurry of this, occaſioned by that

[a] Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

the poſt, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your bleſſing, and praying to God for your good voyage, ſucceſs, and return, I humbly kiſs your grace's hands, and remain,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER III.

London, Feb. 5, 1707-8.

My Lord,

I HAVE been above a month expecting the repreſentation your grace was pleaſed to promiſe to ſend me, which makes me apprehend your grace hath been hindered by, what you complained of, the clergy's backwardneſs in a point ſo

ſo very neceſſary to their ſervice; and it is time ill loſt at this juncture, while my lord [t] lieutenant is here, and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to ſerve the church in *Ireland*. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I ſhall think of my return to *Ireland* againſt the 25th of *March*, to endeavour to be choſen to the living of St. *Nicholas* [u], as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return, at a week's warning, to ſolicit that affair with my lord lieutenant while he ſtays here, or in any other manner your grace will pleaſe to direct.

Your grace knows long before this, that Dr. *Mills* is biſhop of *Waterford*. The court and archbiſhop of *Canterbury* were ſtrongly engaged for another perſon, not much ſuſpected in *Ireland*, any more than the choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houſes are ſtill buſy in lord *Peterborough's* [x] affair, which ſeems to be

[t] *Thomas Herbert*, earl of *Pembroke*.
[u] See Letter V.
[x] See his character, Vol. VII, p. 1.

little

little more than an amuſement, which it is conceived might at this time be ſpared, conſidering how ſlow we are ſaid to be in our preparations, which, I believe, is the only reaſon why it was talked the other day about the town, as if there would be ſoon a treaty of peace. There is a report of my lord *Galway's* death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect jeſt to ſee my lord *Peterborough*, reputed as great a whig as any in *England*, abhorred by his own party, and careſſed by the tories.

The great queſtion, whether the number of men in *Spain* and *Portugal*, at the time of the battle of *Almanza*, was but 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on *Tueſday* in the affirmative, againſt the court, without a diviſion, which was occaſioned by Sir *Thomas Hammer's* oratory. It ſeems to have been no party-queſtion, there being many of both glad and ſorry for it. The court hath not been fortunate in their queſtions this ſeſſion; and I hear ſome of both parties expreſſing contrary paſſions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to make re-

flexions; and, if I were, I could not tel what to make, ſo oddly people are ſub divided.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT

LETTER IV.

London, June 10, 170

My Lord,

I SENT your grace a long letter ſeven weeks ago, incloſed in one to the dean[y] I know not whether it came to you hands, having not ſince been honoure with your commands. I believe I tol your grace, that I was directly adviſed b my lord *Sunderland*, my lord *Somers*, M *Southwell*, and others, to apply to [z] m lord treaſurer, in behalf of the clergy

[y] Dr. *Sterne*. [z] Earl of *Godolphin*.

Irelan

Ireland; and lord *Sunderland* undertook to bring me to lord treaſurer, which was put off for ſome time on account of the invaſion. For it is the method here of great miniſters, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuſe for putting off all private application. I deferred it ſome time longer, becauſe I had a mind my lord *Sunderland* ſhould go along with me; but either the one or the other was always buſy, or out of the way; however, his lordſhip had prepared lord treaſurer, and engaged him (as he aſſured me) to think well of the matter; and the other day lord treaſurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my ſtory; that I was commanded by your grace, and deſired by ſome other biſhops, to uſe what little credit I had, to ſolicit (under the direction of my lord lieutenant) the remitting of the firſt-fruits, which, from the favourable repreſentation of his lordſhip to the queen, about four years ago, the clergy were encouraged to hope would be granted: that I had been told it might be of uſe, if ſome perſon could be ad-

mitted to his preſence, at his uſual ti
of being attended, in order to put hin
mind; for the reſt, they relied entirel
his excellency's good office, and his lo
ſhip's diſpoſitions to favour the chu
He ſaid, in anſwer, he was paſſive in
buſineſs: that he ſuppoſed my lord li
tenant would engage in it, to whom,
pleaſed, he would repeat what I had ſ
I replied, I had the honour of being v
known to his excellency; that I inten
to aſk his leave to ſolicit this matter w
his lordſhip, but had not mentioned it
becauſe I did not know whether I l
credit enough to gain that acceſs he
now pleaſed to honour me with: th
upon his lordſhip's leave to attend hi
ſignified to me by the earl of *Sunderla*
I went to inform his excellency,
doubting his conſent; but did not f
him at home, and therefore ventured
come: but, not knowing how his exc
lency might underſtand it, I begged
lordſhip to ſay nothing to my lord lieu
nant, until I had the honour to wait
him again. This my lord treaſurer agr
to, and entering on the ſubject, told

that, ſince the queen's grant of the firſt-fruits here, he was confident, not one clergyman in *England* was a ſhilling the better. I told him, I thought it lay under ſome incumbrances; he ſaid, it was true; but beſide, that it was wholly abuſed in the diſtribution; that as to thoſe in *Ireland*, they were an inconſiderable thing, not above 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* a year, which was almoſt nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions. Firſt, That it ſhould be well diſpoſed of. And, ſecondly, That it ſhould be well received, with due acknowledgements; in which caſes he would give his conſent: otherwiſe, to deal freely with me, he never would. I ſaid, as to the firſt, that I was confident the biſhops would leave the methods of diſpoſing it entirely to her majeſty's breaſt; as to the ſecond, her majeſty and his lordſhip might count upon all the acknowledgements that the moſt grateful and dutiful ſubjects could pay to a prince. That I had the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordſhip, elſe I ſhould preſume to aſk him, whether he underſtood any particular

acknowledgements? He replied, By acknowledgements, I do not mean any thing under their hands; but I will ſo far explain myſelf to tell you, I mean better acknowledgements than thoſe of the clergy of *England*. I then begged his lordſhip to give me his advice, what ſort of acknowledgements he though fitteſt for the clergy to make, which I was ſure would be of mighty weight with them. He anſwered, I can only ſay again, ſuch acknowledgements as they ought. We had ſome other diſcourſe of leſs moment; and, after licence to attend him on occaſion, I took my leave. I tell your grace theſe particulars in his very words, as near as I can recollect, becauſe I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them ſo too. I told *Southwell* all that had paſſed, and we agreed in our comments, which I deſired him now to inform you. He ſet out for *Ireland* this morning: I am reſolved to ſee my lord *Sunderland* in a day or two, and relate what my lord treaſurer ſaid (as he hath commanded me to do); and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know

his lordſhip's meaning, to which I am prepared to anſwer, as Mr. *Southwell* will let you know. At evening, the ſame day, I attended my lord lieutenant, and deſired to know what progreſs he had made; and at the ſame time propoſed, that he would give me leave to attend lord treaſurer, only as a common ſolicitor, to refreſh his memory. I was very much ſurpriſed at his anſwer, that the matter was not before the treaſurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needleſs; upon which I ſaid nothing of having been there. He ſaid, he had writ lately to your grace, on account of what was done; that ſome progreſs was made; that they put it off becauſe it was a time of war, but that he had ſome hopes it would be done: but this is only ſuch an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I ſend it your grace by his orders. I hope that in his letters he is fuller. My lord treaſurer on the other hand aſſured me, he had the papers (which his excellency denied), and talked of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which ſeveral perſons in great

employments aſſure me is and muſt be true. Thus your grace ſees that I ſhall have nothing more to do in this matter, further than purſuing the cold ſcent of aſking his excellency, once a month, how it goes on? which, I think, I had as good forbear, ſince it will turn to little account, All I can do is, to engage my lord *Sunderland's* intereſt with my lord treaſurer whenever it is brought before him, or to hint it to ſome other perſons of power and credit; and likewiſe to endeavour to take off that ſcandal the clergy of *Ireland* lie under, of being the reverſe of what they really are, with reſpect to the Revolution, loyalty to the queen, and ſettlement of the crown; which is here the conſtruction of the word Troy.

I deſign to tell my lord treaſurer, that, this being a matter my lord lieutenant hath undertaken, he doth not think proper I ſhould trouble his lordſhip; after which, recommending it to his goodneſs, I ſhall forbear any further mention. I am ſenſible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon; but I ſtill inſiſt, that, if

it

it had been ſolicited four years ago by no abler a hand than my own, while the duke of *Ormond* was in *Ireland*, it might have been done in a month; and I believe it may be ſo ſtill, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it; otherwiſe, God knows when. For myſelf, I have nothing more to do here but to attend my lord lieutenant's motions, of whoſe return we are very uncertain, and to manage ſome perſonal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favour, and your bleſſing; and am, with all reſpect,

Your Grace's

Moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER V.

My Lord, *London, Nov.* 9, 1708.

YOUR grace's letter of *September* 7, found me in *Kent*, where I took the opportunity to retire, during my lord *Pembroke's* abſence with his new lady (who

(who are both expected to-morrow); I went afterwards to *Epſom*, and returned but yeſterday: this was the cauſe of my ſo long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace, that very wrong repreſentations are made of things and perſons here, by people who reſide on this ſide but a ſhort time, converſe at ſecond or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have obſerved myſelf in *Ireland*, even among people of ſome rank and quality; and I believe your grace will proceed on much better grounds, by truſting to your own wiſdom and experience of things, than ſuch intelligence.

I ſpoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts; and whatever Mr. *D*— hath ſaid in his letters about ſtaying until a peace, I do aſſure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at end. There is a new world here; and yet I agree with you, that, if there be an inter regnum, it will be the propereſt time to addreſs my lord treaſurer; and I ſhall ſecond it with all the credit I have, and very

very openly; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from *Kent* (the night of the prince's [a] death), I ſtaid a few days in town before I went to *Epſom:* I then viſited a certain great man, and we entered very freely into diſcourſe upon the preſent juncture. He aſſured me, there was no doubt now of the ſcheme holding about the admiralty, the government of *Ireland*, and preſidency of the council; the diſpoſition whereof your grace knoweth as well as I; and, although I care not to mingle public affairs with the intereſt of ſo private a perſon as myſelf, yet, upon ſuch a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the ſervice of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on ſuch an occaſion, and to aſſure you, that no proſpect of making my fortune ſhall ever prevail on me to go againſt what becometh a man of conſcience and truth, and an entire friend to the eſtabliſhed church. This I ſay, in caſe ſuch

[a] *George* prince of *Denmark*, huſband of queen *Anne*.

a thing

a thing ſhould happen; for my own thoughts are turned another way, if the earl of *Berkley's* journey to *Vienna* holds, and the miniſtry will keep their promiſe of making me the queen's ſecretary; by which I ſhall be out of the way of parties, until it ſhall pleaſe God I have ſome place to retire to, a little above contempt; or, if all fail, until your grace and the dean of St. *Patrick's* ſhall think fit to diſpoſe of that poor town-living [b] in my favour.

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention deſigned with the court about a ſpeaker is dropt, and all agree in Sir *Richard Onſlow*, which is looked on as another argument for the ſcheme ſucceeding. This I had from the ſame hand.

As to a comprehenſion which your grace ſeems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can ſay nothing; doubtleſs, it muſt be intended to come to that at laſt, if not worſe; but I believe at preſent, it was meant, that there ſhould be a conſent to what was endeavoured at in your parliament laſt ſeſſion.

[b] St. *Nicholas*. See letter III. p. 48.

I thought

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head; but it fails, or is not convenient at preſent. If the ſcheme holds, I ſhall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, becauſe I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great ſuſpence both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the duke of *Marlborough's* return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter, of which I can form no proſpect, according to our demands.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Your grace will pleaſe to direct your commands to me at St. *James's* coffee-houſe, in St. *James's-ſtreet.*

LETTER

LETTER VI.

London, Nov. 30, 1708.

My Lord,

I WRIT to you about a fortnight ago, after my return from the country, and gave you ſome account of an intended change at court, which is now finiſhed. Care was taken to put lord *Pembroke* in mind of the firſt-fruits before he went out of his office; but it was needleſs, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which, I ſuppoſe, you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain; the archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and ſeveral other biſhops, and the lord treaſurer himſelf, ſolicited that matter in a body: it was thought abſolutely neceſſary, conſidering the diſmal notion they have here of ſo many high-church archbiſhops among you; and your friend made no application, for reaſons left you to gueſs. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament; but I am apt to think you will, and that it muſt be thought

thought neceſſary.—The affair of *Drogheda* [c] hath made a noiſe here, and, like every thing elſe on your ſide, is uſed as a handle: I have had it rung in my ears from certain perſons. I hope you are prepared to take off the ſacramental teſt, becauſe that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it, in conſideration of the queen's bounty; and that men in employment will be ſo wiſe as to pleaſe the court, and ſecure themſelves; but, to think there is any deſign of bringing the *Scotch* into offices, is a mere ſcandal.

Lord *Pembroke* is to have the admiralty only a few months, then to have a penſion of 4000 *l.* a year, and to retire; and it is thought lord *Orford* [d] will ſucceed him, and then it is hoped, there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that Sir *John Leak* will be turned out, and the *whigs* ſo well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court,

[c] Some diſputes in corporation affairs.

[d] *Edward Ruſſel* (of the family of the duke of *Bedford*), who burned and deſtroyed the *French* fleet at *La Hague* in 1692; and ſoon after another attack was made by the earl of *Orford*.

upon

upon a peace, to bring the balance on the other ſide.

One Mr. *Shute* is named for ſecretary to lord *Wharton:* he is a young man, but reckoned the ſhrewdeſt head in *England* and the perſon in whom the *Preſbyterians* chiefly confide; and, if money be neceſſary towards the good work in *Ireland* it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000*l.* from the body of *Diſſenters* here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, *&c.*

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the archbiſhop of *Canterbury* taketh pains to have it believed it was a thing done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong ſide) was with me the other day, and ſaid, he had it from a good hand, that the reaſon of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts eccleſiaſtic, *&c.*

The archbiſhop of *Dublin* is repreſented here as one that will very much oppoſe our deſigns; and, although I will not ſay that the Obſervator is paid for writing

writing as he doth; yet I can poſitively affirm to you, that whatever he ſays of that biſhop, or of the affairs of *Ireland*, or thoſe here, is exactly agreeable to our thoughts and intentions.

This is all I can recollect, fit to inform you at preſent.—If you pleaſe, I ſhall from time to time ſend you any thing that cometh to my knowledge, that may be worth your notice.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER VII.

My Lord, *London, Jan.* 6, 1709.

BEFORE I received the honour of your grace's of *Nov.* 20, I had ſent one incloſed, *&c.* with what account I could of affairs. Since that time, the meaſures are altered of diſſolving your parliament, which, doubtleſs, is their wiſeſt courſe, for certain obvious reaſons, that your grace will eaſily apprehend; and I ſuppoſe you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I ſaw the order

ſome days ago. I ſhould have ackno
ledged your grace's letter, if I had r
been ever ſince perſecuted with a cr
diſtemper, a giddineſs in my head, t
would not ſuffer me to write or thi
of any thing, and of which I am n
ſlowly recovering. I ſent you word
the affairs of the firſt-fruits being p
formed, which my lord *Pembroke* h
the goodneſs to ſend me immediate not
of. I ſeldom ſee his lordſhip now, b
when he pleaſeth to command me; f
he ſees nobody in public, and is very f
of buſineſs. I fancy your grace will thi
it neceſſary that in due time his lordſh
ſhould receive ſome kind of thanks
form: I have a fair pretence to merit
this matter, although, in my own co
ſcience, I think I have very little (exce
my good wiſhes, and frequent remindi
my lord *Pembroke*). But two great m
in office, giving me joy of it, very fran
ly told me, that, if I had not ſmooth
the way, by giving them and the reſt
the miniſtry a good opinion of the juſti
of the thing, it would have met with o
poſition; upon which I only remarke
wh

what I have always obſerved in courts, that, when a favour is done, there is no want of perſons to challenge obligations. Mean time, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I muſt thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honeſtly offer them in payment. I ſuppoſe the clergy will, in due time, ſend the queen an addreſs of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud your grace's ſanguine temper, as you call it, and your compariſon of religion to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two ſects, thoſe that hope the beſt, and thoſe that fear the worſt; your grace is of the former, which is the wiſer, the nobler, and moſt pious principle; and, although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I have ſometimes ſtrange weakneſſes. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often ſhifted their ſcenes, ſometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flouriſhed, and removing to others that were before barbarous, which hath

been the caſe of Chriſtianity itſelf, particularly in many parts of *Africa*; and how far the wickedneſs of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict ſo great a judgment, is terrible to think. But, as great princes, when they have ſubdued all about them, preſently have univerſal monarchy in their thoughts, ſo your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a dioceſe, and then purſued your victories over a province, would fain go further, and ſave a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from *Ireland*, againſt repealing the teſt; wherein your grace's character is juſtly ſet forth: for the reſt, ſome parts are very well, and others puerile, and ſome facts, as I am informed, wrong repreſented. The author hath gone out of his way to reflect on me, as a perſon likely to write for repealing the teſt, which I am ſure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am uſed like a ſober man with a drunken face,

face, have the ſcandal of the vice without the ſatisfaction. I have told the miniſtry, with great frankneſs, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unleſs ſuch changes ſhould happen as I could not foreſee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. *Addiſon*, who goes over firſt ſecretary, is a moſt excellent perſon; and, being my moſt intimate friend, I ſhall uſe all my credit to ſet him right in his notions of perſons and things. I ſpoke to him with great plainneſs upon the ſubject of the teſt; and he ſays, he is confident, my lord *Wharton* will not attempt it, if he finds the bent of the nation againſt it.—I will ſay nothing further of his character to your grace at preſent, becauſe he hath half perſuaded me to have ſome thoughts of returning to *Ireland*, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwiſe, I preſume to recommend him to your grace as a perſon you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord *Berkley* begins to drop his thoughts of going to *Vienna*; and indeed I freely gave my opinion againſt ſuch a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I ſhall hardly think of going ſecretary without him, although the emperor's miniſters here think I will, and have writ to *Vienna*. I agree with your grace, that ſuch a deſign was a little too late at my years; but, conſidering myſelf wholly uſeleſs in *Ireland*, and in a pariſh with an audience of half a ſcore, and it being thought neceſſary that the queen ſhould have a ſecretary at that court, my friends telling me it mould not be difficult to compaſs it, I was a little tempted to paſs ſome time abroad, until my friends would make me a little eaſier in my fortunes at home. Beſides, I had hopes of being ſent in time to ſome other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty ſhillings a day, and the advantage of living, if I pleaſed, in lord *Berkley's* family[e]. But, I believe, this is now all

[e] See letter V.

at

at an end. I am, my lord, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

Moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

My lord *Wharton* ſays, he intends for *Ireland* the beginning of *March*.

LETTER VIII.

My Lord, *March* 6, 1709.

I SHOULD have acknowledged your's of *February* 10, long ago, if I had not ſtayed to ſee what became of the firſt-fruits. I have likewiſe your's of *February* 12. I will now tell you the proceedings in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's [f] death, lord *Pembroke* ſent me word by ſir *Andrew Fountain*, that

[f] See letter V.

the queen had granted the thing, and afterwards took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewiſe (I ſuppoſe) writ to the ſame purpoſe himſelf to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*. I was then for a long time purſued by a cruel illneſs, that ſeized me at fits, and hindered me from meddling in any buſineſs; neither indeed could I at all ſuſpect there was any need to ſtir any more in this, until, often aſking Mr. *Addiſon* whether he had any orders about it, I was a little in pain, and deſired Mr. *Addiſon* to enquire at the treaſury, whether ſuch a grant had then paſſed? and, finding an unwillingneſs, I enquired myſelf; where Mr. *Taylor* aſſured me there were never any orders for ſuch a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to deſpair of the whole thing. Lord *Pembroke* was hard to be ſeen, neither did I think it worth talking the matter with them. What perplexed me moſt was, why he ſhould tell me, and write to *Ireland*, that the buſineſs was done (for if the account he ſent to *Ireland* were not as poſitive as what he gave me, I ought to be told ſo from

thence). I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your laſt letter, when his explanation was, that he had been promiſed he ſhould carry over the grant when he returned to *Ireland*, and that his memorial was now in the treaſury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter with lord treaſurer only, in the form of common ſoliciting, he was uneaſy, and told me lord treaſurer had nothing at all to do with it: but that it was a matter purely between the queen and himſelf (as I have told you in former letters); which, however, I knew then to be otherwiſe, from lord treaſurer himſelf. So that all I had left me to do was only the cold amuſement of now and then refreſhing lord *Pembroke's* memory, or giving the miniſtry, as I could find opportunity, good diſpoſitions towards the thing. Upon this notice from lord *Pembroke*, I immediately went to lord *Wharton* (which was the firſt attendance I ever paid him); he was then in a great crowd; I told him my buſineſs; he ſaid, he could not then diſcourſe of it with me, but would the

next

next day. I gueſſed the meaning of that, and ſaw the very perſon I expected, juſt come from him. Then I gave him an account of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his anſwer; but the formal part was this: That he was not yet properly lord lieutenant, until he was ſworn; that he expected the ſame application ſhould be made to him, as had been done to other lord lieutenants; that he was very well diſpoſed, &c. I took the boldneſs to begin anſwering thoſe objections, and deſigned to offer ſome reaſons; but he roſe ſuddenly, turned off the diſcourſe, and ſeemed in haſte; ſo I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reaſons in a memorial; but was adviſed, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpoſe. And, in ſhort, I obſerve ſuch a reluctance in ſome friends, whoſe credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, wherein he tells me poſitively that lord *Pembroke* had ſent him word the

firſt-fruits were granted, and that lord *Wharton* would carry over the queen's letter, &c. I appeal to you, what any man could think after this? neither indeed had I the leaſt ſuſpicion, until Mr. *Addiſon* told me he knew nothing of it: and that I had the ſame account from the treaſury. It is wonderful a great miniſter ſhould make no difference between a grant and a promiſe of a grant; and it is as ſtrange that all I could ſay would not prevail on him to give me leave to ſolicit the finiſhing of it at the treaſury, which could not have taken the leaſt grain of merit from him. Had I the leaſt ſuſpected it had been only a promiſe, I would have applied to lord *Wharton* above two months ago; and ſo, I believe, would the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, from *Ireland*; which might have prevented, at leaſt, the preſent excuſe, of not having had the ſame application; although others might, I ſuppoſe, have been found.

I ſent laſt poſt, by the lord lieutenant's commands, an incloſed letter, from his excellency, to the lord primate. In anſwer to a paſſage in your former letter;

Mr.

Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His ſermon is much recommended by ſeveral here. He is a prudent perſon, and knows how to time things. Others of ſomewhat better figure are as wiſe as he. A bold opinion is a ſhort eaſy way to merit, and very neceſſary for thoſe who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold and cough attending it, which muſt excuſe any thing ill expreſſed in this letter. Neither is it a ſubject in the preſent circumſtances very pleaſant to dwell upon.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER IX.

MY LORD, *London, Sept.* 19, 1710.

I ARRIVED here on *Thurſday* laſt, and enquiring for the two biſhops, I found my lord of [g] *Oſſory* was gone ſome time ago, and the biſhop of *Killaloe* [h] I could not hear of until next day, when I found

[g] Dr. *John Harſtrong.* [h] Dr. *William Lloyd.*

he was ſet out early in the morning for *Ireland*; ſo that the letter to their lordſhips is ſo far to no purpoſe. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither ſhall I much enquire; and, to ſay the truth, I was leſs ſolicitous to aſk after the biſhop of *Killaloe*, when I heard the other was gone.

They tell me, all affairs in the treaſury are governed by Mr. *Harley*[i], and that he is the perſon uſually applied to; only of late, my lord *Powlet*, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himſelf a little, and endeavours to be as ſignificant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting ſome intereſt with his lordſhip, who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no perſonal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. *Harley*, who formerly made ſome advances towards me; and, unleſs he be altered, will, I believe, think himſelf in the right to uſe me well: but I am inclined to ſuſpend any particular ſolicitations until I hear from your grace,

[i] *Robert Harley*, Eſq; afterwards earl of *Oxford*, often mentioned in theſe works.

and

and am informed what progreſs the two biſhops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will deſire to ſend me.

Upon my arrival here, I found myſelf equally careſſed by both parties, by one as a ſort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one diſcontented with the late men in power, for not being thorough in their deſigns, and therefore ready to approve preſent things. I was to viſit my lord *Godolphin*, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether ſhort, dry, and moroſe, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to ſee you: I complained of it to ſome of his friends, as having, as I thought, for ſome reaſons, deſerved much the contrary from his lordſhip: they ſaid, to excuſe him, that he was over-run with ſpleen and peeviſhneſs upon the preſent poſture of affairs, and uſed no-body better. It may be new to your grace to tell you ſome circumſtances of his removal. A letter was ſent him by the

the groom of the queen's ſtables, to deſire he would break his ſtaff, which would be the eaſieſt way, both to her majeſty and him. Mr. *Smith*, chancellor of the exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his ſtaff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, deſiring Mr. *Smith* to be witneſs that he had obeyed the queen's commands; and ſent him to the queen with a letter, and a meſſage, which Mr. *Smith* delivered, and at the ſame time ſurrendered up his own office. The parliament is certainly to be diſſolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of *Whigs* in employment are reſolved not to reſign; and a certain lord told me, he had been the giver of that advice, and did in my preſence prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great poſt to promiſe the ſame thing; only Mr. *Boyle*[k], they ſay, is reſolved to give up. Every body counts infallibly upon a general removal. The duke of *Queenſberry*, it is ſaid, will be ſteward; my lord *Cholmondeley* is gone over to the new intereſt, with great indignation of his friends. It

[k] Secretary of ſtate.

is

is affirmed by the *Tories*, that the motive of theſe changes was the ab neceſſity of a peace, which they th the *Whigs* were for perpetually del Elections are now managing with g violence and expence, and more petitors, than ever was known; y town is much fuller of people than at this time of the year, waiting till ſee ſome iſſue of the matter. The of *Ormond* is much talked of for *Ir* and I imagine he believed ſomethi it himſelf. Mr. *Harley* is looked as firſt miniſter, and not my lord *Sh bury*[1], and his grace helps on the op whether out of policy or truth; up occaſions profeſſing to ſtay until he ſ with Mr. *Harley*. The queen con at *Kenſington* indiſpoſed with the go which ſhe hath frequent returns.

[1] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewsbury*; who, before the demiſe of queen *Anne*, had been ſecretary of ſtate, and ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to *Louis* XIV, king of *France*; and, at the death of her majeſty, he was lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, lord high treaſurer of *England*, and lord chamberlain of the houſhold; thr higheſt places of tr nour and profit; neve hands of one perſon His grace died witho by which the title became extinct; bu tle of earl of *Shrewsb* volved on *Gilbert T* Roman Catholick, t heir.

I de

deferred writing to your grace as late
could this poſt, until I might have
ıething to entertain you: but there is
h an univerſal uncertainty among thoſe
o pretend to know moſt, that little
be depended on. However, it may
ſome amuſement to tell you the ſenti-
nts of people here, and, as bad as they
, I am ſure they are the beſt that are
ring: for it is thought there are not
ee people in *England* entirely in the
ret; nor is it ſure, whether even thoſe
ee are agreed in what they intend to

I am, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

ıave not time to read this, and correct
he literal miſtakes.

I was to wait on the duke of *Ort*
to ſet him right in the ſtory o
college, about the ſtatue[m], &c.

LETTER X[n].

MY LORD, *London, Oct.* 10, 1

I HAD the honour of your grace's
ter of *Sept.* 16, but I was in no
to acknowledge it, nor ſhall be at
other time, until I have ſomething t
think worth troubling you, becauſe
very ſenſible how much an inſignif
letter is worſe than none at all. I
likewiſe the memorial, &c. in an
pacquet: and I beg your grace to in
whatever pacquets you ſend me (I r
of bulk), under a paper directed to
Steele[o], at his office in the Cockpit,
not for me at Mr. *Steele's*. I ſhould

[m] Some young gentlemen of the univerſity took the truncheon out of the right hand of the Equeſtrian ſtatue of king *William* III, on *College-green, Dublin*, and were expelled for it. See Letter XIV.

[n] This letter being in part only printed in vol. Letter III. ending wi words, *than if I had wr in order*, and being i fect there in other re it has been thought to print the whole her

[o] Sir *Richard Steele*, mentioned in theſe wo

been glad the biſhops had been here, although I take biſhops to be the worſt ſolicitors in the world, except in their own concerns; they cannot give themſelves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to ſwallow; elſe, I am ſure, their two lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier than men of my level can reaſonably hope to do.

As ſoon as I received the pacquets, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* P. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in ſome ſort Mr. *Harley's* own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem, as I was whiſpered that he would, and the more upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I gave him a hiſtory of the

P Lord high-treaſurer of *England*, created earl of *Oxford*.

whole buſineſs, and the ſteps that had been made in it, which he heard as I could wiſh, and promiſed with great readineſs his beſt credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met with from lord lieutenants and their ſecretaries, who would not ſuffer others to ſolicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely; and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity; in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this interregnum. I ſaid, it was a great encouragement to the biſhops that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviſer of the queen, to grant the ſame favour in *England*. That the honour and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen; but that it was nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an occaſion of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church He received my compliment extremely well

well, and renewed his promiſes with great kindneſs. I forgot to tell your grace, that when I ſaid I was impowered, &c. he deſired to ſee my powers, and then I heartily wiſhed they had been a little more ample; and I have ſince wondered what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any proſpect or imagination of intereſt for himſelf, further than about ten ſhillings a year.

Mr. *Harley* hath invited me to dine with him to-day; but I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment. He ſaid, Mr. ſecretary *St. John* [q] deſires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together; which may be of further help; although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himſelf, wherein he differed from me, deſiring I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for form; and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of doing things alone. But an

[q] Afterwards lord viſcount *Bolingbroke*.

old courtier (an intimate friend of mine) with whom I conſulted, adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen.

I find I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lies in my memory; but, perhaps, it may give your grace a truer notion of what paſſed, than if I had writ in more order. Beſides, I am forced to omit the greateſt part of what I ſaid, being not proper for a letter at ſuch a diſtance; for I told very freely the late cauſes which had ſtopt this matter, and removed many odious miſrepreſentations, &c.

I beg, whatever letters are ſent to biſhops or others in this matter, by your grace or the primate, may be incloſed to me, that I may ſtifle or deliver them, as the courſe of the affair ſhall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you ſay it needs advice; and I am ſure it is not from me, who ſhall not preſume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ you may form ſome judgment or other.

As

As for public affairs, I confeſs I began this letter on a half ſheet, merely to limit myſelf on a ſubject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any acceſs to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politicks of a coffee-houſe. I have known ſome great miniſters, who would ſeem to diſcover the very inſide of their hearts, when I was ſure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had ſaid, at *Charing-croſs*. But I never knew one great miniſter, who made any ſcruple to mould the alphabet into whatever words he pleaſed; or to be more difficult about any facts, than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home; ſo that whoever hath ſo little to do, as to deſire ſome knowledge in ſecrets of ſtate, muſt compare what he hears from ſeveral great men, as from one great man at ſeveral times, which is equally different. People were ſurpriſed, when the court ſtopt its hands as to further removals: the comptroller, a lord of the admiralty, and ſome others, told me, they expected every day

to be diſmiſſed; but they were all ceived, and the higher tories are angry: but ſome time ago, at *Hamp court*, I picked out the reaſon fro dozen perſons; and told Sir *J. Holl* I would lay a wager he would not loſe ſtaff ſo ſoon as he imagined. The mini are afraid of too great a majority of t own ſide in the houſe of commons, therefore ſtopped ſhort in their chan yet ſome refiners think they have gone too far already, for of thirty members in the preſent elections, a twenty-ſix are tories. The duke of *mond* ſeemeth ſtill to ſtand the faireſt *Ireland*; altho' I hear ſome faint h they will not nominate very ſoon. ruin of the late party was owing to a g number, and a complication of ca which I have had from perſons able eno to inform me; and that is all we mean by a *good hand*, for the veracit not to be relied on. The dutcheſs *Marlborough's* removal hath been ſe years working; that of the treaſurer ab three, and he was to be diſmiſſed be lord *Sunderland*. Beſides the many

ſo

ſonal cauſes, that of breaking meaſures ſettled for a peace four years ago had a great weight, when the *French* had complied with all terms, &c. In ſhort, they apprehended the old party to be entirely againſt a peace, for ſome time, until they were riveted faſt, too faſt to be broke, as they otherwiſe expected, if the war ſhould conclude too ſoon. I cannot tell (for it is juſt come into my head) whether ſome unanimous addreſſes, from thoſe who love the church in *Ireland*, or from *Dublin*, or your grace and the clergy, might not be ſeaſonable; or, whether my lord *Wharton's* being not yet ſuſpended may yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace, that the memorial I gave Mr. *Harley* was drawn up by myſelf, and was an abſtract of what I had ſaid to him: it was as ſhort as I could make it; that which you ſent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*; but I muſt humbly beg your grace's pardon if I ſay no more at preſent, for reaſons I may ſhortly let you know. In the mean time,

I de-

I deſire your grace to believe me, wi
the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervan

J. SWIF

LETTER XI[r].

My Lord, *London, Nov.* 4, 17

I AM moſt unhappily engaged this ni
where I cannot write to your grac
long a letter as I intended: but I
make it up in a poſt or two. I have
now to tell you, that Mr. *Harley* l

[r] This and all the following letters to Dr. *King* were, in ſome former editions, falſely ſuppoſed to be addre Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*.

given me leave to acquaint my lord primate and your grace, that the queen hath granted the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts to the clergy of *Ireland*. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a ſecret, as I hinted to your grace in my laſt letter. He hath now given me leave to let your grace and my lord primate know it; only deſires you will ſay nothing of it until a letter cometh to you from my lord *Dartmouth*, ſecretary of ſtate. All I know yet is, that the biſhops are to be made a corporation for the diſpoſal of the firſt-fruits, and that the twentieth-parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiation, and ſome other amuſements very ſoon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord primate with this. I had your grace's letter laſt poſt; and you will now ſee that your letters to the archbiſhop here are unneceſſary. I was a little in pain about the duke of *Ormond*, who, I feared, might interpoſe in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. *Harley* hath

hath very kindly taken this matter upo himſelf. It was yeſterday I dined wit him, and he told me all this; and to morrow I dine with him again, where may hear more. I ſhall obey your grace directions, whether my ſtay here be fur ther neceſſary, after you have had the le ter from the ſecretary's office. I kno not what it will be; but, if any forms re main to finiſh, I ſhall be ready to aſſiſt i it as I have hitherto done. I have all th reaſon in the world to be ſatisfied wit Mr. *Harley's* conduct in this whole affai In three days he ſpoke of it to the queer and gave her my memorial, and ſo cor tinued until he got her grant. I am no in much company, and ſteal this time t write to your grace. The queen was re ſolved to have the whole merit of this a fair to herſelf. Mr. *Harley* adviſed h to it; and, next to her majeſty, he the only perſon to be thanked. I ſup poſe it will not be many days before yo have the letter from my lord *Dartmouth* and your grace will afterwards ſignif your commands, if you have any f me. I ſhall go to the office, and ſe th

that a diſpatch be made as ſoon as poſſible.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt dutiful and moſt

obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XII.

My Lord, *London, Nov.* 23. 1710.

I HAD your grace's letter not until this day: whether it lay in the ſecretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have expoſed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. *Southwell* told me two days ago of the letter your grace mentions, which ſurpriſed me a good deal, when I remembered I had

had writ to your grace three weeks ago, that the queen had abſolutely granted the firſt-fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. *Harley* had permitted me to ſignify the ſame to the primate and your grace. Perhaps that letter might not have reached your grace before that reſolution of ſending to the duke of *Ormond*; but however, I gave you ſuch an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and his readineſs to undertake this affair, and what ſteps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you ſome ſight in what way the buſineſs was; but Mr. *Harley* charged me to tell nobody alive what the queen had reſolved on, till he gave me leave; and, by the concluſion of a former letter, your grace might ſee you were to expect ſome further intelligence very ſoon. Your grace may remember, that, upon your telling me how backward the biſhops were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and ſent the dean of St. *Patrick's*[a] to tell you ſo; but you thought I could

[a] Dr. *Sterne*, afterwards biſhop of *Clogher*.

not handſomely put it off, when things were gone ſo far. Your objection then, about the diſadvantage I lay under in point of party, I know well enough how to anſwer, otherwiſe nothing ſhould have prevailed on me to come hither; and, if my lords the biſhops doubt whether I have any credit with the preſent miniſtry, I will, if they pleaſe, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace underſtood and believed me in what I ſaid; and I reckon ſo ſtill: but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving ſo many. I never propoſed to myſelf either credit or profit by my labour, but the ſatisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or no: but the method now taking was the likelieſt way to ſet all things backward, if it were not paſt danger. It ſhall be my buſineſs (until my lords the biſhops forbid me to engage further) to prevent any miſunderſtanding with Mr. *Harley* by this ſudden ſtep. The thing was all done before the duke of *Ormond* was named for lord lieutenant, ſo there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. *Harley*

Harley told me more than once, that ſuch an intereſt was the propereſt, becauſe he thought the queen herſelf ſhould have the doing of it: but I ſaid a great deal of this in former letters. If your grace hath any commands for me of your own, I ſhall obey them with all chearfulneſs, being, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XIII.

My Lord, *London, Nov.* 28, 1710.

A DAY or two after I received your grace's letter, of the ſecond inſtant, I dined with Mr. *Southwell*, who ſhewed me the letter of the biſhops to the duke of *Ormond*, and another letter from the biſhop of *Kildare* to Mr. *Southwell*,

to

to deſire him to get the papers from me, which I ſhall ſend him as ſoon as I have looked them out. Mr. *Southwell* ſaid, that a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of this journey, it would be time enough to ſolicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly, that the queen had already granted the firſt-fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. *Harley's* directions, but that my letter did not reach you until your's was ſent to the duke and him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd ſtep to begin again. He ſaid, he was glad it was done, and that he did not deſign to take any of the credit from me, *&c.* I told him ſincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and, provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about; and ſo we parted. I had told the duke of *Ormond* at firſt, that I would apply myſelf to Mr. *Harley* if his grace adviſed it, which he did; and I afterwards told Mr. *Southwell*, that Mr. *Harley* had been very kind in promiſing his good offices: further I durſt not ſpeak, being under an engagement of ſecrecy to

Mr. *Harley*; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord lieutenant. If your grace conſiders the time you ſent me the paper, you will judge what diſpatch was made; in two days after, I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. *Harley*; and in leſs than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me ſhe had granted it abſolutely, as my memorial deſired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember, that one of my letters ended with ſomething as if I were limited, and would ſay more in a ſhort time [t]. In about a week after, I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th inſtant [u]. It is to be conſidered, that the queen was all this while at *Hampton-Court* or *Windſor*, ſo that I think the diſpatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a letter would have been ſent from the ſecretary's office, to ſignify this matter in due form; and ſo it will: but Mr. *Harley* had a mind firſt

[t] See Letter X.

[u] See Letter XI.

to

to bring me to the queen, for that and ſome other matters; and ſhe came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was deſigned I ſhould attend her; and, ſince, the parliament's beginning hath taken her up: but, in a few days, Mr. *Harley* tells me he will introduce me. This I tell your grace in confidence, only to ſatisfy you in particular, why the queen hath not yet ſent a letter in form. Upon that diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*, I was perplexed to the laſt degree. I did not value the ſlighting manner of the biſhop of *Kildare's* [w] letter, barely deſiring Mr. *Southwell* [x] to call on me for the papers, without any thing further, as if I had been wholly inſignificant; but I was at a loſs how to behave myſelf with the duke and Mr. *Harley*. I met the latter yeſterday in the court of requeſts, and he whiſpered me to dine with him. At dinner, I told him of the diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*, and rallied him for putting me under difficul-

[w] Dr. *Welbore Ellis*.

[x] Right Hon. *Edward Southwell*, Eſq; ſecretary of ſtate for *Ireland*.

ties with his ſecrets; that I was running my head againſt a wall; that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favour; that I ſhould diſoblige the duke of *Ormond*; and that the biſhops in *Ireland* thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my commiſſion. He told me, your lordſhip had taken it away in good time, for the thing was done; and that, as for the duke of *Ormond*, I need not be uneaſy; for he would let his grace know it as ſoon as he ſaw him, which would be in a day or two, at the treaſury; and then promiſed again to carry me to the queen, with the firſt opportunity. Your grace now ſees how the affair ſtands, and whether I deſerve ſuch treatment from the biſhops; from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wiſh my firſt letter, about the progreſs I had made, had found ſo much credit with you, as to have delayed that diſpatch until you heard once more from me. I had at leaſt ſo much diſcretion, not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather leſs: and, if I had conſulted my own intereſt, I ſhould have

have employed my credit with the preſent miniſtry another way. The biſhops are miſtaken in me; it is well known here, that I could have made my markets with the laſt miniſtry if I had pleaſed; and the preſent men in power are very well appriſed of it, as your grace may, if I live to ſee you again; which I certainly never would in *Ireland*, if I did not flatter myſelf that I can upon a better foot with your grace, than with ſome other of their lordſhips. Your grace is pleaſed to command me to continue my ſolicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, ſo I think my commiſſion is at an end, ever ſince I had notice of that diſpatch to Mr. *Southwell*. However, in obedience to your grace, if there be any thing to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my ſervice can be of uſe, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but I muſt tell your grace what gives me the greateſt diſpleaſure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen ſhould in ſome months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial, but in an article by itſelf; and

which Mr. *Harley* had given me ſc
hopes of, and I have ſome private rea
to think might have been brought ab
I mentioned it in the memorial, only
from myſelf; and therefore, if I hav
opportunity, I ſhall venture to men
it to the queen, or at leaſt repeat i
Mr *Harley*. This I do as a private m
whom the biſhops no longer own. I
certainly right to pay all civilities
make applications to a lord lieutena
but, without ſome other means, a b
neſs may hang long enough, as this of
firſt-fruits did for four years under
duke of *Ormond's* laſt government,
though no man loves the church of
land better than his grace; but ſ
things are forgot and neglected betw
the governor and his ſecretaries, un
ſolicited by ſomebody who has the b
neſs at heart. But I have done, and ſ
trouble your grace no further upon
affair; and on other occaſions, whil
am here, will endeavour to entertain
with what is like to paſs in this b
ſcene, where all things are taking a n
and, I think, a good turn; and where,
y

you pleaſe, I will write to you, with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I ſhall be prouder to obey, than to have ever ſo much merit with ſome others; being, with perfect reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt dutiful and

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Your grace will pleaſe to direct for me at St. *James's* coffee-houſe in St. *James's-ſtreet.*

Two hundred members ſupped laſt night at the *Fountain-tavern*, where they went to determine about a chairman

for elections. *Medlicott* and *Manly* w
the two candidates; but the compa
could not agree, and parted in an ill h
mour. It is a matter of ſome mome
and I hope it will be amicably made u
but the great rock we are afraid of,
diſſention among the majority, beca
the weakeſt part, when they grow c
contented, know where to retire, and
received.

LETTER XIV[y].

My Lord, *London, Dec.* 30, 17

I HAVE juſt received your grace's l
ter of the 16th; and I was go
however to write again to your grace,
upon buſineſs, but to amuſe you w
ſomething from hence, which no n
wants more than your grace, conſider
the variety of other people's affairs
have always on your hands, as well as
church's and your own, which are
ſame thing. The duke of *Ormond*

[y] This ſhould have been inſerted after Letter VI.
XII. to which it is an anſwer.

me the other day, that the primate [z] declined very faſt, and was hardly able to ſign a paper. I ſaid, I wondered they would put him in the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth paſt. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty, in repreſenting you as the perſon the kingdom wiſheth to ſucceed him. I know not how your diſpoſitions ſtand that way. I know my lord preſident hath great credit at preſent, and I have underſtood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only ſay, I have no regard to your intereſt in this, but that of the church; and therefore ſhould be very glad to drop in a word where it lieth in my way, if I thought it would not be diſagreeable to you. I dread their ſending a perſon from hence, which I ſhall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and ſhould be glad to ſee a primate of our own kingdom and univerſity; and that is all I ſhall venture to ſay on this ſubject.

Marſhal *Staremberg* [a] hath certainly got to *Saragoſſa* with 7000 men, and the

[z] Dr. *Marſh.*

[a] General and commander of the *Imperial* forces in *Spain.*

duke

duke of *Vendoſme* [b] hath ſent him his equipage. Mr. *Stanhope* [c] was poſitive to part forces with *Staremberg*, which occaſioned this loſs; and when the battle was, they were ſeveral miles aſunder. The duke of *Marlborough* was yeſterday an hour with the queen; it was ſet him at twelve at noon, when it was likely his viſit ſhould be ſhorteſt. Mr. *St. John* was with her juſt before, and Mr. *Harley* juſt after. The duke's behaviour was with the moſt abject ſubmiſſion; that he was the meaneſt of her majeſty's inſtruments; her humble creature; a poor worm, *&c.* This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it: for the miniſters never tell any thing; and it is only by picking out and comparing, that one can ever be the wiſer for them. I took leave yeſterday of lord *Peterborow*, who is going in a day or two to *Vienna:* I ſaid, I wiſhed he were going to *Spain*; he told me, he hoped his preſent journey would be to more purpoſe; and, by what I can gather, they will uſe all means to make

[b] Commander of the *French.*

[c] General *Stanhope*, commander of the *Engliſh.* He was created an earl by *George* I.

as

s ſpeedy a peace as poſſible, with ſafety nd honour. Lord *Rivers* [d] tells me he vill not ſet out for *Hanover* this month. aſked him about his late reception there, ecauſe the town was full of ſtories about t: he aſſured me he could not deſire a etter; and, if it were otherwiſe, I be- ieve he would hardly be pitched upon to e ſent again. The young people in par- iament are very eager to have ſome en- uiries made into paſt managements, and re a little angry with the ſlackneſs of the niniſtry upon that article; they ſay, they ave told thoſe who ſent them, that the ueen's calling a new parliament was to orrect and look into former abuſes; and, f ſomething of the latter be not done, hey know not how to anſwer it. I am ot altogether ſatisfied how the miniſtry diſpoſed in this point. Your grace hath eard there was much talk lately of Sir *ichard Levinge's* [e] deſign to impeach lord *Vharton*; and ſeveral perſons of great onſideration in the houſe aſſured me,

[d] *Richard Savage* earl *Rivers*, her majeſty's miniſter and plenipotentiary to *Hanover*.

[e] Speaker of the houſe of commons, and lord chief juſtice of the king's-bench.

they

they would give him all encouragement and I have reaſon to know, it would b acceptable to the court: but Sir *Richar* is the moſt timorous man alive, and the all begin to look upon him in that cha racter, and to hope nothing from him however, they talk of ſome other enqui ries when the parliament meets after thi receſs; and it is often in people's mouth that *February* will be a warm month but this I can affirm nothing of, and hope your grace will diſtinguiſh betwee what I affirm, and what I report: as t the firſt, you may ſecurely count upo it; the other you will pleaſe to take as i is ſent.

Since the letter from the biſhops to th duke of *Ormond*, I have been a muc cooler ſolicitor; for I look upon myſel no longer a deputed perſon. Your grac may be fully ſatisfied that the thing i granted, beeauſe I had orders to report i to you from the prime miniſter; the re is form, and may be done at any time as for bringing the letter over myſelf, muſt again profeſs to your grace, that do not regard the reputation of it at al

perha

erhaps I might if I were in *Ireland*; ut, when I am on this ſide, a certain pride ſeizeth me, from very different uſage I meet with, which maketh me look on things in another light: but, beſides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the miniſtry have deſired me to continue here ſome time longer, for certain reaſons, that I may ſome time have the honour to tell you. As for every body's knowing what is done in the firſt-fruits, it was I that told it; for, after I ſaw the biſhops letter, I let every one know it in perfect ſpight, and told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. ſecretary *St. John* ſo. However, in humble deference to your grace's opinion, and not to appear ſullen, I did yeſterday complain to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, that Mr. *Harley* had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the firſt-fruits; that I had loſt reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuſes of parliament buſineſs, and grief for the loſs in *Spain*, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I ſaid very well, and deſired I would

I would call on him to-morrow morning and he would engage, if Mr. *Harley* ha not done it, he himſelf would in a day c two. As ſoon as there is any iſſue of thi I ſhall inform your grace; and I have rea ſon to think it is a trifle they will not re fuſe me.

I have had from other hands ſome ac counts of that ridiculous plot your grac mentions, but it is not yet talked of here neither have any of the miniſtry mentione a word of it to me, although they a well appriſed of ſome affairs in *Irelan* for I had two papers given me by a gre man, one about the ſentence of the d facers of the ſtatue [f], and the other abo a trial before the lord chief juſtice *Broa rick*, for ſome words in the north, ſpok by a clergyman againſt the queen. ſuppoſe your grace reckons upon a ne parliament in *Ireland*, with ſome alter tions in the council, the law, and the r venue. Your grace is the moſt exa correſpondent I ever had, and the dean St. *Patrick's* directly contrary, which hope you will remember to ſay to hi

[f] See Letter IX.

upon the occaſion. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I have read over this letter, and find ſeveral things relating to affairs here, that are ſaid in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only deſire it may not be known from what hand they came.

LETTER XV.

My Lord, *London, Jan.* 4, 1710-11.

HAVING writ to your grace ſo lately, I only now make bold to let you know, that on *Tueſday* I was to wait on Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, who told me from Mr. *Harley*, that I need not to be in pain about the firſt-fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order towards a patent; but muſt paſs two ſeveral forms, and

and take up ſome time, for the queen de ſigneth to make a grant by her letters pa tent. I ſhall take all due methods t haſten it as far as I am able; but in thoſe caſes they are generally pretty tedious Mr. *Harley* likewiſe ſent me the ſame day, by another perſon, the ſame meſſage I dined with him about four days ago but, there being much company, and h going away in haſte pretty ſoon afte dinner, he had not time to tell me ſ himſelf. Indeed he hath been ſo read to do every thing in this matter as I woul have him, that he never needed preſſing which, conſidering both the weight an difficulty of affairs at preſent on hi ſhoulders, is very extraordinary, and wha I never met from a great miniſter before I had thought, and ſo Mr. *Harley* tol me, that the queen would have ſent letter to the biſhops; but this is a ſhorte way, and I hope your grace will like i I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT

I an

I am told from a good hand, that in a ſhort time the houſe of commons will fall upon ſome enquiries into the late management.

I took leave yeſterday of lord *Peterborough*, who, I ſuppoſe, is this day ſet out on his journey to *Vienna*; he is a little diſcouraged, and told me he did not hope for any great ſucceſs in what he went upon. He is one of thoſe many who are mightily bent upon having ſome ſuch enquiries made as I have mentioned.

LETTER XVI.

London, March 8, 1710-11.

My Lord,

I WRITE to your grace under the greateſt diſturbance of mind for the publick and myſelf. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. *Harley* was ſtabbed, and ſome confuſed particulars. I immediately ran to ſecretary *S. John's* hard by, but nobody

was at home; I met Mrs. *St. John* in h
chair, who could not ſatisfy me, but w
in pain about the ſecretary, who, as ſ
heard, had killed the murderer. I we
ſtrait to Mr. *Harley's*, where abundan
of people were to enquire. I got you
Mr. *Harley* to me; he ſaid his father w
aſleep, and they hoped in no dang
and then told me the fact, as I ſhall
late it to your grace. This day the m
quis *de Guiſcard* was taken up for hig
treaſon, by a warrant of Mr. *St. Jo*
and examined before a committee
council in Mr. *St. John's* office, whe
were preſent, the dukes of *Ormon*
Buckingham, *Shrewſbury*, earl *Powlet*, M
Harley, Mr. *St. John*, and others. Du
ing examination, Mr. *Harley* obſerv
Guiſcard, who ſtood behind him, but
one ſide, ſwearing and looking diſreſpe
fully. He told him he ought to beha
himſelf better, while he was examin
for ſuch a crime. *Guiſcard* immediat
drew a penknife out of his pocket, whi
he had picked out of ſome of the offic
and reaching round ſtabbed him juſt u
der the breaſt, a little to the right ſid

it pleaſed God that the point ſtopped
ne of the ribs, and broke ſhort half
ich. Immediately Mr. *St. John* roſe,
his ſword, and ran it into *Guiſcard's*
ſt. Five or ſix more of the council
, and ſtabbed *Guiſcard* in ſeveral
s: but the earl *Powlet* called out,
God's ſake, to ſpare *Guiſcard's* life,
he might be made an example; and
St. John's ſword was taken from him
broke: and the footmen without ran
nd bound *Guiſcard*, who begged he
it be killed immediately; and, they
called out three or four times, My
Ormond, my lord *Ormond*. They
Guiſcard reſiſted them a while, until
footmen came in. Immediately
er the ſurgeon was ſent for, who
ed Mr. *Harley*; and he was ſent
e. The wound bled freſh, and they
ot apprehend him in danger: he ſaid,
n he came home, he thought him-
n none; and when I was there he was
p, and they did not find him at all
iſh. He hath been ill this week, and
me laſt *Saturday*, he found himſelf
h out of order, and hath been abroad

but twice ſince; ſo that the only dan
is, leſt his being out of order ſhou
with the wound, put him in a fever; a
I ſhall be in mighty pain till to-morr
morning. I went back to poor Mrs.
John, who told me, her huſband was w
my lord keeper g, at Mr. *Attorney's*, a
ſhe ſaid ſomething to me very remarkal
that, going to-day to pay her duty to
queen, when all the men and ladies w
dreſſed to make their appearance,
being the day of the queen's acceſſi
the lady of the bed-chamber in wait
told her the queen had not been at chur
and ſaw no company; yet, when ſhe
quired her health, they ſaid ſhe was v
well, only had a little cold. We c
ceive, the queen's reaſon for not go
out might be ſomething about this ſeiz
of *Guiſcard* for high treaſon, and t
perhaps there was ſome plot, or ſor
thing extraordinary. Your grace m
have heard of this *Guiſcard:* he fled fr
France for villainies there, and was thou
on to head an invaſion of that kingdo

g Sir *Simon Harcourt*, afterwards created lord barc
Stanton Harcourt.

but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little conſequence, although of ſome cunning, and much villainy. We paſſed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not ſpeak to me.

I write all this to your grace, becauſe I believe you would deſire to know a true account of ſo important an accident; and beſides, I know you will have a thouſand falſe ones; and I believe every material circumſtance here is true, having it from young Mr. *Harley*[h]. I met ſir *Thomas Manſel* (it was then after ſix this evening); and he and Mr. *Prior* told me, they had juſt ſeen *Guiſcard* carried by in a chair, with a ſtrong guard, to *Newgate*, or the *Preſs-Yard*. Time, perhaps, will ſhew who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen ſo unluckily to *England*, at this juncture, as Mr. *Harley's* death, when he hath all the ſchemes for the greateſt part of the ſupplies in his head, and the parliament

[h] See a more particular account of this whole tranſaction in *Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry*, vol. XV. See alſo, in vol. VIII. *The Examiner*, N°. XXXII.

cannot ſtir a ſtep without him. can I altogether forget myſelf, him, ſhould loſe a perſon I ha obligations to than any other in th dom; who hath always treated n the tenderneſs of a parent, and n fuſed me any favour I aſked for a therefore I hope your grace wil the diſorder of this letter. I was ing, this night, to write one of ſort.——I muſt needs ſay, one gr ſon for writing theſe particulars grace was, that you might be give a true account of the fact, whi be ſome ſort of ſervice to Mr. *Ha* am, with the greateſt reſpect, my

Your Grace's moſt duti

and moſt humble ſer

J. SW

I have read over what I writ, and confuſed and incorrect, which grace muſt impute to the violen of mind I am in, greater than

felt in my life.——It muſt have been the utmoſt height of deſperate guilt which could have ſpirited that wretch to ſuch an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover, to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villainy. It is not above ten days ago, that I was interceding with the ſecretary in his behalf, becauſe I heard he was juſt ſtarving; but the ſecretary aſſured me he had 400 *l.* a year penſion.

LETTER XVII.

My Lord, *London, April* 10, 1711.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until ſomething material ſhould happen, that might recompence the trouble. My occaſion of writing to you at preſent is purely perſonal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by ſome letters from *Ireland*, thet your grace had applied the paſſage you mention of

Rufus, in a ſpeech you made to
clergy, which I ventured to contra
as an impoſſibility, and inconſiſtent
your general opinion and what was in
letter. Mr. *Southwell* and Mr. *Dop*
were of the ſame mind; and the for
ſays, he hath writ to your grace abou
I ſhould have thought no more of
matter, but let it ſpend like an idle f
below notice: only dining laſt *Su*
with one of the principal ſecretarie
ſtate, he gave me a letter to read, wl
he had juſt received from the printe
the news-paper called the Post-Boy,
which was a tranſcript of a letter fi
Dublin; and the ſecretary being menti
ed in that tranſcript, the man wc
not publiſh it without his advice. It c
tained an account how the news of
Harley's being ſtabbed had been recei
by the whigs in *Dublin*; of which
produced ſome inſtances. Then he m
tions the paſſage out of *Tacitus*, and c
cludes thus: *The firſt that mentioned*
was the Archbiſhop of Dublin, *who*
notice of it firſt at a meeting of his cler
and afterwards, in the hearing of ſeve
perſo

perſons, was reprimanded for it, in a civil though ſharp manner, by one of the chief miniſters there, well known for his ſteady loyalty to her majeſty, and his zealous ſervice to the church of England, *under her late perilous trial.* I immediately told the ſecretary, that I knew this muſt be falſe and miſrepreſented, and that he muſt give me leave to ſcratch out that paſſage, which I accordingly did; and, for fear of any miſtake, I made him give me afterwards the whole letter, that I might have it in my power. The next day I ſent for the printer, and told him what I had done; and, upon further thoughts, I ſtifled the whole letter, and the ſecretary approved of it. I likewiſe told the printer, that, when he had any thing relating to *Ireland*, I had the ſecretary's order (which was true) to ſend it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations, by what was repreſented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in the Post-Boy, with that concluſion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your

your character and ſtation place you abo
the malice of little people, yet your friend
would be extremely concerned to ſee you
name made ſo bold with in a commo
news-paper.

I humbly hope your grace will not di
approve of what I have done; at leaſt,
have gratified my own inclination, in th
deſire of ſerving you; and beſides, ha
the opportnnity of giving Mr. Secretar
ſome part of your character.

I dare lay a wager, that all this ha
pened by the groſs underſtandings of ſo
people, who miſunderſtood and miſappl
ed ſomething very innocent that ca
from your grace. I muſt be ſo bold
ſay, that people in that kingdom do ve
ill underſtand raillery. I can railly mu
ſafer here with a great miniſter of ſtate
a dutcheſs, than I durſt do there with
attorney or his wife. And I can ventu
to railly with your grace, although I cou
not do it with many of your clergy.
myſelf have been a witneſs, when wa
of common ſenſe hath made people offe
ed with your grace, where they ought
have been moſt pleaſed. I ſay thi
ev

every day at the beſt tables, which I ſhould be turned out of company for if I were in *Ireland.*

Here is one Mr. *Richardſon*, a clergyman, who is ſoliciting an affair that I find your grace approveth; and therefore I do him all the ſervice I can in it.

We are now full of the buſineſs of the *Iriſh* yarn; and I attend among the reſt, to engage the members I am acquainted with in our intereſt. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will ſhortly write to your grace ſome account how public affairs ſtand: we hope Mr. *Harley* will be well in a week.

We have news from *Bruſſels*, that the Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

I wiſh your grace would incloſe your commands to me, directed to *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; at my lord *Dartmouth's* office at *Whitehall*; for I have left off going to coffee-houſes.

LETTER XVIII.

MY LORD, *Chelſea, May* 10, 171:

I HAVE had your grace's letter, *April* 19, ſome time by me, but d ferred my anſwer until I could give ſon account of what uſe I had made of it. went immediately to Mr. ſecretary *John*, and read moſt of it to him; was extremely ſatisfied, and very glad th ſcandalous account, deſigned to be prin ed in the POST-BOY, was ſuppreſſed. M *Harley* was not then quite well enough ſo I ventured (and hope your grace w not diſapprove it) to ſhew your letter to gentleman who hath a great reſpect f your grace, and who told me ſever others of *Ireland* were poſſeſſed of th report. I truſted the letter with hin and gave him leave to read it to then which he told me he did, and that th were all entirely convinced: And indee as far as I can find, the report is qui blown over, and hath left no impreſſio While your grace's letter was out of n hands; dining with Mr. *Harley*, he ſa

to me, almoſt as ſoon as he ſaw me, *How came the archbiſhop of* Dublin *and I to fall out?* I told him I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether miſrepreſented; and it muſt come from ſome infamous raſcals, of which there never wants a ſett in that kingdom, who make it their buſineſs to ſend wrong characters here, *&c.* He anſwered, that he believed and knew it was as I ſaid. I added, that I had the honour to be long known to your grace, and that you were the laſt man in the kingdom upon whom ſuch a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, ſince he was pleaſed to mention this matter firſt, he muſt give me leave, the next time I ſaw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in anſwer to one of mine, wherein I had told you of ſuch a report; he ſaid, there was no need, for he firmly believed me. I anſwered ſmiling, that ſhould not do, for I would never ſuffer a perſon for whom I had ſo great an eſteem, to lie under the leaſt ſuſpicion of any thing wrong. Laſt *Saturday*, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my

lord keeeper, my lord *Rivers*, and ſecretary *St. John*, always uſed to with him before this accident; and ſc times they uſed to let me be of the c pany. This was the firſt *Saturday* had met ſince his recovery; and I w ſuch joy to ſee the old club met a that it affecteth me ſtill, as your g ſees by my impertinence in mixing it an account that only relates to you I read thoſe parts of your letter to which I thought proper, and both he the company did very frankly acquit grace; and Mr. *Harley* in particular ſ a good deal of his reſpect and eſteen you; and then he repeated, that it w new thing to receive lies from *Irel* which I doubt is ſo true, that no ma diſtinction in that kingdom is ſafe; a wiſh it were poſſible to take ſome cc to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, ba my concern for the ſouls of the write ſhould give you joy of them. You w leſs deſerve your ſtation, if knaves fools did not hate you; and while t ſects continue, may your grace anc

good men be the object of their averſion.

My lord keeper, Mr. *Harley*, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers: the town hath been expecting it it for ſome time, although the court make it yet a ſecret: but I can aſſure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their patents are now drawing, and I ſaw a very handſome one for Mr. *Harley*. You'll pleaſe not to mention this particular, although it will be ſoon public, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treaſurer. Perhaps, before the poſt leaves this town, all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being ſo myſterious; but ſo capricious are great men in their ſecrets. The firſt authentic aſſurances I had of theſe promotions was laſt *Sunday*, though the expectation hath been ſtrong for above a month. We ſuppoſe likewiſe that many changes will be made in the employments as ſoon as the ſeſſion endeth, which will be, I believe, in leſs than a fortnight.

Poor Sir *Cholmondely Deering*, of *Kent*, was yeſterday in a duel ſhot through the body,

body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*, in *Tothilfields* and died in ſome hours.

I never mention any thing of the firſt-fruits either to Mr. *Harley* or the duke of *Ormond*. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end: if not, I ſhall have the beſt opportunity of doing it in his abſence. If I ſhould ſpeak of it now, perhaps it would be ſo contrived as to hinder me from ſoliciting it afterwards; but, as ſoon as the duke is gone, I ſhall learn at the treaſury what he hath done in it. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and obliged humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a neceſſity of walking to and from *London* every day. But your grace will pleaſe ſtill to direct your letters under cover to Mr. *Lewis*.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

ſr LORD, *London, July* 12, 1711.

OW conceive your grace begins to e a buſy perſon in council, and par- ent, and convocation; and perhaps be content to be diverted now and by an idle letter from hence. We an empty town, the queen being d at *Windſor*, and the miniſters often . We are ſo weary with expecting ier removals, that we begin to drop diſcourſe: neither am I ſure, whe- thoſe in power may not differ a little inion as to the matter. However, meth generally agreed, that there will iany changes before next ſeſſion, and it is neceſſary there ſhould be ſo. lord *Peterborough* [1] hath been ſome returned, and I have had a good of talk with him; or rather he hath d a good deal to me. He is mightily ntented with what I writ to him, which he findeth to be true, that e ſeemeth a general diſpoſition among

[1] See his character, Vol. VII. p. 1.

us towards a peace. He thinketh his ſuc ceſsful negotiations with the emperor an the duke of *Savoy* have put us in a bett condition than ever to continue the wa and will engage to convince me, that *Spa* is yet to be had, if we take proper me ſures. Your grace knoweth he is a pe ſon of great talents, but daſhed with ſom thing reſtleſs and capricious in his natur He told me he came over without beir recalled, and without one ſervant, havir ſcattered them in ſeveral parts of *Ge many*. I doubt he will not have cred enough with the miniſtry to make the follow his plans; and he is ſuch a ſort perſon as may give good advice, whic wiſe men may reaſonably refuſe to follo It ſeemeth to me that the miniſtry l under a grievous dilemma, from the diſ culty of continuing the war, and th danger of an ill peace, which I doul whether all their credit with the quee and country would ſupport them unde but my lord treaſurer is a ſtranger to fea and hath all that courage which inn cence and good ſenſe can give a ma and the moſt free from avarice of any o

living

g; both which are abſolutely ne-
ry for his ſtation in this juncture.
was ſaying a thing to me ſome days
, which I believe is the great maxim
roceedeth by, that wiſdom in public
irs was not, what is commonly believ-
the forming of ſchemes with remote
s; but the making uſe of ſuch inci-
s as happen. It was thought my lord
rr [k] would have ſucceeded as ſecretary
n the duke of *Queenſberry's* death;
the court ſeemeth now diſpoſed to
no third ſecretary, which was a
ſs charge. The queen hath been
emely ill, ſo as for four and twenty
s people were in great pain; but ſhe
been ſince much better, and voided
ndance of gravel, &c. Our expediti-
under Mr. *Hill* is ſaid to be towards
South-ſeas; but nothing is known:
ld a great man, who is deepeſt in the
ect of it, that I had no good opinion
heſe expeditions, which hitherto never

[k] This earl of *Marr* was of the firſt that entered the Rebellion in *Scotland*, in favour of the pretender, in the year 1715.

ſucceeded with us. He ſaid, he woul venture ten to one upon the ſucceſs of i provided no ill accident happened b ſtorms; and that it was concerted wit three or four great princes abroad.

As to the firſt-fruits, I muſt infor your grace, that the whole affair lie exactly as it did for ſome months paſ The duke and his people never though or at leaſt never meddled in it, until fou days before they went, and then the were told it was already done; and m lord treaſurer directed that it ſhould be a inſtruction to the lord lieutenant to men tion in his ſpeech to parliament, that th queen had done it, &c. But they too no ſort of care to finiſh the matter, an carry the inſtrument over with them which they might have done, had the begun timely, and applied themſelves and, as the biſhops ſuperſeded me, I di not preſume to meddle further in it: bu I think this may be a leſſon, that in a ſuch caſes as theſe it is neceſſary to hav ſome good ſolicitor, and not leave thing wholly to great men: nay, ſo little di

th

e duke engage in this matter, that my rd treaſurer told me yeſterday (although at is a ſecret) that the very draught they ad made upon my application was ſome ay or other miſlaid between the queen nd himſelf, and could not be found; ut however, that another ſhould ſoon be rawn: And his lordſhip commanded me o inform your grace, and my lords the iſhops, that with the firſt convenience he inſtrument ſhould be prepared and ent over, which your grace will pleaſe to et them know. I was of opinion with ny lord treaſurer, that it ſhould be done y a deed from the queen, without an ct of parliament, and that the biſhops hould be made a corporation for the ma-agement of it. Your grace ſees I write with much freedom, becauſe I am ſure I an do it ſafely.

I have been engaging my lord treaſurer nd the other great men in a project of my own, which they tell me they will em-brace, eſpecially his lordſhip. He is to erect ſome kind of ſociety, or academy, under the patronage of the miniſters and

protection of the queen, for correcting enlarging, poliſhing, and fixing our lan guage. The methods muſt be left to th ſociety; only I am writing a letter to m lord treaſurer, by way of propoſals, an ſome general hints, which I deſign to pub liſh, and he expecteth from me. Al this may come to nothing, although I fin the ingenious and learned men of all m acquaintance fall readily in with it; an ſo I hope will your grace, if the deſig can be well executed. I would deſire a leiſure ſome of your grace's thoughts o this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantag of the times, and ſee whether your violen houſe of commons will fall in with ſom good law for the benefit of the church, a their much betters have done it here: an I think the convocation could not be bet ter employed than in conſidering wha good law is wanting for the church, an endeavour to have it paſſed, rather than brangling upon trifles. The church has ſo few happy occaſions, that we ought t let none of them ſlip. I take up too much

much of your grace's time; and therefore, begging your prayers and bleſſing, I remain, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XX.

My Lord, *London, Aug.* 15, 1711.

I HAVE been at *Windſor* a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace, dated *July* 25. I was told it was ſent to Mr. *Manly's* houſe (your poſtmaſter's ſon), and by him to me; ſo that I ſuppoſe your grace did not direct to Mr. *Lewis* as formerly, otherwiſe I ſhould have had it at *Windſor*. The miniſters go uſually down to *Windſor* on *Saturday*, and return on *Monday* or *Tueſday* following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord treaſurer, ſeeing him only

at court, or at ſupper at third places, in much company at his own lodging Yeſterday I went to viſit him after dinn but did not ſtay above an hour, becau buſineſs called him out. I read to hi that part of your grace's letter which e preſſeth your grace's reſpects to him, a he received them perfectly well. He tc me he had lately received a letter from t biſhops of *Ireland*, ſubſcribed (as I r member) by ſeventeen, acknowledgi his favour about the firſt-fruits. I tc his lordſhip, that ſome people in *Irela* doubted whether the queen had grant them before the duke of *Ormond* was d clared lieutenant: Yes, he ſaid, ſure I r membered it was immediately upon n application. I ſaid, I heard the du himſelf took no merit on that accour He anſwered, No, he was ſure he did n he was the honeſteſt gentleman aliv But, ſaid he, it is the queen that did and ſhe alone ſhall have the merit. A I muſt be ſo free as to tell your grace th the grudging, ungrateful manner of ſon people, which upon ſeveral occaſions could not but give him hints of for n

juſtification, hath not been prudent. I am ſure, it hath hindered me from any thoughts of purſuing another affair of yet greater conſequence, which I had good hopes of compaſſing. What can be the matter with thoſe people? do I aſk either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the buſineſs? My lord treaſurer told me, he had ſent the letter over about the firſt-fruits. I never enquired into the particulars: he ſays, he will very ſoon anſwer the biſhops letter to himſelf, and will ſhew me both letter and anſwer; but I ſhall not put him in mind, unleſs he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great ſubmiſſion to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to deſire he would make any mention of me in his anſwer. Your grace is convinced, that, unleſs I write a heap of lyes, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I deſire to convince nobody elſe; and, ſince the thing is done, it is not of any conſequence who were inſtrumental in it. I could not forbear yeſterday reminding my lord treaſurer of what I ſaid to Mr. *Southwell* before his lordſhip,

ſhip, when he came to take his leave before he went to *Ireland*; which was, that I hope Mr. *Southwell* would let the biſhops and clergy of *Ireland* know that my lord treaſurer had long ſince (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the firſt-fruits, *&c.* and that it was his lordſhip's work, as the grant of the ſame favour in *England* had formerly been. My lord treaſurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. *Southwell*, and I think Mr. *Southwell* ſhould have acted accordingly; but there is a great deal of ignorance, as well as ill-will, in all this matter. The duke of *Ormond* himſelf, had he engaged in it, could only act as a ſolicitor. Every body knows, that the lord treaſurer in ſuch caſes muſt be applied to (and only he) by the greateſt perſons. I ſhould think the people of *Ireland* might rather be pleaſed to ſee one of their own country able to find ſome credit at court, and in a capacity to ſerve them, eſpecially one who doth it without any other proſpect than that of ſerving them. I know not any of the biſhops from whom I can expect any favour, and there are not many upon

upon whom a man of any figure could have ſuch deſigns: but I will be revenged; for whenever it lieth in my power, I will ſerve the church and kingdom, although they ſhould uſe me much worſe. I ſhall dine to-morrow with the lord treaſurer, and perhaps I may then ſee the anſwer he is to write. I thought to have ſent this letter away to-night; but I have been interrupted by buſineſs. I go to *Windſor* again on *Saturday* for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be ſent to the poſt.

Auguſt 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to *Windſor* by my lord treaſurer, from whence I returned but laſt night. His lordſhip gave me a paper, which he ſaid he had promiſed me. I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about ſomething elſe we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until juſt now, when I find it to be my lord primate's letter to his lordſhip, with an incloſed one from the biſhops. With ſubmiſſion, I take it to be dry enough, although I ſhall not

tell

tell his lordſhip ſo. They ſay they *are informed his lordſhip had a great part in*, &c. I think they ſhould either have told who it was informed them ſo, ſince it was a perſon commiſſioned by themſelves; or, at leaſt, have ſaid they were *aſſured*. And as for thoſe words, *a great part*, I know no body elſe had any, except the queen herſelf. I cannot tell whether my lord hath writ an anſwer, having ſaid nothing to him of it ſince he gave me the letters; nor ſhall I deſire to ſee it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord treaſurer and Mr. *St. John* ſpoke to me about the matter, and were of the ſame opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice. I excuſed giving my opinion, being wholly uninformed; and I have heard nothing of it ſince.

My lord keeper gave me yeſterday a bundle of *Iriſh* votes at *Windſor*, and we talked a good deal about the quarrel between the lords and commons: I ſaid the fault lay in not diſſolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the duke of *Ormond*, and often to ſome of thoſe who were

e thought to have moſt credit with
. But they ſeemed to believe, as I
, that any *Iriſh* parliament would yield
ny thing that any chief governor pleaſ-
, and ſo it would be a needleſs trou-

We reckon for certain, that Mr. *Hill*
h his fleet is gone to *Quebec*.
Mrs. *Maſham*[1] is every minute ex-
ting to lye in. Pray God preſerve
life, which is of great importance. I
, with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt dutiful and

moſt humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

e queen has got a light fit of the
gout. The privy ſeal is not yet diſ-
poſed of.

[1] This lady's huſband, *Oates*, in the county of *Eſſex*,
les *Maſham*, Eſq; was *Dec.* 31, 1711.
ed baron *Maſham* of

LETTER XXI.

Windſor-Caſtle, Oct. 1, 171

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of a long let from your grace about a month a which I forbore acknowleging ſooner, cauſe I haae been ever ſince perpetu toſſed between this and *London*, and p ly becauſe there had nothing happe that might make a letter worthy peruſal. It is the opinion of ſome g perſons here, that the words which houſe of commons took amiſs in y addreſs, might very well bear an appli tion that concerned only my lord *Wh ton.* I find they are againſt my opini that a new parliament ſhould have b called; but all agree it muſt now be ſolved: but, in ſhort, we are ſo extre ly buſy here, that nothing of *Irelan* talked on above a day or two; tha the city [m] election I have oftenest heard and the proceeding of your court i

[m] *Dublin.*

it is thought, might have been wiſer. I find your grace ſeemeth to be of my opinion, and ſo I told my lord treaſurer. I think your *Kilmainham* [n] project of an addreſs was a very fooliſh one, and that for the reaſon of thoſe who were againſt it. I hope *Ireland* will ſoon be equally convinced with us here, that, if the pretender be in any body's thoughts, it is of thoſe they leaſt dream, and who now are in no condition of doing miſchief to any but themſelves. As for your convocation, I believe every thing there will terminate in good wiſhes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again theſe two years; and then, I ſuppoſe, only to give money, and away. There ſhould, methinks, in the interval, be ſome propoſals conſidered and agreed upon by the biſhops and principal men of the clergy, to have all ready againſt the next meeting; and even that I deſpair of, for a thouſand reaſons too tedious to mention.

[n] The high ſheriff and grand jury of the county of *Dublin* meet here, and prepare addreſſes; examine affidavits, and find bills of indictment. Civil and criminal cauſes are alſo tried here.

My admiring at the odd proceedings thoſe among the biſhops and clergy wi are angry with me for getting their firſt fruits was but a form of ſpeech. I cann ſincerely wonder at any proceedings numbers of men, and eſpecially (I mu venture to ſay ſo) in *Ireland*. Meantim it is a good jeſt to hear my lord treaſur ſaying often, before a deal of compan that it was I that got the clergy of *Irela* their firſt-fruits; and, generally, with th addition, that it was before the duke *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant. H lordſhip hath long deſigned an anſwer the letter he received from the biſhop he hath told me ten times, he would it to-morrow. He goeth to *London* th day, but I continue here for a week. ſhall refreſh his memory, and engage n lord *Harley* his ſon to do ſo too.

I ſuppoſe, your grace cannot but he in general of ſome ſteps that are makir towards a peace. There came out ſom time ago an account of Mr. *Prior's* journe to *France*, pretended to be a tranſlation it is a pure invention, from the beginnir to the end. I will let your grace into th

ſecr

et of it. The clamours of a party inſt any peace without *Spain*, and ing at the miniſtry as if they deſigned ruin us, occaſioned that production, of indignity and contempt, by way of niſhing fools with ſomething to talk of; lit hath had a very great effect. Meane, your grace may count that a peace going forward very faſt.—Mr. *Prior* s actually in *France*; and there are now o miniſters from that court in *London*, ich you may be pretty ſure of, if you ieve what I tell you, that I ſupped with m myſelf in the houſe were I am now iting, *Saturday* laſt: neither do I find o be a very great ſecret; for there were o gentlemen more with us beſides the iter. However, I deſire your grace to nothing of it, becauſe it may look e lightneſs in me to tell it: Mr. *Prior* s with us too, but what their names are annot tell; for I believe thoſe they ed by when I was there are not the l ones. All matters are agreed beeen *France* and us, and very much to advantage and honour of *England*; t, I believe, no further ſteps will be

taken without giving notice to the a
I do not tell your grace one ſyllabl
coming from any great miniſter;
therefore I do not betray them.
there are other ways of picking
things in a court: however, I muſt
ſire you will not diſcover any of theſe
particulars, nor cite me upon any accou
all; for great men may think I tell th
from them, although I have them f
other hands; in which laſt caſe only, I
ture to repeat them to one I can confid
and one at ſo great a diſtance as your gr

I humbly thank your grace for
good opinion you are pleaſed to hav
me, and for your advice which ſeen
to be wholly grounded on it. As to
firſt, which relateth to my fortune, I
never be able to make myſelf believed
indifferent I am about it. I ſometi
have the pleaſure of making that of oth
and I fear it is too great a pleaſure to
virtue, at leaſt in me. Perhaps in
land, I may not be able to prevent c
tempt any other way than by making
fortune; but then it is my comfort,
contempt in *Ireland* will be no ſor

mortification to me. When I was laſt in *Ireland*, I was above half the time reterid to one ſcurvy acre of ground; and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court, as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they pleaſe to let me), without any concern, but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great miniſters to do as they pleaſe; and, if I cannot diſtinguiſh myſelf enough by being uſeful in ſuch a way as becometh a man of conſcience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will ſolicit for myſelf, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be ſome way uſeful to the church and to the publick by any talent you are pleaſed to think I poſſeſs, is the only thing for which I ſhould deſire ſome ſettlement that would make me full maſter of my time. I have often thought of ſome ſubjects, wherein I believe I might ſucceed: but, my lord, to aſk a man floating at ſea what he deſigned to do when he

goes on ſhore, is too haſty a queſtion: l
him get there firſt, and reſt and dry hin
ſelf, and then look about him. I ha
been pretty well known to ſeveral gre
men in my life; and it was their dut
if they thought I might have been of uſ
to put me into a capacity for it; but
never yet knew one great man in my lif
who was not every day ſwayed by oth
motives in diſtributing his favours, wha
ever reſolutions he had pretended to mak
to the contrary. I was ſaying a thing t
other day to my lord keeper, which h
approved of, and which I believe may b
the reaſon of this: it was, that perſons
tranſcendent merit forced their way i
ſpite of all obſtacles; but thoſe who
merit was of a ſecond, third, or fourt
rate, were ſeldom able to do any thing; be
cauſe the knaves and dunces of the worl
had all the impudence, aſſiduity, flattery
and ſervile compliance divided amon
them, which kept them perpetually i
the way, and engaged every body to b
their ſolicitors. I was aſking a great mi
niſter, a month ago, how he could poſſi
bly happen to pick out a certain perſon t
emplo

employ in a commiſſion of diſcovering abuſes, who was the moſt notorious for the conſtant practice of the greateſt abuſes in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed? He ſaid he knew all this; but what would I have him to do? I anſwered, Send any one of your footmen, and command him to chuſe out the firſt likely genteel fellow he ſees in the ſtreets; for ſuch a one might poſſibly be honeſt, but he was ſure the other was not, and yet they have employed him.

I promiſe your grace that this ſhall be the laſt ſally I will ever make to a court, and that I will return as ſoon as I can have leave. I have no great pleaſure in my preſent manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much, and which try my patience to the utmoſt; teized every day by ſolicitors, who have ſo little ſenſe as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs, although they ſee I am able to get nothing for myſelf. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord, &c.

LETTER XXII.

My Lord, *Oct.* —, 171

PERHAPS you will be content t know ſome circumſtances of affai here. The duke of *Somerſet* uſual leaveth *Windſor* on *Saturday*, when tl miniſters go down thither, and retur not until they are gone. On *Sund* ſeven-night, contrary to cuſtom, he w at *Windſor*, and a cabinet council was be held at night; but, after waiting a lo time, word was brought out, that the would be no cabinet. Next day it w held, and then the duke went to a ho race about three miles off. This beg to be whiſpered; and at my return town they had got it in the city; b not the reaſon; which was, that Mr. ſ cretary *St. John* refuſed to ſit if the du was there. Laſt *Sunday* the duke w there again, but did not offer to come the cabinet, which was held without hi I hear the duke was adviſed by his frien of the other party to take this ſte The ſecretary ſaid to ſome of his a

quaintanc

quaintance, that he would not ſit with a man who had ſo often betrayed them, &c. You know the dutcheſs of *Somerſet* is a great favourite, and hath got the dutcheſs of *Marlborough's* key. She is inſinuating, and a woman of intrigue; and will, I believe, do what ill offices ſhe can to the ſecretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen ſaid, if it were ſo, that ſhe could not have what ſervants ſhe liked, ſhe did not find how her condition was mended. I take the ſafety of the preſent miniſtry to conſiſt in the agreement of three great men, Lord Keeper, Lord Treaſurer, and Mr. Secretary; and ſo I have often told them together between jeſt and earneſt, and two of them ſeparately with more ſerioufneſs. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general. I will not ſay more at this diſtance. I do not ſee well how they can be without the ſecretary, who hath very great abilities both for the cabinet and parliament. The tories in the city are a little

diſcontented, that no further changes ar
made in employments, of which I can
not learn the ſecret, although I have hear
ſeveral, aand from ſuch who might te
the true one if they would: one is, tha
lord treaſurer profeſſeth he is at a loſs t
find perſons qualified for ſeveral places
another (which is leſs believed) that th
queen interpoſeth: a third, that it is
trimming diſpoſition. I am apt to thin
that he finds the call for employmen
greater than he can anſwer, if there wer
five times as many to diſpoſe of; and
know particularly that he diſliketh ver
much the notion of people, that ever
one is to be turned out. The treaſure
is much the greateſt miniſter I ever knew
regular in life, with a true ſenſe of re
ligion, an excellent ſcholar, and a goo
divine, of a very mild and affable diſpo
ſition, intrepid in his notions and indefa
tigable in buſineſs, an utter deſpiſer o
money for himſelf, yet frugal (perhaps t
an extremity) for the publick. In pr
vate company, he is wholly diſengage
and very facetious, like one who hath n
buſineſs at all. He never wants a reſer
upo

upon any emergency, which would appear deſperate to others; and maketh little uſe of thoſe thouſand projectors and ſchematiſts, who are daily plying him with their viſions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the compariſon, that his own notions are the beſt. I am, my Lord, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's

Moſt obedient, *&c.*

LETTER XXIII.

My Lord, *London, Dec.* 8, 1711.

I CANNOT in conſcience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furniſh what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good inſtructions to me, which I ſhall obſerve as ſoon as ever it ſhall pleaſe God to put me into a way of life where I can have leiſure for ſuch ſpeculations.

In

In above twenty years that I have known ſomething of courts and miniſters, I never ſaw ſo ſtrange and odd a complicated diſpoſition of affairs as what we have had for ſix weeks paſt. The facts your grace may have met with in every common news-paper; but the ſprings of them are hardly diſcoverable even by thoſe who had moſt opportunity of obſerving. Neither do I find thoſe who ſhould know beſt agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of ſkill between thoſe who are out and thoſe who are in; and the former are generally more induſtrious at watching opportunities. Laſt *September*, at *Windſor*, the duke of *Somerſet*[a], who had not been at cabinet council for many months, was adviſed by his friends of the late miniſtry to appear there, but the reſt refuſed to ſit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horſe-race. This was declaring open war; and ever ſince both he and his dutcheſs (who is in great favour) have been uſing all ſorts of means to break the preſent

[a] See the hiſtory of the laſt ſeſſion of parliament, and of the peace of *Utrecht*.

miniſtry.

iniſtry. Mrs. *Maſham* was abſent two nonths from *Windſor*, with lying-in at *Kenſington*, and my lord treaſurer ſix weeks by indiſpoſition. Some time before the ſeſſion, the duke above mentioned went to all thoſe lords, who, by the narowneſs of their fortunes, have depended n the court, and engaged them to vote gainſt the miniſtry, by aſſuring them it as the queen's pleaſure. He is ſaid have added other powerful motives. *ehmar's* memorial was publiſhed juſt that juncture, as *Hoffman* the emperor's ident had ſome time before printed the *ench* king's propoſitions. It is confintly affirmed, by thoſe who ſhould ow, that money was plentifully ſcatter-

By theſe and ſome other accidents, e vote was carried againſt the miniſtry; id every body of either party underood the thing as intended directly againſt y lord treaſurer's head. The houſe of ords made a very ſhort adjournment, and were preparing ſome reſolutions and addreſſes of the moſt dangerous importance.

[1] Baron *Bothmar*, envoy extraordinary from the elector of *Hanover*, afterwards king *George* I.

We

We had a very melancholy *Chriſtmas*, the moſt fearleſs perſons were ſhal for our great danger lay where I ca tell your grace at this diſtance. thing wiſhed for was, the rem of the *Somerſet* family; but that c not be done, nor yet is. After ſome t the queen declared herſelf as you heard, and twelve new lords were cre

My lord *Nottingham's* game in affair hath been moſt talked of, and ral hard things ſaid of him are affirm be true. The diſſenting miniſters in town were conſulted about the occaſ bill, and agreed to it, for what reaſ cannot learn; that which is offered ſatisfying me, that they were afrai worſe. I believe they expected an e change of miniſtry and meaſures, a new parliament, by which it migh repealed, and have inſtead ſome law to advantage. The duke of *Marlboro* removal [q] hath paſſed very ſilently; particular reaſons for it I muſt tell grace ſome other time: but how it paſs abroad I cannot anſwer. Pe on both ſides conclude from it, tha

[q] *Dec.* 30, 1711.

I

peace is certain; but the concluſion is ill drawn: The thing would have been done, although we had been ſure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of prince *Eugene's* coming, and therefore it was put off until the reſolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he aſked how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen, on *Sunday* about ſeven at night. The great men reſolve to entertain him in their turns; and we ſuppoſe it will all end in a journey of pleaſure. We are ſo confidently told of the duke of *Somerſet's* being out, that I writ to the dean of *St. Patrick's*. A man of quality told me, he had it from my lord keeper, whom I aſked next day, and found it a miſtake; but it is impoſſible to fence againſt all lyes: however, it is ſtill expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord *Ranelagh* died on *Sunday* morning: he was very poor and needy, and could hardly ſupport himſelf for want of a penſion, which uſed to be paid him, and which his friends ſolicited as a thing of perfect charity. He *died hard*, as the term

term of art is here, to expreſs the woeful ſtate of men who diſcover no religion at their death.

The town-talk is that the duke of *Ormond* will go no more to *Ireland*, but be ſucceeded by the duke of *Shrewſbury*, who is a very great and excellent perſon; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his dutcheſs: if they go, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only a general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord privy ſeal. *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, went to *Holland*, I think, at the ſame time. *Buys* is a great pretender to politicks, and always leave the company with great expreſſions of ſatisfaction that he hath convinced them all: he took much pains to perſuade me out of ſome opinions; and, although all he ſaid did but fix me deeper, he told the miniſtry how ſucceſsful he had been. I have got poor Dr. *King* [r], who

[r] Author of *Mully of Mountown* (a moſt delightful village to the ſouth of *Dublin*, near the ſea) and ſeveral other good poems; he alſo tranſlated *Horace's Art of Poetry* into *Engliſh* verſe.

was

as ſome time in *Irelaud*, to be Gazetteer, which will be worth 250*l. per annum* to him, if he be diligent and ſober, for which am engaged. I mention this, becauſe think he was under your grace's protection when he was in *Ireland.*

By what I gather from Mr. *Southwell*, believe your grace ſtandeth very well with the duke of *Ormond*; and it is one great addition to my eſteem for Mr. *Southvell*, that he is entirely your grace's friend nd humble ſervant, delighting to do you uſtice upon all occaſions. I am, with he greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

LETTER XXIV.

My Lord, *London, March* 29, 1712.

I CANNOT aſk pardon for not ſooner acknowledging your grace's letter, beauſe that would look as if I thought mine

mine were of conſequence. Either I grow weary of politicks, or am out of the way of them, or there is leſs ſtirring than uſual; and, indeed, we are all in ſuſpence at preſent; but I am told that, in ten or twelve days time, we ſhall know what the iſſue will be at *Utrecht*. I can only tell your grace, that there are ſome unlucky circumſtances, not proper to be truſted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work, *Mihi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis obverſantur*. Meantime, we are with great difficulty raiſing funds upon which to borrow five millions. One of thoſe funds is a tax upon paper, and I think 30 per cent. upon imported books, and of ſuch a nature as I could not yeſterday forbear ſaying to my lord treaſurer and the chancellor of the exchequer, that, inſtead of preventing ſmall papers and libels, it will leave nothing elſe for the preſs. I have not talked to the duke of *Argyle* upon the affairs of *Spain*, ſince his return; but am told he affirms it impoſſible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The duke of *Ormond* is expected

to

go in two or three days for *Flanders*. nd what I writ to your grace ſome onths ago of the duke of *Shrewſbury* cceeding to govern *Ireland*, will, I ſup- oſe, be ſoon declared. I was the other ay to ſee the dutcheſs, and reported your race's compliments, which ſhe took very ell; and I told her I was reſolved your race and ſhe ſhould be very good ac- uaintance. I believe the ſpirit of your *loughers* is got into our *Mohawks*, who re ſtill very troubleſome, and every night ut ſomebody or other over the face; and ommit a hundred inſolent barbarities.

There was never the leaſt deſign of any mpeachment againſt the duke of *Marl- orough:* and it was his own great weak- eſs, or the folly of his friends, that the hing went ſo far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people ave talked themſelves hoarſe, but for ome weeks paſt we have heard leſs of the Pretender than formerly. I ſuppoſe it is, like a faſhion, got into *Ireland*, when it is out here: but, in my conſcience, I do not think any one perſon in the court or miniſtry here deſigns any more to bring

in the Pretender, than the Great Turk. I hope Mr. *Harley*, who is now on his journey to *Hanover*, will give that court a truer opinion of perſons and things than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the inſtrument through which theſe falſe opinion have been infuſed, you would allow it another inſtance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium.* And your grace cannot but agree, that it is ſomething ſingular for the prince in poſſeſſion to make perpetual advances, and the preſumptive heir to be ſtanding off and ſuſpicious.

I know not whether your grace hath conſidered the poſition that my lord treaſurer is viſible in. The late miniſtry and their adherents confeſs themſelves fully reſolved to have his head, whenever it is in their power, and were prepared, upon the beginning of the ſeſſions, when the vote was carried againſt any peace without *Spain*, to move that he ſhould be ſent to the Tower: at the ſame time his friends, and the tories in general, are diſcontented at his ſlowneſs in the changing of commiſſions and employments, to which the

weakneſs of the court intereſt in the houſe of lords is wholly imputed: neither do I find that thoſe in the greateſt ſtations, or moſt in the confidence of my lord treaſurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or ſeem ſatisfied with it. I have endeavoured to ſolve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cauſe, the conſequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but doth not uſe ſo much exerciſe as ſhe ought. Pray God preſerve her many years!

A projector hath lately applied to me to recommend him to the miniſtry about an invention for finding out the Longitude. He hath given in a petition to the queen by Mr. ſecretary *St. John*. I underſtand nothing of the mathematicks; but am told it is a thing as improbable as the Philoſopher's ſtone, or perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord treaſurer, by way of propoſal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and aſcertain, the *Engliſh* language. And

he and I have named above twenty perſons of both parties to be members. I will ſhortly print the letter [s], and I hope ſomething will come of it. Your grace ſees I am a projector too. I am, with great reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT

LETTER XXV.

My Lord, *London, May* 20, 171

WHEN I had the honour of you grace's letter of *March* 27, I wa lying ill of a cruel diſorder, which ſtil purſueth me, although not with ſo muc violence; and I hope your grace will par don me, if you find my letter to be that c one who writeth in pain. You ſee, my lord how things are altered. The talk of new governor for *Ireland* is dropt. Th

[s] The Letter to the lord treaſurer is printed in the Thir Volume of this collection.

ſecre

ecret is, that the duke of *Ormond* had a romiſe of a penſion in caſe he loſt his government; but my lord treaſurer is ſo xceſſively thrifty, that, to ſave charges, e lets the duke keep it; and beſides, here are ſome other circumſtances, not roper for a letter, which have great eight in this matter. I count upon it, hat, whatever governor goeth over under his miniſtry, a new parliament will be alled. Yet I was told that the duke of *Shrewſbury* was pitched on, as a ſort of nedium between, *&c.* He is a perſon f admirable qualities; and, if he were omewhat more active and leſs timorous n buſineſs, no man would be thought omparable to him.

The moderate of the other party ſeem ow content to have a peace, and all our alk and expectations are full of it: but I roteſt to your grace I know not what to rite upon this ſubject, neither could I ell what to ſay if I had the honour to be ith you. Upon lord *Strafford's* [t] com-ng over, the ſtocks are fallen, although

[t] His lordſhip was one of the plenipotentiaries of *Utrecht*.

I expected, and I thought with reaſon, that they would riſe. There is a trade between ſome here and ſome in *Holland* of ſecrets and lyes; and there are ſome among us whoſe poſts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things, which they cannot conceal. This mixture maketh up the town-talk, governs the price of ſtocks, and hath often a great deal of truth in it: beſides, public affairs have often ſo many ſudden turns and incidents, that even thoſe behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am ſenſible that I have often deceived your grace with my wife *innuendos*. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very right at the moment I ſent it. If I had writ to your grace ſix days ago, I would have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would ſoon appear, and upon conditions wholly ſurprizing and unexpected. I ſay this to you wholly in confidence, and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the deſponding talk of the town, for I ſee nothing yet in the contrivances of the miniſters. It ſeems generally agreed that the preſent Dauphin

not live, and upon that depend many
aſures to be taken. This afternoon
e bill for appointing commiſſioners to
quire into the grants, &c. was thrown
t of the houſe of lords, the voices be-
g equal, which is a great diſappoint-
ent to the court, and matter of tri-
mph to the other party. But it may
ſſibly be of the worſt conſequence to
e grants next ſeſſion, when it is pro-
ble the miniſtry will be better ſettled,
d able to procure a majority. I am,
ith great reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXVI.

Kenſington, Sept. 30, 1712.

My Lord,

HAVE two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn

what I writ, hoping I might ſend you ſomething deciſive about the peace. But all ſtill continues to lie very looſe, and I continue to be very deſponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with thoſe who have more cunning and leſs honeſty than myſelf, which is, what we call keeping the ſtaff in my own hand, and contriving that they ſhall truſt me rather than I them. A man may reaſon until he is weary upon this proceeding of the *Dutch*. The ſoldiers tell me that the duke of *Ormond* could not poſſibly take poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk*, ſince the foreign troops have refuſed to march, and that the States will not ſuffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whiſper from one who ſhould know beſt, that *Dunkirk* might now have been ours, if right methods had been taken. And another great man ſaid to a friend of mine, above a fortnight ago, that the leaſt wrong ſtep on that ſide the water might have very ill conſequences at this juncture. Meantime, the diſcontented party ſeemeth full of hopes, and many of the court ſide beſide myſelf

myſelf deſponding enough. The neceſſity of laying the propoſals before the parliament drew us into all this; for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace: ſo that, if the *French* play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too viſible to doubt. And on the other ſide, if the peace goeth ſmoothly on, I cannot but think that ſome ſevere enquiries will be made; and, I believe, upon very manifeſt grounds. If there be any ſecret in this matter of *Dunkirk*, it muſt be in very few hands; and thoſe who moſt converſe with men at the helm are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go ſo far as to think that the *Dutch* will hinder even the *Engliſh* forces under the duke of *Ormond* from going by the *French* country to *Dunkirk*: but I cannot be of that opinion. We ſuppoſe a few days will decide this matter; and, I believe, your grace will agree, that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very reſolute: ſeveral changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The *Dutch* are grown

ſo

ſo unpopular, that, I believe, the queen might have addreſſes to ſtand by her againſt them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of *May* 29, written in the time of your viſiting, from whence, I hope, you are returned with health and ſatisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the *Bourbon* family, are, as your grace obſerveth, very great, and what indeed our miniſters chiefly apprehend. But we think *Philip's* renouncing to be an effectual expedient, not out of any regard he would have for it, but becauſe it will be the intereſt of every prince of the blood in *France* to keep him out, and becauſe the *Spaniards* will never aſſiſt him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat; for it is yet four weeks to *November*, at leaſt I believe we ſhall be happy or ruined before that time.

It is certain that there is ſomething in what people ſay . . . . . But the court is ſo luckily conſtituted at preſent, that every man thinks the chief truſt cannot be any where elſe ſo well placed; neither do

do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too ſoon for him to have ſuch thoughts.

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about my health: I have ſtill the remainder of ſome pains, which hath partly occaſioned my removing hither about three weeks ago; I was recommended to country air, and choſe this, becauſe I could paſs my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to *Windſor* in three weeks; and, I believe, I ſhall be there moſt of the time I ſtay in *England*, which I intend until towards the end of ſummer.

My lord treaſurer hath often promiſed he will advance my deſign of an academy; ſo have my lord keeper, and all the miniſters; but they are now too buſy to think of any thing beſide what they have upon the anvil. My lord treaſurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another ſeſſion, perhaps your grace may ſee the bill

bill of reſuming the grants [u] carried on with a great deal more rigour than it lately was. It was only deſired that the grantees ſhould pay ſix years purchaſe, and ſettle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and thoſe grants are now worſe than other lands by more years purchaſe than ſix; ſo that, in effect, they would have loſt nothing. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXVII.

MY LORD, *London, Oct.* 21, 1712.

SINCE I had the honour of your grace's letter of *July* 29, which found me at *Windſor*, I have been extremely out of order with a giddineſs in my head,

[u] This bill paſſed in the negative.

which

ich purſued me until very lately; but, an uneaſy courſe of phyſick, I hope I re in ſome ſort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation a peace; and your grace, I hope, will ieve it as good a one as the circumnces of things would allow. I confeſs gree with your grace, thrt the great ficulty was about the danger of *France* d *Spain* being united under one king.) my knowledge, all poſſible means ve been taken to ſecure that matter; d yet, after all, the weakeſt ſide will there. Renunciations by *France* have y juſtly ſo little credit, that I do not nder ſo little weight is laid on them. t *Spain*, we are ſure, will, for their own es, enter into all ſecurities to prevent at union; and all the allies muſt be arantees. If you ſtill object that ſome nger ſtill remains, what is to be done? our grace is altogether miſinformed, if u think that this is at all the difficulty ich ſo long made the *Dutch* untracta-. It was nothing leſs: neither have ey once mentioned, during all the neiation at *Utrecht*, one ſyllable of

getting *Spain* out of the *Bourbon* fa[illegible]m
or into that of *Auſtria*, as the chie[illegible]f
have aſſured me not three days [illegible]
Buys offered laſt winter to eaſe us i[illegible]r
diately of the trouble we were in b[illegible]
Nottingham's vote, if we would c[illegible]
to let them ſhare with us in the adva[illegible]
we had ſtipulated with *France*; [illegible]
advantages, however, did by no [illegible]
claſh with *Holland*, and were only [illegible]
ditional, if peace ſhould enſue. But [illegible]
lord, we know further, that the [illegible]
made offers to treat with *France*, [illegible]
we received any from thence; and
refuſed, upon the ill uſage they gave [illegible]
Torcy at the *Hague*, and the abb[illegible]
Polignac afterwards at *Gertruydenb*[illegible]
and we know that *Torcy* would have [illegible]
forced to apply to them again, if, [illegible]
ſeveral refuſals, we had not hearkened [illegible]
their overtures. What I tell your grace
is infallibly true; and care ſhall be taken
very ſoon to ſatisfy the world in this, and
many other particulars at large, which
ought to be known: for the kingdom is
very much in the dark, after all the pains
hitherto taken to inform it. Your grace

co[illegible]

conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our intereſt, if we had made ours with *France*. And I remember a certain great man uſed to ſay two months ago, *Fight on, fight on, my merry men all.* I believe likewiſe, that ſuch a peace would have happened, if the *Dutch* had not lately been more compliant; upon which our miniſters told thoſe of *France*, that, ſince the States were diſpoſed to ſubmit to the queen, her majeſty muſt enter into their intereſts: And I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they ſhould. *Tournay*, I hope, will be yielded to them: and *Liſle* we never deſigned they ſhould have. The emperor will be uſed as he deſerveth; and, having paid nothing for the war, ſhall get nothing by the peace. We are moſt concerned (next to our regard to *Holland*) for *Savoy* [x], and *France* for *Bavaria*. I believe we ſhall make them both kings, by the help of *Sardinia* and *Sicily*. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole deſign, as your grace

[x] *Victor Amadeus*, duke of *Savoy*, was made king of *Sicily* by this treaty.

con-

conjectureth, is to act the part of a me diator; and our advantages, too many to inſert here, muſt be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and ſet tle our language, lord treaſurer talked o it often very warmly; but, I doubt, is ye too buſy until the peace be over. He goes down to *Windſor* on *Friday*, to be choſen of the Garter, with five more lords [y].

I know nothing of promiſes of any thing intended for myſelf; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be ſurpriſed at diſappointments; which, however, I ſhall have no great reaſon to fear if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not; although I cannot expect to be believed when I ſay ſo.

I am, &c.

[y] *Henry* duke of *Beaufort*, captain of the band of gentlemen penſioners; *James* duke of *Hamilton* and *Brandon*, maſter-general of the ordnance; *Henry*, duke of *Kent*; *John*, earl of *Poulet*, lord ſteward of the houſhold; *Robert*, earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer* lord high treaſurer of *Great Britain*; and *Thomas* earl of *Strafford*, one of the plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*, and firſt lord commiſſioner of the admiralty, *October* 26, 1712.

LETTER XXVIII.

My Lord, *London, Jan.* 3, 1713.

INCE I had the honour of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time news and politicks; and I make a conence of writing to you without ſomeng that will recompence the trouble of ıding. I cannot but grant that your ıce, who are at a diſtance, and argue ım your own wiſdom and general obvations and reading, is likely to be ɔre impartial than I, who, in ſpight of y reſolutions and opinion to the contra-, am forced to converſe only with one le of the world, which faſteneth prejuces to me, notwithſtanding all I can do avoid them. Your grace hath certainly t upon the weak ſide of our peace; but do not find you have preſcribed any reedies. For that of limiting *France* to certain number of ſhips and troops was, doubt, not to be compaſſed. While ıat mighty kingdom remaineth under ıe monarch, it will be always in ſome

degree formidable to its neighbours. But we flatter ourſelves it is likely to be leſs ſo than ever, by the concurrence of many circumſtances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go ſo far with your grace as to tell you, that ſome of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that, if this laſt campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the *Britiſh* troops, *France* might have been in danger of being driven to great extreme. Yet I confeſs to you, at the ſame time, that, if I had been firſt miniſter, I ſhould have adviſed the queen to purſue her meaſures towards a peace.

Some accidents and occaſions have put it in my way to know every ſtep of this treaty better, I think, than any man in *England*. And I do aſſert to your grace, that, if *France* had been cloſely puſhed this campaign, they would, upon our refuſal, have made offers to *Holland*, which the republick would certainly have accepted; and in that caſe the intereſt of *England* would have been wholly laid aſide, as we ſaw it three years ago at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. The mar-

ıal *D'Uxilles* and *Meſnager*[z], two of the *rench* plenipotentiaries, were wholly in- ıined to have begun by the *Dutch*; but ıe third, abbé *De Polignac*, who hath ıoſt credit with Monſieur *Torcy*, was for eginning by *England*.

There was a great faction in *France* by ıis proceeding; and it was a mere per- ıal reſentment, in the *French* king and ſonſieur *Torcy*, againſt the States, which indered them from ſending the firſt over- ıre there. And I believe your grace 'ill be convinced, by conſidering that the emands of *Holland* might be much more ıſily ſatisfied than thoſe of *Britain*. The tates were very indifferent about the ar- cle of *Spain* being in the *Bourbon* fa- ıily, as Monſieur *Buys* publicly owned 'hen he was here, and among others to ıyſelf. They valued not the demolition f *Dunkirk*, the frontier of *Portugal*, nor ıe ſecurity of *Savoy*. They abhorred ıe thoughts of our having *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*, nor cared what became of our ominions in *North America*. All they

[z] This gentleman wrote *Minutes* of his *Negotiations* at e court of *England*, during the four laſt years of queen *Anne's* reign, containing ma- ny curious particulars.

had at heart was the ſovereignty of *Flanders* under the name of a barrier, and to ſtipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him eaſy under their encroachments. I can further aſſure your grace, before any propoſals were ſent here from *France*, and ever ſince until within theſe few months, the *Dutch* have been endeavouring conſtantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themſelves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may ſoon be informed in, with ſeveral others that are little known. Beſides, my lord, I doubt whether you have ſufficiently reflected on the condition of this kingdom, and the poſſibility of purſuing the war at that ruinous rate[a]. This argument is not the weaker for being often urged. Beſides, *France* is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that, in public affairs, human wiſdom is able to make proviſions for futurity, which are not liable to a thouſand accidents. We have done all we can; and, for the reſt, *curent poſteri*.

[a] See the end of the next Letter.

Sir

Sir *William Temple's* Memoirs, which ou mentioned, is his firſt part, and was ublifhed twenty years ago; it is chiefly ie treaty of *Nimeguen*, and was ſo well nown, that I could hardly think your race hath not ſeen it.

I am in ſome doubt whether a fall from horſe be ſuitable to the dignity of an rchbiſhop. It is one of the chief ad-antages in a great ſtation, that one is xempt from common accidents of that ind. The late king [b] indeed got a fall; ut his majeſty was a fox-hunter. I ueſtion whether you can plead any pre-edent to excuſe you; and therefore, I ope, you will commit no more ſuch rrors: and, in the mean time, I heartily ongratulate with your grace, that I can ailly you upon this accident.

I am in ſome fear that our peace will ardly be concluded in ſeveral weeks, by eaſon of a certain incident that could not e foreſeen; neither can I tell whether he parliament will ſit before the conclu-ion of the peace; becauſe ſome perſons iffer in their politicks about the matter.

[b] King *William* III, who died by a fall from his horſe.

If others were no wiſer than I, your ſeſſion ſhould not be deferred upon that account, I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and humble ſervant,

LETTER XXIX.

My Lord, *London, March* 28, 1713.

ALTHOUGH your humour of delaying, which is a good deal in faſhion, might ſerve me for authority and example in not ſooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I ſhall not make that uſe of it; but naturally tell you, that the public delay hath been the cauſe of mine. We have lived almoſt theſe two months paſt by the week, expecting that the parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was ſigned. But unforeſeen difficulties have ariſen, partly by ſome miſtakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well

well as of thoſe of *France*, too long to trouble your grace with, ſince we never reckon all will be at an end; and the queen hath ſent new powers to *Utrecht*, which her miniſters there muſt obey, I think, or be left without excuſe. The peace will be ſigned with *France*, *Holland*, the emperor, *Savoy*, *Portugal*, and *England*; but *Spain* hath yet no miniſter at *Utrecht*, the *Dutch* making difficulties about the duke *D'Oſſune's* paſſports; but the marquis *De Montellion* will ſoon begin his journey; at leaſt he tells me ſo. However, it is of no great moment whether *Spain* cometh in now or a month hence; and the parliament will be ſatisfied with the reſt. People here have grumbled at thoſe prorogations until they are weary; but they are not very convenient, conſidering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off two ſhillings in the pound from the land tax; which I always argued earneſtly againſt: but the court hath a mind to humour the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we muſt borrow upon new funds, which it

will be of the laſt difficulty to invent or to raiſe. The other party are employed in ſpreading a report moſt induſtriouſly, that the lord treaſurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the whigs. They have ſpread it in *Scotland*, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. *Anneſly* told me the other day at my lord ſteward's, that he had heard I writ the ſame to my friends in *Ireland*; which, as it is wholly without ground, ſo the fact is what I never had the leaſt belief of, although his lordſhip is ſomewhat of your grace's mind, in not refuſing to converſe with his greateſt enemies; and therefore he is cenſured, as you ſay you are upon the ſame account. And to thoſe who charge him with it (as ſome are free enough to do it), he only ſays, his friends ought to truſt him; and I have ſome reaſon to believe, that, after a peace, the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converſe to any one party; neither would I do ſo, if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much leſs is a great miniſter in ſuch a juncture

ıncture as this. Among many qualities have obſerved in the treaſurer, there is ne which is ſomething ſingular, that he vill be under an imputation, how wrong oever, without the pains of clearing him- elf to his neareſt friends, which is owing) great integrity, great courage, or great ntempt of cenſure. I know he hath undance of the two laſt, and I believe has the firſt.

Your grace's obſervations on the *French* xterity in negotiation, as well as their faith, are certainly right; but let both as great as poſſible, we muſt treat with m one time or other; and, if miniſters l not be upon their guard againſt ſuch orious managers, they are altogether xcuſeable. But I do aſſure your grace, t, as it hath fallen in my way to know re of the ſteps of this whole treaty n perhaps any one man beſides, I can- t ſee that any thing in the power of hu- an prudence, under many difficult con- nctures, hath been omitted. We have en forced to conceal the beſt ſide, which agree hath been unfortunate and unpo- lar; but you will pleaſe to conſider, that

that this way of every ſubject interpoſing their ſentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations is a very new thing among us: and the ſuffering it hath been thought, in the opinion of wiſe men, too great a ſtrain upon the prerogative; eſpecially giving a detail of particulars, which, in the variety of events, can not be aſcertained during the courſe of a treaty.—I could eaſily anſwer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the *Dutch*, and why they made thoſe difficulties at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. And when the whole ſtory of theſe two laſt intriguing years comes to be publiſhed, the world will have other notions of our proceedings. This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiſer than I. After all, my lord, I grant that, from a diſtant view of things, abundance of objections may be raiſed againſt many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to theſe objections are not ſeen, and perhaps ſome of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they ſhould. If in the end it appears that we have made a good

ood bargain for you, we hope you will ake it without entering too nicely into he circumſtances. I will not undertake o defend our proceedings againſt any man vho will not allow this poſtulatum, that it vas impoſſible to carry on the war any onger; which whoever denies either hath ıot examined the ſtate of the nation with eſpect to its debts, or denies it from the pirit of party. When a friend of mine bjected this to lord *Nottingham*, he free- y confeſſed it was a thing he had never onſidered. But, however, he would be gainſt any peace without *Spain*; and vhy? becauſe he was not privy-ſeal. But hen, why doth he vote with the whigs n every thing elſe, although peace hath ıo concern? becauſe he was not privy- eal. I hope, my lord, we ſhall in time ınriddle you many a dark problem; and et you ſee [c] that faction, rage, rebellion, evenge, and ambition, were deeply root- d in the hearts of thoſe who have been

[c] See the Hiſtory of the peace of *Utrecht*, in the Hiſtory of the four laſt years of queen *Anne*, vol. XV. of this collection.

the

the great obſtructors of the queen's meaſures, and of the kingdom's happineſs; and, if I am not miſtaken, ſuch a ſcene may open, as will leave the preſent age and poſterity little room to doubt who were the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the ſame time, I know nothing is ſo raſh as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I ſee many accidents very poſſible to happen, which may ſoon defeat all my wiſe conjectures. I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful and

moſt obedient humble ſervant—

LETTER XXX.

My Lord, *London*, *April* 30, 1713.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at preſent I cannot anſwer particularly: I ſend this to welcome your grace to the *Bath*, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the

deſign of your journey is more for
:vention than cure. I ſuppoſe your
ıce hath heard that the queen hath
ıde Dr. *Sterne* biſhop of *Dromore*, and
ıt I am to ſucceed him in his deanry.
:. *Parnell* [d], who is now in town, writ
ıt poſt to your grace, to deſire the fa-
ɔur of you that he may have my ſmall
:ebend: he thinketh it will be ſome ad-
ıntage to come into the chapter, where
may poſſibly be in my power to ſerve
im in a way agreeable to him, although
no degree equal to his merits; by
hich he hath diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo
uch, that he is in great eſteem with the
iniſtry and others of the moſt valuable
rſons in this town. He hath been
ıny years under your grace's direction,
l hath a very good title to your favour;
that I belive it will be unneceſſary to

[d] A very eminent poet. ɔ volumes of whoſe po-
ıre publiſhed, the firſt by *Pope*, in the year 1721,
:ated to *Robert Harley*, of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*.
other was printed in *Dublin*, in the year 1758, with the following title: *The Poſthumous Works of* Dr. Thomas Parnell, *late of* Clogher; *containing Poems moral and divine; and on other various ſubjects.*

"Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori." HOR.

add

add how much I ſhould be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter: and I flatter myſelf that his being agreeable to me will be no diſadvantage to him in your grace's opinion. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXI.

MY LORD, *London, May* 23, 1713.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your grace, the 18th inſtant, from *Cheſter*. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the *Bath*; and you will find a letter there as old as that, with a requiſition in favour of Dr. *Parnell*, who, by his own merit, is in the eſteem of the chief miniſters here. I am very

ſenſible,

ſenſible, that the loſs your grace hath ſuffered in the removal of Dr. *Sterne* will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I ſhall not yield to him in reſpect and veneration for your grace's character and perſon; and I return you my moſt grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favour and protection. I think to ſet out for *Ireland* on *Monday* ſeven-night, to be there before the term endeth; for ſo they adviſe me, becauſe the long vacation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unleſs at a quarter ſeſſions; and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my reſpects to your grace at the *Bath*; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could paſs a few weeks there: but my remedy ſhall be riding, and a ſea voyage. I have been enquiring, and am told your grace's cauſe will hardly come on this ſeſſion; but indeed I have been ſo much out of order for theſe ten days paſt, that I have been able to do nothing.

As

As to the ſpire[e] to be erected on St. *P*
trick's ſteeple, I am apt to think it w
coſt more than is imagined; and I
confident that no bricks made in that p
of *Ireland* will bear being expoſed
much to the air: however, I ſhall
quire among ſome architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return
your health in the place where you
I humbly beg your bleſſing; and rem
with great reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant
J. SWI

LETTER XXXII.

My Lord, *Trim, July* 16, 1

I HAVE been about five weeks in
kingdom, but ſo extremely ill with
return of an old diſorder in my head,

[e] Dr. *Sterne* (predeceſſor to Dr. *Swift*, as dean of St. *Patrick's* Cathedral, *Dublin*, afterwards biſhop of *Dromore*, from whence he was tranſlated to the ſee of *Clogher*) left a ſum of money to erect a ſpire on the top of that ſteeple, which was built a few after his lordſhip's de: is an octagon of ma high, built of whit mountain ſtone, with ball at the top of it, may be ſeen at the of many miles.

I was not able to write to your grace. I have been the greateſt part of that time at my country pariſh, riding every day for my health. I can tell your grace nothing from *Dublin*, having ſpent the days I was there between buſineſs and phyſick, and paid no viſits, nor received any but one day; and I reckon it no great loſs, for I hear they are all party-mad; and it is one felicity of being among willows, that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the *Bath*; for I cannot fancy it doth well with the waters. If your grace goeth to *London* from the *Bath*, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you; although I ſhall do all in my power to ſave the trouble of ſuch a journey, which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day, Mr. *Thacker*, prebendary of *Sagard* and vicar of *Rathcool*, died; and it would be a great mark of goodneſs in your grace, as well as a perſonal favour to me, if you would pleaſe

to diſpoſe of his livings in favour of M *Thomas Warburton*, who hath been man years my aſſiſtant in the cure of *Laracor* hath behaved himſelf altogether unblame ably, and is a gentleman of very goo learning and ſenſe. If I knew any on more deſerving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it however, be cauſe I know your grace hath a gre many dependants, but that it will be great uſe to me to have a vicar in one o my rectories, and upon my deanry, i whom I can confide. I am told, the livings amount to an hundred and twenty pounds a year at moſt; and it may pro bably happen in my way to be able to oblige ſome friend of yours in a great matter, which I ſhall very readily do. I am, with the geeateſt reſpect, my Lord

Your Grace's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant

J. SWIFT.

LETTE

LETTER XXXIII.

My Lord, *London, October* 20, 1713.

THE opportunity I had of a ſhip was ſo ſudden, that I had not time to receive your grace's laſt commands, or pay my reſpects, which it was my duty and inclination to do; and as for writing, I have always told your grace that I could not ſet about it with a good conſcience, until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament; but I will not anſwer what ſeeds are ſowing to make the next ſpring produce better fruit. There are ſeveral reaſons, impoſſible for me to tell at this diſtance, why I ſhall not be ſo good a correſpondent as I have formerly been, but may probably ſerve to entertain you a year or two hence: for the faſhion of this world paſſeth away; and there is nothing of ſo little conſequence as the greateſt court-ſecrets when once the ſcene is changed. I ſaid to ſomebody, when I was laſt in *Ireland*, who talked to me of

the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great miniſters, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but as ſoon as it ceaſed to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of ſpirit. I have ſome thoughts of paſſing this winter at the *Bath*, becauſe my health requireth it, and becauſe I ſhall then be at a pretty equal diſtance from the factions on both ſides the water; for it is not impoſſible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had ſome letters, particularly from Dr. *Synge* and Mr. Archdeacon *Walls*, about my being prolocutor. I have this poſt writ my thoughts upon that ſubject to Mr. *Walls*; and, to ſave you the trouble, have deſired him to communicate them to your grace[f]. Our elections for the city ſtill continue: I was this afternoon at *Guild-hall*. I find three of the old members; and *Withers*, who is the loweſt, telleth me, he doth not deſpair of carrying it for himſelf. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the ſofteſt word) uſed on both ſides.

[f] The Dean's Letters to Mr. Archdeacon *Walls* are printed in this Volume.

I came

I came yeſterday from *Windſor*, where ſaw the queen in very good health, hich ſhe findeth there more than any here elſe, and I believe will hardly re-ove until *December*. I believe my lord ieutenant [g] will be landed before this etter cometh to your hands: he is the ineſt gentleman we have, and of an ex-ellent underſtanding and capacity for uſineſs: if I were with your grace, I ould ſay more; but leave it to your own agacity.

I will only venture to ſay one thing re-ating to *Ireland*, becauſe I believe it will e of uſe that your grace ſhould know it. f your houſe of commons ſhould run into ny violences diſagreeable to us here, it will be of the worſt conſequences imagi-nable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more ſtrongly maintained at pre-ent in our court, than that her majeſty ught to exert her power to the utmoſt upon any uneaſineſſes given on your ſide to herſelf or her ſervants: neither can I anſwer, that even the legiſlative power

[g] *Charles Talbot*, duke of *Shrewſbury*, earl of *Waterford* and *Wexford*.

here may not take cognizance of a thing that may paſs among you in opp ſition to the perſons and principles t are now favoured by the queen. Perh I am gone too far; and therefore ſhall e without any ceremony,

Your Grace's &c.

Direct to me under cover to *Eraſn Lewis*, Eſq; at Mr. Secretary *Bromle* office at *Whitehall*.

LETTER XXXIV.

My Lord, *London*, *Dec.* 31, 171

YOUR grace's letter, which I ceived but laſt poſt, is of an earl date than what have ſince arrived. I have received the addreſs for removing chancellor[h], and the counter-addre from the lords and convocation; and y will know, before this reacheth you, ſentiments of them here. I am at a l what to ſay in this whole affair. Wh

[h] Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*, lord high chancellor of *Irelan*

I w

I writ to you before, I dropt a word on purpoſe for you to take notice of; that our court ſeemed reſolved to be very firm in their reſolutions about *Ireland*. I think it impoſſible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different ſcheme of politicks. The controverſy with the city I am not maſter of: it took its riſe before I ever concerned myſelf in the affairs of *Ireland*, further than to be an inſtrument of doing ſome ſervices to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the queſtion with us here is, whether there was a neceſſity that the other party ſhould be a majority? There was put into my hands a liſt of your houſe of commons by ſome who know the kingdom well: I deſired they would (as they often do here) ſet a mark on the names of thoſe who would be for the miniſtry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names beſides they could not determine upon; ſo that, ſuppoſe eight to be of the ſame ſide, there would be a majority by one: but beſides, we reckon that the firſt number, one

hundred and forty-three, would eaſily riſe to a great majority, by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonſtration to us; for the government there hath more influence than the court here; and yet our court carried it for many years againſt a natural majority, and a much greater one. I ſhall not examine the reaſons among you for proceeding otherwiſe; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the concluſion, which is, that *Ireland* muſt proceed on the ſame foot with *England*. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the whig party in both kingdoms than their manner of proceeding in your houſe of commons. It will confirm the crown and miniſtry that there can be no ſafety while thoſe people are able to give diſturbance; and indeed the effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed: neither do we here think it worth our while to be oppoſed and encourage our enemies only for 70,000 *l.* a year; to ſupply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and, when there ſhall be occaſion for a parliament,

arliament, we are confident a new one ıay be called, with a majority of men in ıe intereſt of the queen and church; ɔr, when the preſent majority pretends ɔ regard either, we look upon ſuch pro-ɛſſions to ſignify no more than if they ɣere penned by my lord *Wharton*, or Mr. *Moleſworth*[i]. I have ſuffered very much ɔr my tenderneſs to ſome perſons of that arty, which I ſtill preſerve; but I believe : will not be long in my power to ſerve hoſe who may want it. It would be ndleſs to recount to your grace the re-ıroaches that have been made me, on ccount of your neighbour.

It is but true, my lord, we do not care o be troubled with the affairs of *Ireland*; ıut, there being no war, nor meeting of ɔarliament, we have leiſure at preſent: ɔeſides, we look on ourſelves as touched n the tendereſt part. We know the whig ɔarty are preparing to attack us next ſeſ-ions, and their prevailing in *Ireland* vould, we think, be a great ſtrength and ncouragement to them here: beſides, our emiſſneſs would diſhearten our friends,

[i] Created lord viſcount *Moleſworth*, by king *George* I.

and

and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are ſome things which we much wonder at, as they are repreſented: the addreſs for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with ſeveral others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli proſequi* was no illegal thing. As to *Moore's* buſineſs, the chancellor's ſpeech on that occaſion hath been tranſmitted hither, and ſeemeth to clear him from the imputation of pre-judging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the commons in their votes approve the ſending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they ſay, look monſtrous in *England*.

Your grace ſeemeth to think they would not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not paſs the great bill until they have ſatisfaction about the chancellor; and what the conſequence of that will be I ſuppoſe you may gueſs from what you know by this time.

My

My lord, we can judge no otherwiſe here than by the repreſentations made to us. I ſincerely look upon your grace to be maſter of as much wiſdom and ſagacity as any perſon I have known; and, from my particular reſpect to you and your abilities, ſhall never preſume to cenſure your proceedings, until I am fully apprized of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is ſaid to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reaſon and conſcience; and whoever does that will, in public management, often differ as well from one ſide as another.

As to myſelf, I take *Ireland* to be the worſt place to be in while the parliament ſits; and probably I may think the ſame of *England* in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than perſonal friendſhip and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to aſk for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and, wanting wiſdom to judge better, I follow thoſe who, I think, are moſt for preſerving the church and

and ſtate, without examining whether they do ſo from a principle of virtue or of intereſt.

LETTER XXXV.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Nov.* 13, 1716.

THE reaſon I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter was, becauſe it could only be a trouble, without either entertainment or uſe; for I am ſo much out even of this little world, that I know not the commoneſt occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any ſort of buſineſs, for I have nothing to aſk but your bleſſing and favourable thoughts; only I conceived it ought not to be ſaid, that your grace was ſeveral months abſent in *England*, without one letter from the dean to pay his reſpects. My ſchemes are all circumſcribed by the cathedral, and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened ſince your grace left it, except the election of Mr. *Chamberlain* to St. *Nicholas*, which paſſed quietly while I was abſent in the country. I am purchaſing a glebe, by the help of the

ıe truſtees, for the vicarage of *Laracor*; ıd I have vanity enough to deſire it ıight be expreſſed by a clauſe in the :eds, as one conſideration, that I had :en inſtrumental in procuring the firſt-uits; which was accordingly inſerted; ıt hints were given it would not paſs. 'hen the biſhops of *Oſſory* and *Killaloe* ıd, as I am told, a ſum of money for ıeir labour in that affair; who, upon my rival at *London* to negotiate it, were one f them gone to *Bath*, and the other to *reland:* but it ſeemeth more reaſonable) give biſhops money for doing nothing, ıan a private gentleman thanks for ſuc-:eding where biſhops have failed. I am ıly ſorry I was not a biſhop, that I might : leaſt have got money. The tory clergy ere ſeem ready for converſion, provoked y a parcel of obſcure zealots in *London*, 'ho, as we hear, are ſetting up a new ıurch of *England* by themſelves. By ur intelligence, it ſeemeth to be a com-lication of as much folly, madneſs, hy-ocriſy, and miſtake, as ever was offered) the world. If it be underſtood ſo on ɔur ſide, I cannot but think there would

be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the intereſt of the court: who, if they were perſuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the Pretender without horror, under whom it is obvious that thoſe refiners would have the greateſt credit, and conſequently every thing be null ſince the time of the Revolution, and more havock made in a few months than the moſt deſponding among the tories can juſtly apprehend from the preſent management in as many years. Theſe at leaſt are, as I am told, the thoughts and reaſonings of the high-church people among us: but whether a court, in the midſt of ſtrength and ſecurity, will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the diſpoſitions of people in the duſt, is out of my reach.

The biſhop of *Dromore* hath never been in town ſince he went to his dioceſe, nor doth he ſay any thing of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confuſed ſtory of the anatomy-lecturer at the college

college turned out by the provoſt [k], and another put in his place. I know not the particulars; but am aſſured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provoſt to be a very honeſt gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the leaſt inclined to ſpeak ill of others of almoſt any perſon I have known. He hath very good intentions; but the defect ſeemeth to be, that his views are ſhort, various, and ſudden; and I have reaſon to think, he hardly ever maketh uſe of any other counſellor than himſelf. I talked to him of this matter ſince it was done, and I think his anſwers ſatisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is, that it would be much to his own eaſe, and of theirs who diſlike him, if he were put into another ſtation; and if you will not afford him a biſhoprick, that you will let him ſucceed ſome rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provoſt had no other end in changing that lecturer than a deſign of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he

[k] Rev. Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Down*.

would

would never have made ſuch a ſtep as chuſing the prince [l] chancellor, but from a reſolution of keeping as fair as he poſſibly could with the preſent powers, in regard both to his eaſe and his intereſt; and in hopes of changing a poſt, wherein, to ſay the truth, he hath been uſed by judges and governors like any dog, and hath ſuffered more by it in his health and honour than I, with his patrimonial eſtate, would think it were worth. Here hath been one *Whittingham*, in an ordination ſermon, calling the clergy a thouſand dumb dogs, and treating epiſcopacy as bad as *Boyſe* [m]; yet no notice at all ſhall be taken of this, unleſs to his advantage upon the next vacant biſhoprick; and wagers are laid already, whether he or one *Monk* will be the man. But I forget myſelf; and therefore ſhall only add, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and truth, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant, &c.

[l] *George* prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George* II.

[m] An eminant diſſenting teacher, miniſter of *Wood-ſtreet* meeting-houſe in *Dublin*, who wrote ſeveral tracts in favour of diſſenters.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

MY LORD, *Trim, Dec.* 22, 1716.

I HAVE been here ſome days, to finiſh the purchaſe of a glebe for my country pariſh. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the truſtees of the firſt-fruits. He then ſets me twenty-three acres more for 99 years. Upon theſe laſt twenty acres, I am, by agreement, to lay out the ſaid 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55*l.* out of my own pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* *per. ann.* for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; theſe laſt twenty acres, after I have built and improved, I deſign to leave my ſucceſſors[n]; who will then have forty acres of good glebe, with houſe, gardens, &c. for 14*l.* *per. ann.* I reckon to lay out of my own money about 250*l.* and ſo to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo.* This expedient was a project of Dr. *Raymond*, miniſter of this

[n] See the author's will, at the end of Vol. XII.

town, to deal with a *Jew*, who would not leſſen his rent-roll to ſave all the churches in Chriſtendom. Dr. *Coghill*, and every body elſe, approves the thing; ſince it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myſelf; and I hope your grace will have the ſame thoughts.

Since I came down here, I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter, from your grace, of *November* 22. I have reaſon to think myſelf hardly dealt with by thoſe of the ſide in power, who will not think I deſerve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know, that, while I was near the late miniſtry, I was a common advocate for thoſe they call the whigs, to a degree, that a certain great miniſter told me, I had always a whig in my ſleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpoſe in any caſe of merit or compaſſion, by which means ſeveral perſons in *England*, and ſome in this kingdom, kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord *Oxford* ever refuſed me a requeſt of that kind. And for the reſt, your grace may very well re-

ember, that I had the honour of cor-ſponding with you, during the whole eriod, with ſome degree of confidence: ecauſe I know your grace had wiſhed the me things, but differed only in opinion bout the hands that ſhould effect them. t was on account of this conduct, that ertain warm creatures of this kingdom, hen in *London*, and not unknown to your race, had the aſſurance to give me broad nts that I was providing againſt a change; nd I obſerve thoſe very men are now the oft careful of all others to creep as far s they can out of harm's way.

The ſyſtem of new zealots, which your race extracted, muſt be very ſuitable to ay principles, who was always a whig politicks. I have been told, that, up-n the death of the laſt non-juring biſhop, *Dodwell* and his followers thought the chiſm at an end. My notion was, that heſe people began to ſet up again, upon eſpair of their cauſe by the rebellion* eing brought to an end; elſe their poli-icks are, if poſſible, worſe than their di-

* The rebellion in *Scotland*, in the year 1715, in favour of e Pretender.

vinity. Upon the whole, it is clear, that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his miniſters; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion, that it will be played as it ought: or, if we muſt ſuffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring perſon never forgiving the perſon injured, is, I believe, true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but ſuppoſe that the clergy thought there were ſome hardſhips and grounds for fears, otherwiſe they muſt be very wicked, or very mad; to ſay more, would be to enter into diſpute upon a party ſubject: a dog or a horſe knoweth when he is kindly treated: and beſides, a wiſe adminiſtration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real, fears of thoſe they govern.

I ſaw the provoſt yeſterday in this neighbourhood, and had ſome little talk with him upon the occaſion of the biſhop of *Killaloe's* death; I believe he would accept of the deanry of *Derry*, if Dr. *Bolton* the dean ſhould be promoted; but I ſaid nothing of it to him; I believe

e hath wrote to Mr. *Molyneux* P. I nd, ſince he cannot be truſted with a iſhoprick, that he deſires to leave his ſta- on with as good a grace as he can; and iat it may not be thought that what he ıall get is only to get rid of him. I ſaid ı general, that ſuch a circumſtance, as ıings ſtood, was hardly worth the quiet ſ a man's whole life; and ſo we parted, nly with telling him I intended to write) your grace, in anſwer to a letter I had om you.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, March 9, 1716-17.

My Lord,

I HAD yeſterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you firſt ıention Mr. *Duncan's* accident, who, as : falls out, is quite recovered, and they ıy is ſince better of his *aſthma:* I believe,

P *Samuel Molyneux*, Eſq; a ſecretary to the prince of ntleman of great abilities *Wales*, chancellor of the uni- d large property in *Ireland*, verſity of *Dublin*.

whenever he dieth, I ſhall be in ſome difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may ſucceed him, provided he may be a deſerving perſon; unleſs I might ſay, that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. *Dopping*[q], on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great eſteem. It will be impoſſible for me to carry any point againſt that great majority of the chapter, who are ſure to oppoſe me whenever party interferes: and in thoſe caſes I ſhall be very ready to change my nomination, only chuſing thoſe I leaſt diſlike among ſuch as they will conſent to: wherein, I hope, I ſhall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago, I wrote to your grace in relation to the provoſt[r]. My lord biſhop of *Dromore*, Dr. *Coghill*, and I, were yeſterday uſing our rhetorick to no purpoſe.—The topick he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanry, becauſe they look upon him as a man they cannot truſt; which, he ſays,

[q] Dr. *Anthony Dopping*, afterwards biſhop of *Oſſory*.

[r] Dr. *Pratt*.

affecteth

affecteth his reputation: that he profeſſeth to be as true to the preſent king, as any perſon in employment: that he hath always ſhewn himſelf ſo: that he was ſacrificed by the tories in the late reign, on account of the diſpute in the *College* and other matters: that he publicly argues and appears againſt the ſame party now, upon all occaſions; and expecteth as little favour from them, if ever they ſhould come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneaſineſs from parliament or viſitation, he declareth himſelf perfectly ſafe and eaſy; and, if it might not affect the ſociety, he ſhould be glad of ſuch enquiries, in order to vindicate himſelf: that he ſhould like the deanry of *Down* full as well, and perhaps better, than the biſhoprick of *Dromore*, provided the deanry was given him in ſuch a manner, and with ſome mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not truſt; and if any ſuch method could be thought on, he

would readily accept it: that he is very ſenſible he ſhould be much happier in the other ſtation, and much richer, and, which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the preſent intereſt of the *College* to be under another head: but that the ſenſe of his own loſs of credit prevails with him above all conſiderations; and that he hopeth in ſome time to convince the world, and the court too, that he hath been altogether miſrepreſented.

This is the ſum of his reaſoning, by all I could gather after ſeveral converſations with him, both alone and with ſome of his beſt friends, who all differ from him, as he allows moſt of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what conſequence his removal may be to the ſervice of the *College*, or of any favours to be ſhewn it. But, I believe, it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair: for inſtance (I ſpeak purely my own thoughts), if the prince would graciouſly pleaſe to ſend a favourable meſſage by his ſecretary, to offer him the deanry, in ſuch a manner as might anſwer the provoſt's difficulty. I can-

cannot but think your grace might bring uch a thing about: but that I humbly ave to your grace.

My lord biſhop of *Dromore* received etters yeſterday from your grace, and he biſhop of *Derry*, with an account of is ſucceeding to *Clogher*, of which I am ure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wiſh your grace a good journey to the *Bath*, and a firm eſtabliſhment of your ealth there. I am with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant

J. SWIFT.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the *Bath*, I have mentioned ſomething of the provoſt's affair, in a letter this poſt, to my lord biſhop of *Derry*.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

MY LORD, *Dublin, March 22, 1717.*

YOUR grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was ſeveral weeks in the country, diſpatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finiſhed. Your grace doth rightly conceive the nature of my purchaſe, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it; only I ſhall endeavour to loſe by degrees, which is all I have for it. I ſhall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the evil you foreſee of my ſucceſſors neglecting my improvements, and letting them all go to ruin. I ſhall take the beſt advice I can, and leave them to be fools as well as knaves if they do ſo; for I ſhall make ſo many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value; and, after all, I muſt leave ſomething to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign, of engaging people to come into the queen's meaſures, I have a great deal to ſay on that ſubject,

not worth troubling you with at preſent, further than that I am confident thoſe who pretend to ſay moſt of it, are conſcious their accuſation is wrong: but I never love myſelf ſo little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever ſhall do it, but where I am maſter of the fact, and your grace hath it only by report.

I have been ſpeaking much to the provoſt about the deanry of *Derry*, or whatever other employment, under a biſhoprick, may be deſigned him upon theſe promotions. I find Dr. *Cogbill*[s] hath been upon the ſubject with him, but he is abſolutely poſitive to take nothing leſs at preſent; and his argument is, that whatever ſhall be given him now, beneath the ſtation his predeceſſors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the diſpleaſure of the court, and that he is not to be truſted; whereas he looketh upon himſelf to have acted with principles as loyal to the preſent government, as any the king employs. He doth not ſeem to

[s] *Marmaduke Cogbill*, LL.D. judge of the prerogative court, afterwards a privy counſellor, chancellor of the exchequer, and a commiſſioner of the revenue.

diſlike

diſlike either the deanries of *Derry* or *Down*, but is perſuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and, unleſs it could be contrived that he might have ſome mark of favour and approbation along with ſuch a preferment, I believe your grace may be aſſured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he ſays to me, and what I believe he will adhere to

For my own part, who am not ſo refined, I gave my opinion that he ſhould take what was given him; but his other friends differ from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinketh it of conſequence that the preſent provoſt ſhould be removed, I am not ſure but a way may be found out of ſaving his credit, which is all he ſeemeth to require; although I am confident, that, if he were a biſhop, the government might be very ſecure of him, ſince he ſeemeth wholly fallen out with the tories, and the tories with him; and I do not know any man, who, in common converſation, talketh with more zeal for the preſent eſtabliſhment, and againſt all oppoſers of it, than he. The only thing

he

he deſireth at preſent in his diſcourſe with me is, That no propoſal of a deanry ſhould be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is until further judgment ſhall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to ſay thus much to your grace, becauſe I did not know whether you and he perfectly underſtood each other.

I hear your grace intends this ſpring for the *Bath*. I ſhall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then eſtabliſh your health. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Among other things, the provoſt argued, that Dr. *Foſter* was promoted to a biſhoprick from being a fellow; and therefore he muſt conclude, that offering him a leſs preferment is a mark of

of diſpleaſure; with which circu
ſtance he is determined not to leave
preſent ſtation.

LETTER XXXIX.

My Lord, *Magherlyn, May* 1, 17

YOUR grace's letter of *March*
was brought to me at *Trim*, wh
went a month ago to finiſh my leaſe
purchaſe for my country pariſh.
ſome days after, I met my lord bi
of *Clogher* at *Drogheda*, by appointm
we went together to *Clogher*, wher
was enthroned, and after three days
to this place, where is lordſhip is ſet
every thing againſt the coming of the
biſhop, who is expected here next w
My great buſineſs at *Clogher* was t
duce his lordſhip to lay out 2000*l.*
new houſe, and for that end we rode a
to find a ſituation. I know not whet
ſhall prevail; for he hath a hankering
making additions to the old one, w
I will never conſent to, and had r
he would leave all to the generoſity

ſu

:eſſor. My notion is, that, when a
ıop with good diſpoſitions happens to
e, it ſhould be every man's buſineſs to
tivate them. It is no ill age that pro-
:eth two ſuch; and therefore, if I had
dit with your grace and his lordſhip,
hould be all employed in puſhing you
h upon works of public good, without
leaſt mercy to your pains or your
ſes. An expert tradeſman makes a few
his beſt cuſtomers anſwer not only for
ſe whom he gets little or nothing by,
for all who die in his debt.

I will ſuppoſe your grace hath heard
Mr. *Duncan's* death. I am ſure I have
rd enough of it, by a great increaſe
diſintereſted correſpondents ever ſince.
s well I am at free coſt for board and
ging, elſe poſtage would have undone
. I have returned no anſwer to any;
I ſhall be glad to proceed with your
ce's approbation, which is leſs a com-
nent, becauſe I believe my chapter are
ɔpinion I can hardly proceed without
I only deſire two things; firſt, that
ſe who call themſelves my friends may
e no reaſon to reproach me; and the
ſecond,

ſecond, that, in the courſe of this matter, I may have ſomething diſpoſe of to ſome one I wiſh well to.

Some weeks before Mr. *Duncan's* death, his brother-in-law Mr. *Lawſon*, miniſter of *Galtrim*, went for *England*, by Mr. *Duncan's* conſent, to apply for an adjoining living, called *Kilmore*, in Mr. *Duncan's* poſſeſſion, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his ſucceſs; but heartily wiſh, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. *Warren*, who is landlord of *Galtrim*, might have that living, and *Kilmore* adjoining, both not 150 *l.* and Mr. *Lawſon* to go down to Mr. *Warren's* living, in *Clogher* dioceſe, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at random, becauſe I know not whether *Kilmore* may not be already diſpoſed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provoſt, who talked of being in the *North* in a month; but our *Dublin* account is, that they know not when the deanry is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party, on account of the perſon, who, it is ſuppoſed,

will ſucceed him[f]. The wrong
n of making that poſt the next ſtep
iſhoprick hath been, as your grace
of ill conſequence; and altho', as
ld, it gives them no rank, yet they
fit to take it, and make no ſcruple
ceding, on all occaſions, the beſt
: clergyman in the kingdom, which
iſle of great conſequence when a
head is poſſeſſed with it.
ray God preſerve your grace, for
od of the church and the learned
; and for the happineſs of thoſe
you are pleaſed to honour with
friendſhip, favour, or protection.
your grace's bleſſing; and remain,
he greateſt truth and reſpect, my

Your Grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

[f] *Richard Baldwin*, who died in *September*, 1759.

LETTER XL.

Gallſtown, near *Kinnegad*, *Sept.* 28, 1721

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of your grace letter of the firſt inſtant; and, a though I thought it my duty to be t laſt writer in correſponding with yo grace, yet I know you are ſo punctu that if I ſhould write ſooner, it would on be the occaſion of giving you a new tro ble before it ought in conſcience to be p upon you. Beſides, I was in ſome pa that your letter of *Sept.* 1, was not t firſt you had writ, becauſe, about t days after, a friend ſent me word, th your grace ſaid you had writ to me weeks before, and had no anſwer; whe as I can aſſure your grace that I recei but one from you; nor had I reaſon expect it, having not done myſelf honour to write to you before. I will you the ſecret of dating my letter: I v in fear leſt the poſt ſhould be gone, a ſo left a blank, and wiſely huddled it

ithout thinking of the date; but we untry gentlemen are frequently guilty greater blunders; and in that article I ow more perfect every day.

I believe you ſeriouſly, that you will e care of your health, to prevent a ceſſor: that is to ſay, I believe you tell th in jeſt; for I know it is not the va- of life that makes you deſire to live, I am afraid the world is much of your nd; for it is out of regard to the pub- or ſome of themſelves, more than up- your own account, that they wiſh r continuance amongſt us.

It ſeems you are a greater favourite of lieutenant's [t] than you care to own; we hear that he killed but two bucks, I ſent you a preſent of one.

I hear you are like to be the ſole oppoſer the bank[u]; and you will certainly miſ- ry, becauſe it would prove a moſt per- ious thing. Bankrupts are always for ting up banks: how then can you think bank will fail of a majority in both uſes?

[t] *Charles* duke of *Grafton*.

[u] At this time there was a ſcheme for a national Bank, which was rejected by parliament.

You are very perverſe, my lord, in miſinterpreting the ladies favour, as if you muſt die to obtain it; I aſſure you it is directly contrary; and, if you die, you will loſe their favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you ſo: and therefore, at the peril of your life and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the biſhop of *Bangor* [x], deſpairing of doing any good with you, hath taken up with *Hereford.* I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to ſee fifty ſuch biſhops hanged, if I could thereby have ſaved the life of his predeceſſor, for whom I had a great eſteem and friendſhip. I do not much approve the compliments made you by compariſons drawn from good and bad emperors, becauſe the inference falls ſhort on both ſides. If *Julian* had immediately ſucceeded *Conſtantine*, it would have been more to the purpoſe. Sir *James* of the *Peak* ſaid to *Bouchier* the gameſter, "Sirrah, "I ſhall look better than you, when "have been a month in my grave." A great man in *England* was blaming me for

[x] Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly.*

deſpiſ-

deſpiſing ſomebody or other; I aſſured him I did not at all deſpiſe the man he mentioned; that I was not ſo liberal of my contempt; nor would beſtow it where there was not ſome degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can ſee no proper ground of oppoſition between your grace and that wretch of *Bangor*. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of *Norway*, but I forget who was his predeceſſor; and therefore am at a loſs for the other part of the compariſon.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies tongues is no very good cure for a giddineſs in the head. When your grace (as you ſay) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more eaſily pleaſed. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence (but my paper will not hold all[y]); except lady *Betty Rochfort*, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

[y] ——Quæ plurima menti
Fœmineæ natura dedit.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a poſt-boy, and find ſome little ſucceſs; but *ſubeunt morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a ſtranger; my lord *Oxford* and Mr. *Prior* uſed to join with me in taking it; to whom I often ſaid, when we were two hours diverting ourſelves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am ſo deep among the workmen at Mr. *Rochfort's* canals and lakes, ſo dextrous at the oar, ſuch an alderman after the hare ——

I am juſt now told from ſome newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. *Prior*, is dead; I pray God deliver me from any ſuch trials. I am neither old nor philoſopher enough to be indifferent at ſo great a loſs; and therefore I abruptly conclude but with the greateſt reſpect, my Lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

and obedient ſervant,

J. SWIFT

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

MY LORD, *Deanry-houſe, Feb.* 22, 1722, 3.

MR. *Chetwood* [z] intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to ſpeak to your grace before he delivered it; which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to incloſe this letter, which your grace may pleaſe to read; and is the ſubſtance of what he deſired me to ſay. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XLII.

MY LORD, *Dublin, July* 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death [a], who died yeſterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off ſpitting for about ten days

[z] *Knightly Chetwood*, Eſq; who had very good pretenſions to an *Engliſh* peerage; for which he preſented ſeveral memorials; but to no purpoſe.

[a] Dr. *Lindſay*, who was ſucceeded by Dr. *Boulter*, biſhop of *Briſtol*.

before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cauſe of his death, although he eat heartily until the two laſt days. He hath left the biſhop of *Kildare* [b], and his ſteward Mr. *Morgan*, his executors, who were both out of town; but I ſuppoſe are ſent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000 *l.* others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will ſucceed him, if you pleaſe: but I am too great a ſtranger to your preſent ſituation at court to know what to judge. But, if there were virtue enough, I could wiſh your grace would accept the offer, if it ſhould be made you; becauſe I would have your name left to poſterity among the primates; and becauſe entering into a new ſtation is entering, after a ſort, on a new leaſe of life; and becauſe it might be hoped, that your grace would be adviſed with about a ſucceſſor; and becauſe that dioceſe would require your grace's ability and ſpirit to reform it; and becauſe——but I ſhould never be at an end if I were to number up the reaſons why I

[b] Dr. *Ellis.*

uld have your grace in the higheſt tions the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet ating to Dr. *Stephen's* hoſpital, and erefore I brought them home to the ury. I opened the cabinet in the pre-ce of Mr. *Bouhereau* [c], and ſaw one er, which proved a bank-note for o *l.* The greatneſs of the ſum ſtartled , but I found it belonged to the ſame pital; I was in pain, becauſe work-n were in the room, and about the ſe. I therefore went this morning to *Sepulcher's*; and, in the preſence of s. *Green* [d], I took away the note, and ve ſecured it in my cabinet, leaving her receipt for it, and am very proud to d that a ſcrip under my hand will paſs 500 *l.* I wiſh your grace a good jour-to the eſtabliſhment of your health; l am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your grace's moſt dutiful

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

[c] *French* clergyman. [d] The archbiſhop's houſe-keeper.

LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. JOHN KENDALL[a].

SIR, *Feb.* 11, 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning, which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion; ſince it is what I have heard from more than one in and about *Leiceſter*. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe your's to be real; ſo I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cauſe to believe it pretended; though I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four

[a] Vicar of *Thornton* in *Leiceſterſhire*. This letter was directed to be left at Mr. *Birkhead's*, over againſt the Free-ſchool in *Leiceſter*. Dr *Swift* was at this time with Sir *W. Temple*, at *Sheen*.

lines,

s, which are very ill beſtowed in com-
ienting me. And as to that of my
it proſpects of making my fortune, on
ch as your kindneſs only looks on the
ſide, ſo my own cold temper, and
onfined humour, is a much greater
lrance than any fear of that which is
ſubject of your letter. I ſhall ſpeak
nly to you, that the very ordinary ob-
ations I made with going half a mile
ond the univerſity, have taught me
erience enough not to think of mar-
e till I ſettle my fortune in the world,
ch I am ſure will not be in ſome years;
even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to
ıſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to
other world.——How all that ſuits
ı my behaviour to the woman in hand,
may eaſily imagine, when you know
: there is ſomething in me which muſt
employed, and when I am alone
ıs all, for want of practice, into ſpe-
ıtion and thought; inſomuch that
e ſeven weeks I have been here, I have
: and burnt, and writ again upon all
ıner of ſubjects, more than perhaps
man in *England*. And this is it
which

which a perſon of great honour in *Ireland* (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind) uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy, when I am in company, to turn all that way; and ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way; and, I profeſs, without another deſign than that of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſome thing goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought at worſt a harmleſs impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take ſober reſolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off the kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps, in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to un-

derſtan

land where I am when I am going to
ſe for a wife; and, though the cunning
per of the town may have a cheat put
him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried
a this which you think I am going to
upon myſelf. And truly, if you knew
y metaphyſical I am that way, you
ıld little fear I ſhould venture on one
o has given ſo much occaſion to tongues:
though the people is a lying ſort of
ſt (and I think in *Leiceſter* above all
ts that I ever was in), yet they ſeldom
: without ſome glimpſe of a reaſon,
ich I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I
| to be a ſufficient cauſe for me to hate
woman any farther than a bare ac-
intance. Among all the young gentle-
ı that I have known, who have ruined
mſelves by marrying (which I aſſure
ı is a great number), I have made this
eral rule, that they are either young,
', and ignorant ſcholars, who, for want
knowing company, believe every ſilk
ticoat includes an angel; or elſe theſe
e been a ſort of honeſt young men,
o perhaps are too literal in rather mar-
ıg than burning, and entail a miſery
on

themſelves and poſterity, by an over-ac
modeſty. I think, I am very far exc
ed from liſting under either of theſe he
I confeſs, I have known one or two
of ſenſe enough, who, inclined to froli
have married and ruined themſelves
of a maggot; but a thouſand houſ
thoughts, which always drive matrin
out of my mind whenever it chance
come there, will, I am ſure, fright
from that; beſides that, I am natu
temperate, and never engaged in
contrary, which uſually produces t
effects. Your hints at particular ſt
I do not underſtand; and having r
heard them but ſo hinted, thought it
per to give you this, to ſhew you h
thank you for your regard of me; a
hope my carriage will be ſo as my fri
need not be aſhamed of the name
ſhould not have behaved myſelf after
manner I did in *Leiceſter*, if I had no
lued my own entertainment beyon
obloquy of a parcel of very wret
fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce
inhabitants of *Leiceſter* to be; and
content myſelf with retaliation. I

ou will forgive this trouble; and ſo, ith my ſervice to your good wife, I m, good couſin,

Your very affectionate

friend and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

o Mr. WILLIAM SWIFT[f].

R, *Moore-Park, Nov.* 29, 1692.

MY ſiſter told me you was pleaſed (when ſhe was here) to wonder I d ſo ſeldom write to you. I .... been kind to impute it neither to ill mann.. reſpect. I always .... thought that fficient from one who has always been ut too troubleſome to you. Beſides, I now your averſion to impertinence, and God knows ſo very private a life as mine

[f] This letter to his uncle (though ſomewhat imperfect, and manifeſtly written in a hurry) certainly merits our regard, as helping to clear up ſome paſſages in the writer's life.

can

can furniſh a letter with little elſe, for I often am two or three months without ſeeing any body beſides the family; and now my ſiſter is gone, I am likely to be more ſolitary than before. I am ſtill to thank you for your care in my *teſtimonium*; and it was to very good purpoſe, for I never was more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity of *Oxford* to me. I had all the civilities I could wiſh for, and ſo many .... favours, that I am aſhamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to ſtrangers, than ever I was in ſeven years to *Dublin College*. I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebend; and Sir *William Temple*, though he promiſes me the certainty of it, yet is leſs forward than I could wiſh, becauſe (I ſuppoſe) he believes I ſhall leave him, and, upon ſome accounts, he thinks me a little neceſſary to him[g]. If I were .... entertainment, or doing you any ſatisfaction by my letters, I ſhould be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am ſorry my fortune

[g] Dr. *Swift* was at this time employed in reviſing Sir *William Temple's* Works for the preſs.

ſhould

ıld fling me ſo far from the beſt of my tions; but hope that I ſhall have the pineſs to ſee you ſome time or er. Pray my humble ſervice to my d aunt and the reſt of my relations, ou pleaſe.

LETTER III.

o Mr. DEANE SWIFT[h].

Leiceſter, June 3, 1694.

Received your kind letter to-day from our ſiſter; and am very glad to find will ſpare time from buſineſs ſo far as rite a long letter to one you have = at all with but friendſhip, which, ıe world paſſes, is perhaps one of the t things in it. 'Tis a pleaſure to me =e you ſally out of your road, and notice of curioſities, of which I am glad to have part, and deſire you to >y ſome idle minutes for a commerce ch ſhall ever be dear to me, and from good an obſerver as you may eaſily be, not fail of being uſeful. I am ſorry to

[h] A couſin of Dr. *Swift*, then at *Liſbon*.

ſee ſo much ſuperſtition in a country ſo given to trade; I half uſed to think thoſe two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly diſlike your proceſſions for rain or fair-weather, which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuſe a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unleſs ſhe were a Duenna, I ſhall never be reconciled to; though it is eaſily obſerved that nations which have moſt gallantry to the young, are ever the ſevereſt upon the old[1]. I have not leiſure to deſcant further upon your pleaſing letter, nor any thing to return you from ſo barren a ſcene as this, which I ſhall leave in four days towards my journey for *Ireland*. I had deſigned a letter to my couſin *Willoughby*; and the laſt favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment; but the thoughts of my ſending ſo many before has made me believe it better to truſt you with delivering

[1] The Dean, at this time, little expected that the zeal of the inquiſition ſhould extend to any of his ſatirical writings; part of which they however actually burnt. See the *Vindication of Bickerſtaff*, in Vol. III.

my

my beſt thanks to him, and that you will endeavour to perſuade him how extreme ſenſible of his goodneſs and generoſity I am. I wiſh and ſhall pray, he may be as happy as he deſerves, and he cannot be more. My mother deſires her beſt love to him and to you, with both our ſervices to my couſin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir *William Temple* a month ago, juſt as I foretold it to you; and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I gueſſed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himſelf any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promiſe any thing firmly to me at all; ſo that every body judged I did beſt to leave him. I deſign to be ordained *September* next, and make what endeavours I can for ſomething in the church. I wiſh it may ever lay in my couſin's way or yours to have intereſt to bring me in chaplain of the Factory.

If any thing offers from *Dublin* that may ſerve either to ſatisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving

you conſtant intelligence from thence of whatever you ſhall deſire. I am

Your affectionate couſin

and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER IV.

To the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon WALLS

Windſor-Caſtle, Oct. 1, 171

I HAD juſt now a letter from yo wherein you mention the deſign making me prolocutor[k]. I will conf to you, there are two reaſons why ſhould comply with it; one is, that I a heartily weary of courts, and miniſte and politicks, for ſeveral reaſons impo ble to tell you; and I have a mind to at home, ſince the queen has been ple ed that *Ireland* ſhould be my home: T other reaſon is, that I think ſomebo educated in *Dublin College* ſhould be p

[k] See Letter XXXIII. to Dr. *King*, dated *Oct.* 29, 1

ıtor; and I hear there are deſigns of
ıing it another way. But, if you
l it will not do, I hope you will quit
deſign in proper ſeaſon. I condole
ı you for the loſs of your [l] compa-
ıs this winter; and I was always of
ıion they ſhould be in town, unleſs
/ find their health better at *Trim*.

am a little diſappointed in [m] *Parviſol's*
ırn. I hoped it would have amounted
ear five hundred pounds in the tithes;
ıubt not the cauſe, and beg you will
e no ſort of tenderneſs for him, further
ı it regards my intereſt; as to the
l-rents, they are one hundred and ſe-
ty-four pounds a year in the country,
des ſome ſmall things in town; and I
in no pain about them, becauſe they
ſure; nor do I deſire him to concern
ſelf about them.

hoped, and was told, my licence
ıld be under ſix pounds, though all
paid; and I heard, if lord chan-
ɔr [n] had taken his fees, it would have
ı eight pounds. Tell Mr. *Fetherſton*,

[l] Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs.
'y.

[m] The dean's agent.

[n] Sir *Conſtantine Phipps*.

I have ſpoken to baron *Scroup* about his affair, who promiſeth to diſpatch it with the firſt opportunity. I am now with ſome miniſters and lords, and other company, and withdrawn to a table, and hardly know what I write, they are ſo loud. My humble ſervice to your *Dorothy*, and alderman *Stoyte*[o], his wife, and *Cellarius*; and duty to the biſhop of *Dromore*.

Yours, J. S.

LETTER V.

To the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon WALLS

London, Oct. 13, 1713

I HAVE two letters of your's to acknowledge—No, I miſtake, it is but one, for I anſwered the former of *September* twenty-ſecond, ſome time ago; your other is of the firſt inſtant, with an account of your Mayor-ſquabble[p], which we regard as much here as if you ſent us an account of your little ſon playing at cherry-ſtones. I told your lord chan—

[o] An alderman of *Dublin*, afterwards lord-mayor.

[p] Sir *Samuel Cooke*.

cellor,

lor, that the beſt thing the government re could do, would be never to trou- us with your affairs, but do the beſt ı can, for we will neither ſupport nor ard you. I have received the lords tices repreſentation, juſt now ſent to : queen. I have ſaid more upon it ın any body elſe would; and I hope r lord lieutenant q will put a good d to the diſpute.—I am heartily ſorry poor *Hawley*: and doubt ſuch a ſhake his age will not be well recovered. your four candidates to ſucceed him, liſlike all but the firſt, which is *Bolton*. ; to the chair of prolocutor, I ſaid to u in my former all I thought neceſſary. diſlike the thing for myſelf; but I ıuld keep a wrong man out, and would glad of an honeſt excuſe to leave courts d public thoughts; but it would vex : to be propoſed and not ſucceed.

As for *Williams*, I am an old courtier, d will think of it; but, if we want a ger, and I can get a better, that better ɛ ſhall be preferred, altho' my father re competitor.

Duke of *Shrewſbury*.

I have ſpoken to baron *Scroup*, abou
Mr. *Fetherſton's* affair, and hope to g
him a good account of it.

You very artificially bring in you
friend, Mrs. *South*: I have ſpoke to he
and heard from her; and ſpoke to th
duke of *Ormond:* I will do her what ſe
vice I can.

My ſervice to goſſip *Doll*, and God bl
my god-daughter.

I think you need not enquire about t
land-rents of the deanry, they are ſeci
enough; and I believe I ſhall not trou
Mr. *Parviſol* about them.

There is one farm ſet for one hund
and twenty pounds a year, another
fifty-four pounds. Rents adjoining
the deanry, about two pounds
ſhillings, and duties about eight pour
or ſomething under; and a ſmall leaſ
tithes, about four or five pounds, wh
laſt I would be glad you would aſk *P*
viſol whether it be included among
tithes he has ſet. You ſee all the re
together are under two hundred pour
I forgot five pounds a year for the verg
hou

ouſe. Service to *Stoyte* and [r] *Manley*, nd duty to biſhop of *Dromore*.

LETTER VI.

To the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon WALLS.

SIR, *London, Oct.* 20, 1713.

Writ to you immediately upon receiving your former, as I do now upon ur laſt of the tenth inſtant. As to the ſineſs of being Prolocutor [s], I will tell u the ſhort of my ſtory. Although I ve done more ſervice to *Ireland*, and ticularly to the church, than any man my level, I have never been able to a good word; and I incurred the diſa ſure of the biſhops, by being the in- ment, *ſine qua non*, of procuring the t-fruits: neither had I credit to be-a vocation-man in the meaneſt dioceſe the kingdom, till poor dean *Synge*, o happened to think well of me, got to be choſen for St. *Patrick's*; ſo that hink there will be a great change if I

[r] *Iſaac Manley*, Eſq; deputy poſt-maſter-general of *Ireland*.

[s] The convocation did not meet in *Ireland*, after the year 1710.

am

am choſen prolocutor. And yet, at the ſame time, I am ſo very nice, that I will not think of moving towards *Ireland*, till I am actually choſen: You will ſay, "What then muſt the clergy do for a prolocutor?" Why, I ſuppoſe they may appoint a vice-prolocutor, until my coming over, which may be in ten days.—But this perhaps is not feaſible: if not, you may be ſure I ſhall not ſo openly declare my ambition to that poſt, when I am not ſure to carry it; and, if I fail, the comfort of *mecum certaſſe feretur*, will not perhaps fall to my ſhare. But I go on too faſt; for I find in your next lines, that the archbiſhop ſays there will be an indiſpenſable neceſſity that I ſhould be there at the election. Why, if the biſhops will all fix it, ſo as to give a man time to come over, with all my heart; but, if it muſt be ſtruggled for the election, I will have nothing to do with it. As for the biſhops, I have not the leaſt intereſt with above three in the kingdom: and, unleſs the thought ſtrikes the clergy in general, that I muſt be their man, nothing can come of it: We always ſettle a ſpeaker here,

as

ɔon as the writs are iſſued out for a iament; if you did ſo for a prolocu- a man might have warning in time; I ſhould make the fooliſheſt figure in ure, to come over hawking for an em- yment I no wiſe ſeek or deſire, and n fail of it. Pray communicate the ſe of what I ſay to the archbiſhop, to ıom I will write by this poſt. As to r private affairs, I am ſure they are in od hands; but I beg you will not have : leaſt regard or tenderneſs to *Parviſol*, ther than you ſhall find he deſerves. I ı my goſſip's very humble ſervant; and : like to Mr. *Stoyte*, his lady, and *tharine*, and Mr. *Manley*, and his lady l daughter.

I am,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I wrote lately to Dr. *Synge*; twice in

I think

I think you ſhould force the St. *Mary* ladies [t] to town, towards *Chriſtmas*.

My duty to the biſhop of *Dromore*.

Dr. *Synge* wrote me word a month ago, that *Roſingrave*, our organiſt, was at the point of death. Is he dead or alive?

LETTER VII[u].

To the Rev. Mr. Archdeacon WALLS

Letcombe, *Auguſt* 8, 1714

IF I had but fixed a week ſooner for my journey to *Ireland*, I ſhould have avoided twenty inconveniencies that have ſince happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the earl of *Oxford's* removal, he deſired I would go with him into *Herefordſhire*, which I conſented to, and wrote you word of it, deſiring you would renew my licence of abſence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days

[t] Mrs. *Johnſon* and Mrs. *Dingley*.

[u] Dr. *Swift*, at this time, had retired to the Rev. Mr. *Gerie's* houſe, at *Letcombe*, near *Wantage*, in *Berkſhire*.

[w] See a Letter to Lord *Oxford* in *Swift's* Works, Vol. XVII. dated *July* 25, 1714, and Lord *Oxford's* Letter to Dr. *Swift*, dated *July* 27, 1714, *Letters*, Vol. II.

ſter, I had earneſt invitation from thoſe n power, to go up to town, and aſſiſt hem in their new miniſtry, which I reolved to excuſe; but, before I could write, news came of the Queen's [x] death, and all our ſchemes broke to ſhatters. I am told I muſt take the oaths in *Ireland* in three months; and I think it is better traveling now than later; and although I am earneſtly preſſed by our broken leaders, to come up to town, I ſhall not do it; but hope to ſet out on the ſixteenth inſtant towards *Ireland*, and, if it pleaſe God, be with you in nine or ten days after this comes to your hands. However, let my licence be renewed before it expires. I think I anſwered yours in my laſt. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. *Forbes*. My ſervice to goſſip *Doll*, goody *Stoyte* and *Martha*, and Mr. *Manley* and lady. Mr. *Manley* is, I believe, now ſecure in his poſt; and it will be my turn to ſolicit favours from him. I have taken up Mr. *Fetherſton's* money, to pay ſome

[x] Her majeſty Q. *Anne*, who died *Auguſt* 1, 1714. See the Dean's Letters to Lady *Maſham*, and Lord *Bolingbroke*, on this occaſion, in his works, Vol. XVII. dated *Aug.* 7, 1714.

debts

debts in *London*; I desire you will pa him fifty pounds, with the usual ex change, at twenty days sight, or later, i it be inconvenient.

LETTER VIII.

To the Rev. Mr. SHERIDAN.

Eruditissime Domini, *October* 12°, 172 *Saturni* die.

MI Sana, Telo me Flaccus; odioso n mus rem. Tuba Dia pusilanimum emit si erit mos minimo. Fecitne Latin Sal? I sub me? a robur os. Nantis, p tatis. Moto ima os illud a illuc? Ima nega? I dama nam? Memoravi i no I ma eris nisi! sit parta.

Si paca eruca? voco Tite nemo! Em tono, sit sola ni emit, na edit. Ima sum & dum? Ima nil ne ni erim! Ti nisi no os tegi en parare.

HUMILIMUS, &

Exusatum me habias si subjecti gr tate paululum aliquendo emove

W

When you have puzzled your brains
ı reading this, you will find it as bad
e as you would deſire.

Where do you dine do-day?
To-morrow with me.

LETTER IX.

HELSHAM to Dr. SWIFT.

'HE Doctor's firſt rhyme would make
any *Jew* ſick:
now it has made a fine lady in blue
ſick,
which ſhe is gone in a coach to *Kill-*
brew ſick,
e a hen I once had, from a fox when
ſhe flew ſick:
t *Monday* a lady at *St. Patrick's* did
ſpew ſick,
d made all the reſt of the folks in the
pew ſick;
e ſurgeon, who bled her, his lancet out
drew ſick,
d ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new
ſick.

The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew ſick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you ſick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew ſick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick;
The doctors have made her by thyme and by rue ſick.

There's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he threw ſick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll purſue ſick;
I've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick;
At preſent I'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do ſick?
Send rhymes, and I'll ſend you ſome others in lieu ſick.

Of rhymes I've a plenty,
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent[y],
Nov. 23, 1731.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the Doctor, together with his own, and let him know we are not perſons to be inſulted.

" I was at *Howth* to-day, and ſtaid " abroad a viſiting till juſt now.

" *Tueſday* Evening,
" *Nov.* 23, 1731.

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three?
" You muſt get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a ſtrong cur[z]."

[y] See the anſwer in Vol. XII. of this collection, dated *Nov.* 23, at night, 1731, which contains 33 lines, as here mentioned.

[z] The lines "thus marked" were written by Dr. *Swift*.

This morning I'm growing by ſmel
of yew ſick;
My brother's come over with gold f
Peru ſick;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm
then blew ſick;
This moment my dog at a cat, I ha
ſick;
I hear, from good hands, that my
couſin *Hugh*'s ſick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſc
ſick:
And now there's no more I can w
(you'll excuſe) ſick;
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention w
muſick.

I'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt;
Without a jeſt,
I'll ſtand the teſt.

Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope yc
peruſe ſick;
I'll make you with writing a little m
news ſick;

ſt night I came home with drinking of booze ſick;
carpenter ſwears that he'll hack and he'll hew ſick:
officer's lady, I'm told is taſtoo-ſick;
afraid that the line thirty-four you will view ſick.

Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You ſee, I've mounted thirty-four.

LETTER X.

SWIFT to Sir CHARLES WOGAN[a].

IR,

Received your packet at leaſt two months ago, and took all this time only to conſider it maturely myſelf, to ſhew it to the few judicious friends

n or about the year
Mr. *Wogan*, a gentle-
of an antient and good
in *Ireland*, ſent a pre-
a caſk of *Spaniſh Caſ-*
ine to the dean, alſo a
n velvet bag, with gold
and ſilk ſtrings, in which were incloſed, a Paraphraſe on the Seven Penitential Pſalms of *David*, and ſeveral original pieces in verſe and proſe, dedicated to the Rev. Dr. *Swift*, D.S.P.D. whom

I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a ſcholar, a man of genius and of honour. We gueſſed him to have been born in this country from ſome paſſages; but not fron the ſtyle, which we were ſurprized to find ſo correct in an exile, a ſoldier, and a native of *Ireland*. The hiſtory of yourſelf, although part of it be employed in your praiſe and importance, we did not diſlike, becauſe your intention was to be wholly unknown, which circumſtance exempts

he never ſaw (which are now in the poſſeſſion of *Deane Swift*, Eſq.). This Mr. *Wogan* was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral battles and ſieges. He was appointed, by the Chevalier *de St. George*, in the year 1718, to take the princeſs *Sobieſki* (grand-daughter of the famous *James Sobieſki*, king of *Poland*, who raiſed the ſiege of *Vienna*), to whom he was married by proxy in *Poland*, who, in her journey to *Rome*, was, by order of the Imperial court, made a priſoner in *Tyrol*, and cloſely confined in the caſtle of *Inſpruck* for ſome time, when Mr. *Wogan* undertook to ſet her at liberty, and bring her ſafe to *Rome*, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant ſervice he was made a *Roman* knight, which was an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman ſoon after went into the ſervice of *Spain*, where he got a government and other military commands, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in many engagements, being well known all over *Europe* by the name of Chevalier, or Sir *Charles Wogan*. Another Letter from Dr. *Swift* to Sir *Charles*, is printed in Vol. XVII. Letter LXIII.

you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of preſent perſons and things, I have made a ſhift, by talking in general with ſome perſons, to find out your name, your employments, and ſome of your actions, with the addition of ſuch a character as would give full credit to more than you have ſaid (I mean of yourſelf) in the Dedicatory Epiſtle.

You will pardon a natural curioſity on this occaſion, eſpecially when I began with ſo little that I did not ſo much as untie the ſtrings of the bag for five days after I received it, concluding it muſt come from ſome *Iriſh* friar in *Spain*, filled with monaſtic ſpeculations, of which I have ſeen ſome in my life; little expecting a Hiſtory, a Dedication, a Poetical Tranſlation of the Penitential Pſalms, Latin Poems, and the like, and all from a ſoldier. In theſe kingdoms, you would be a moſt unfaſhionable military man, among troops where the leaſt pretention to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be caſhiered. Although I have no great

regard for your trade, from the judgement I make of thoſe who profeſs it in theſe kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly eſteem thoſe gentlemen of *Ireland*, who, with all the diſadvantages of being exiles and ſtrangers, have been able to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their valour and conduct in ſo many parts of *Europe*, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the *Engliſh* aſhamed of the reproaches they caſt on the ignorance, the dulneſs, and the want of courage, in the *Iriſh* natives; thoſe defects, wherever they happen, ariſing only from the poverty and ſlavery they ſuffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the baſe corrupt ſpirits of too many of the chief gentry, *&c.* By ſuch events as theſe, the very *Grecians* are grown ſlaviſh, ignorant, and ſuperſtitious. I do aſſert that, from ſeveral experiments I have made in traveling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could ſpeak our language, to have a much better natural taſte for good ſenſe, humour, and raillery, than ever I obſerved among people of the like ſort in *England*. But the millions of

of oppreſſions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their prieſts, and the general miſery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the beſt ſpirits under the ſun. I return to your pacquet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree ſome corrections may be wanting, and at the ſame time we are at a loſs how to venture on ſuch a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it beſt, is a little too lazy; but, however, ſomething ſhall be done, and ſubmitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles; never having written ſerious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of *Milton*, I will read yours as a critick, and make objections where I find any thing that ſhould be changed. Your directions about publiſhing the epiſtle and the poetry will be a point of ſome difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the leaſt profit to the author's friends in diſtreſs.

Dublin bookſellers have not the leaſt notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by ſubſcription; but they go on ſo heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In *London*, it is otherwiſe; but even there the authors muſt be in vogue, or, if not known, be diſcovered by the ſtyle; or the work muſt be ſomething that hits the taſte of the publick, or what is recommended by the preſiding men of genius.

When *Milton* firſt publiſhed his famous poem, the firſt edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or underſtood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain ſtate of my health (cauſed by a diſpoſition to giddineſs, which, although leſs violent, is more conſtant) could have prevented my paſſing this ſummer into *England* to ſee my friends, who hourly have expected me: in that caſe, I could have managed this affair myſelf, and would have readily conſented that my name ſhould have ſtood at length before your epiſtle; and, by the caprice of the world, that circumſtance might have been

of

of uſe to make the thing known; and conſequently better anſwer the charitable part of your deſign, by inciting people's curioſity. And, in ſuch a caſe, I would have writ a ſhort acknowledgment of your letter, and publiſhed it in the next page after your epiſtle; but giving you no name, nor confeſſing my conjecture of it. This ſcheme I am ſtill upon, as ſoon as my health permits me to return to *England* [b].

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and ſatire, both in proſe and verſe, if that conjecture be right, although ſuch an opinion hath been an abſolute bar to my riſing in the world; yet that very world muſt ſuppoſe that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will ſuppoſe I had a deſign to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to laſh the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have ſome partiality for ſuch kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you

[b] The laſt time the dean was in *England* was in the year 1727.

acknow-

acknowledge, that, in ſome time of your life, you turned to the raillying part; but I find at preſent your genius runs wholly into the grave and ſublime; and therefore I find you leſs indulgent to my way by your diſlike of the *Beggar's Opera*, in the perſons particularly of *Polly Peachum* and *Macheath*; whereas we think it a very ſevere ſatire upon the moſt pernicious villainies of mankind. And ſo you are in danger of quarreling with the ſentiments of Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay* the author, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, myſelf, Dr. *Young*, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. *Young* is the graveſt among us, and yet his ſatires have many mixtures of ſharp raillery. At the ſame time you judge very truly, that the taſte of *England* is infamouſly corrupted by ſholes of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore I had reaſon to put Mr. *Pope* on writing the poem, called the DUNCIAD; and to hale thoſe ſcoundrels out of their obſcurity, by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, ſometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with *A*—'s and *B*—'s according to the

l way, which would be unknown in a r years.

As to your blank-verſe, it hath too en fallen into the ſame vile hands of e. One *Thompſon*, a *Scotchman*, hath ceeded the beſt in that way, in four ems he hath writ on the four ſeaſons: : I am not over-fond of them, becauſe y are all deſcription, and nothing is ing; whereas *Milton* engageth me in ions of the higheſt importance:

Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:

d yours on the Seven Pſalms, *&c.* have ne advantages that way.

You ſee *Pope*, *Gay*, and I, uſe all r endeavours to make folks merry and ſe, and profeſs to have no enemies, cept knaves and fools. I confeſs my- f to be exempted from them in one icle, which was engaging with a mi- ſtry to prevent, if poſſible, the evils at have over-run the nation, and my oliſh zeal in endeavouring to ſave this retched iſland. Wherein though I cceeded abſolutely in one important ar- le [c]; yet even there I loſt all hope of

[c] againſt *Wood's* copper half-pence. See *Drapier's Letters.*

favour

favour from thoſe in power here, and diſobliged the court of *England*, and have in twenty years drawn above one thouſand ſcurrilous libels on myſelf, without any other recompence than the love of the *Iriſh* vulgar, and two or three dozen ſign-poſts of the *drapier* in this city, beſides thoſe that are ſcattered in country towns; and even theſe are half worn out. So that, whatever little genius God hath given me, I may juſtly pretend to have been the worſt manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written hath long lain by me, that I might conſider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a law-ſuit of ten years ſtanding, and I doubt very ill cloſed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether ſuch periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philoſophical ſpeculations.

I ſhall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the diſtinction you pleaſe to ſhew me, deſire

to

) be always thought, with great truth nd a moſt particular eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Ve have ſometimes editions printed here of books from *England*, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name ſome below, and if you approve of any, I ſhall willingly increaſe your library; they are ſmall, conſequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the preſent will be cheaper for me.

r. YOUNG's Satires.
r. GAY's Works.
r. POPE's Works.
PE's DUNCIAD.
AY's Fables.
Art of Politicks, and ſome other Trifles in Verſe, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Right Honourable Sir JOH STANLEY, Bart.

SIR,

I Have had, for ſeveral months, a ſtr application made me, by a perſon whoſe virtue, honour, and good ſenſe have a great eſteem, to write to yo behalf of one of your tenants here, wh caſe I ſend you incloſed; and, if he lates it with truth and candor, I ex you will comply with his requeſt, bec I have known you long, and have alw highly eſteemed and loved you, as cannot deny: I know you will thin hard for me, or any one, to interfere buſineſs of property. But I very underſtand the practice of *Iriſh* ten to *Engliſh* landlords, and of thoſe l lords to their tenants. Yet, if what *Wilding* deſires is rightly repreſen that he hath been a great improver, offers reaſonable, his gains by no m exorbitant, and his payments reg

you neither muſt nor ſhall act as an *Iriſh* racking ſquire. I have enquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honeſty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durſt not deceive me: ſo I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or ſhew me ſtrong reaſons to the contrary; in which caſe I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors whenever he preſumes to open his lips again to me on any occaſion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occaſion of enquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leiſure, and what ſhare I keep in your good-will. As to myſelf, years and infirmities have ſunk my ſpirits to nothing. My *Engliſh* friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; *having lov'd this preſent world.* And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love becauſe I know none elſe who deſerve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the

the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and ſhall ever continue, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

Dublin, Oct. 30, 1736. obliged ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

I know not the preſent ſtate of your family; but, if there be ſtill near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I deſire to preſent them with my moſt humble ſervice.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, ſyllables, words, and half ſentences, as you ſee, and muſt pardon.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. HAMILTON, of CALENDON.

MADAM,

SOME days ago, my lord *Orrery* had the aſſurance to ſhew me a letter of ours to him, where you did me the honour to ſay many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but at the ſame time I reproached his lordſhip for his preſumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made ſo many advances, and confeſſed herſelf to be nobody's goddeſs but mine. However, he had the boldneſs to aſſure me, that he had your conſent to take him for a huſband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave, under my own hand and ſeal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of ſo good ſenſe, or ſo many accompliſhments, I have at laſt, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himſelf the happieſt man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourſelves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the trueſt eſteem and reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient and obliged ſervant,

Deanry-houſe, Dublin, June 8, 1738. J. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time; and, if I had, I could not tell which I ought to chuſe.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR,

I deſire you will print the following paper, in what manner you think moſt proper. You ſee my deſign in it: I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or leſs encouragement, to beſtow his whole fortune for a charitable uſe.

I am your humble ſervant,

Thurſday, July 13, 1738. J. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the a[illegible]-named Doctor hath, by his l[illegible]ill and teſtament, bequeathed h[illegible]le fortune (excepting ſome legacie[illegible]d [illegible]l

and endow an hoſpital, in or near this city, for the ſupport of lunaticks, ideots, and thoſe they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune conſiſts in mortgages on lands, and other the like ſecurities; for, as to purchaſing a real eſtate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impoſſible; ſo that, much againſt his will, if he ſhould call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient eſtate, in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and, in the mean time, his whole fortune muſt lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there ſeems not ſo much public virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable deſign; becauſe none but the aforeſaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the ſaid Doctor, by calling in the ſeveral ſums he hath lent, can be able, with ſome difficulty, to purchaſe three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands, for the endowment of the ſaid hoſpital, if thoſe lands could be now purchaſed; otherwiſe he muſt leave it, as he hath done in

his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honeſt, wiſe, and conſiderable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he hath known ſome of very fair and deſerved credit, prove very negligent truſtees. The Doctor is now able to lend two thouſand pounds, at five *per cent.* upon good ſecurity; of which the principal, after his deceaſe, is to be diſpoſed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the further endowment of the ſaid hoſpital.

LETTER XIV.

To the Rev. Mr. SHERIDAN.

Terſe I ow I ane you are wry.

Am I ſay vain a Rabble is,

GAUDY o tea rue ry dy you ſale you tye in ſervice he: Said link way mere Aſs, eat red Eye, add noſe ſight O. Quipp ye knife all or tame Puſs Eaſt. Tea Mary Tuck Sr; Tea may rent Family are eaſe. Anne lewd is cart is? Veal ſome no ill dull jeſt I? Anne Io Cuz ty

by

y place eat? Meer Rum ſpare O Freak
ent her Bib is: Lack Tea compleat:
yd is, ride eaſe, Lock were is, do neck
it I gat us eaſe. A wry Debt nay,
age in a eat may right us tye by? Do
ay Tea here I Eggs peck't have I; ſaid
ay day ſay piſt I. Uſquebach come
n Aſs: Force an I buy aſs her o buſs
aſt; Codd mark a Toryes nice Eye aſs
dumb mine I may hay bent. Said poſt
oſe Dairy lick toes add noſe vain I.
ou buy inn do mow Day can at us
one um Salt 'em by beam us, ſign on
ealy o'r'em fall or no. Satyr nigh, dye
aſe noſe ty feaſt us eaſt. May come air
; Sigh mull ſake ray to Carmen a Pan
ame us. Ride end 'um, buy bend 'um
r it come ſo dayly buſs; nigh leaſt carry
s invite a.

Sick Dice it Whore ah ſee us:
Spare take um Sick way pot you it
wag and Team
Fall e'er he taſt a.

Et a lye by:
Back 'um in Ray mote is Carr-
men are you Pye-buſs.

Said; For tune a lay to ſave an egg o ſhow.

Sate I ſope I nor ſight ha' ſhown 'um: add fine 'em proper and 'um Eaſt. Valiant a Mice I Veſtry, eat you in Shoe pair vally Aſs.

Ah my Cuz veſt are,

Day can us[d],

LETTER XV.

To SAMUEL BINDON, Eſq.

MOLLIS abuti,
Has an accuti,
No laſſo finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres.
Cantu diſco ver
Meas alo ver?

[d] See another letter of this nature to Dr. *Sheridan*, in Vol. XVIII. By way of clue to them, we ſubjoin the laſt ſentence of the above in proper *Latin*, leaving it to the Reader's diligence to carry his reſearches further in this occult ſcience: "Satis "opinor citationum: ad "finem properandum eſt. "Valeant amici veſtri, et "tu inſuper valeas. Amicus "veſter, Decanus."

AN ESSAY[a]

ON

NATIONAL REWARDS;

Being a Propoſal for beſtowing them on a Plan more durable and reſpectable.

Juncti adſint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. VIRG.

THERE is no maxim in politicks more indiſputable than that a nation hould have many honours to reſerve for hoſe who do national ſervices. This aiſes emulation, cheriſhes public merit, nd inſpires every one with an ambition hich promotes the good of his country. The leſs expenſive theſe honours are to he publick, the more ſtill do they turn o its advantage.

The *Romans* abounded with theſe little ionorary rewards, that, without conerring wealth and riches, gave only place nd diſtinction to the perſon who received hem. An oaken garland, to be worn

[a] This Eſſay is printed in *The Guardian*, N° 96.

on feſtivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A ſoldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the moſt hazardous enterprize ſufficiently re-paid by ſo noble a donation.

But, among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none ſo remarkable as the titles which are beſtowed by the emperor of *China*. "Theſe are never "given to any ſubject," ſays Monſieur *Le Conte*, "till the ſubject is dead. If "he has pleaſed his emperor to the laſt, "he is called in all public memorials by "the title which the emperor confers on "him after his death, and his children "take their ranks accordingly." This keeps the *ambitious* ſubject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his ſovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more eſteemed by the perſon who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of *medals*.

But

it there is ſomething in the modern anner of celebrating a great action in *edals*, which makes ſuch a reward much ſs valuable than it was among the *Romans*. here is generally but one coin ſtamped on the occaſion, which is made a pre-nt to the perſon who is celebrated on it. y this means the whole fame is in his wn cuſtody. The applauſe that is be-owed upon him is too much limited and nfined. He is in poſſeſſion of an honour hich the world perhaps knows nothing . He may be a great man in his own mily; his wife and children may ſee the ionument of an exploit, which the pub-k in a little time is a ſtranger to. The *omans* took a quite different method in iis particular. Their *medals* were their *urrent money*. When an action deſerved o be recorded on a coin, it was ſtamped erhaps upon an hundred thouſand pieces f money, like our ſhillings or halfpence, hich were iſſued out of the mint, and ecame current. This method publiſhed very noble action to advantage, and in a ort ſpace of time ſpread through the hole *Roman* empire. The *Romans* were ſo careful

careful to preſerve the memory of great events upon their coins, that, when any particular piece of money grew very ſcarce, it was often re-coined by a ſucceeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whoſe honour it was firſt ſtruck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late miniſtry [e], which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too buſy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greateſt genius as well as quality, I am informed there is now a deſign on foot for executing the propoſal which was then made, and that we ſhall have ſeveral farthings and halfpence charged on the reverſe with many of the glorious particulars of her majeſty's reign. This is one of thoſe arts of Peace which may very well deſerve to be cultivated, and which may be of great uſe to poſterity.

As I have in my poſſeſſion the copy of the paper abovementioned, which was delivered to the late lord treaſurer, I ſhall

[e] This Eſſay was written in the year 1713.

here

here give the publick a ſight of it; for I do not queſtion but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleaſed to ſee ſo much matter, and ſo many uſeful hints upon this ſubject, laid together in ſo clear and conciſe a manner:

"The *Engliſh* have not been ſo careful as other polite nations to preſerve the memory of their great actions and events on *medals*. Their ſubjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themſelves not numerous enough to ſpread among the people, or deſcend to poſterity.

"The *French* have outdone us in theſe particulars, and, by the eſtabliſhment of a ſociety for the invention of proper inſcriptions and deſigns, have the whole hiſtory of their preſent king in a regular ſeries of *medals*.

"They have failed, as well as the *Engliſh*, in coining ſo ſmall a number of each kind, and thoſe of ſuch coſtly metals that each ſpecies may be loſt in a few ages, and is at preſent no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

"The

" The ancient *Romans* took the only " effectual method to diſperſe and preſerve " their *medals*, by making them their " *current money*.

" Every thing glorious or uſeful, as " well in Peace as War, gave occaſion to " a different coin. Not only an expedi- " tion, victory, or triumph, but the ex- " erciſe of a ſolemn devotion, the re- " miſſion of a duty or tax, a new temple, " ſea-port, or high-way, were tranſmitted " to poſterity after this manner.

" The greateſt variety of devices are " on their *copper* money, which have moſt " of the deſigns that are to be met with " on the *gold* and *ſilver*, and ſeveral pe- " culiar to that metal only. By this " means they were diſperſed into the re- " moteſt corners of the empire, came " into the poſſeſſion of the poor as well " as rich, and were in no danger of pe- " riſhing in the hands of thoſe that might " have melted down coins of a more va- " luable metal.

" Add to all this, that the deſigns were " invented by men of genius, and executed " by a decree of ſenate.

" It

" It is therefore propoſed:

" 1. That the *Engliſh* farthings and " halfpence be re-coined upon the union " of the two nations.

" 2. That they bear devices and in- " ſcriptions alluding to all the moſt re- " markable parts of her majeſty's reign.

" 3. That there be a ſociety eſtabliſh- " ed, for the finding out of proper ſub- " jects, inſcriptions, and devices.

" 4. That no ſubject, inſcription, or " device, be ſtamped without the appro- " bation of this ſociety; nor, if it be " thought proper, without the authority " of privy-council.

" By this means, *medals*, that are at " preſent only a dead treaſure, or mere " curioſities, will be of uſe in the ordinary " commerce of life, and, at the ſame " time, perpetuate the glories of her " majeſty's reign, reward the labours of " her greateſt ſubjects, keep alive in the " people a gratitude for public ſervices, " and excite the emulation of poſterity. " To theſe generous purpoſes nothing " can ſo much contribute as *medals* of " this kind, which are of undoubted au-

" thority,

" thority, of neceſſary uſe and obſerva-
" tion, not periſhable by time, nor con-
" fined to any certain place; properties
" not to be found in *books*, *ſtatues*, *pictures*,
" *buildings*, or any other monuments of
" illuſtrious actions."

A TREA

A TREATISE ON GOOD-MANNERS AND GOOD-BREEDING.

GOOD-MANNERS is the art of making thoſe people eaſy with whom we converſe.

Whoever makes the feweſt perſons uneaſy is the beſt-bred in the company.

As the beſt law is founded upon reaſon, ſo are the beſt manners. And as ſome lawyers have introduced unreaſonable things into common law, ſo likewiſe many teachers have introduced abſurd things into common good-manners.

One principal point of this art is, to ſuit our behaviour to the three ſeveral degrees of men; our ſuperiors, our equals, and thoſe below us.

For inſtance, to preſs either of the two former to eat or drink, is a breach of manners;

manners; but a tradeſman or a farmer muſt be thus treated, or elſe it will be difficult to perſuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of ſenſe, are the three great ſources of ill-manners; without ſome one of theſe defects, no man will behave himſelf ill for want of experience, or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to aſſign an incident wherein reaſon will not direct us what we are to ſay or do in company, if we arre not miſled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I inſiſt that good ſenſe is the principal foundation of good-manners; but, becauſe the former is a gift which very few among mankind are poſſeſſed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing ſome rules upon common behaviour, beſt ſuited to their general cuſtoms or fancies, as a kind of artificial good ſenſe, to ſupply the defects of reaſon. Without which the *gentlemenly* part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they ſeldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in

quabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happeneth a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of theſe three motives. Upon which account, I ſhould be exceedingly ſorry to find the legiſlature take any new laws againſt the practice of duelling; becauſe the methods are eaſy, and many, for a wiſe man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can diſcover no political evil in ſuffering bullies, ſharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good-manners were intended for regulating the conduct of thoſe who have weak underſtandings; ſo they have been corrupted by the perſons for whoſe uſe they were contrived. For theſe people have fallen into a needleſs and endleſs way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troubleſome to thoſe who practiſe them, and inſupportable to every body elſe: inſomuch that wiſe men are often more uneaſy at the over-civility of theſe refiners, than they could poſſibly

be in the converſations of peaſants or mechanicks.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behaviour are no where better ſeen than at thoſe tables where the ladies preſide, who value themſelves upon account of their good-breeding; where a man muſt reckon upon paſſing an hour without doing any one thing he hath a mind to; unleſs he will be ſo hardy as to break through all the ſettled decorum of the family. She determineth what he loveth beſt, and how much he ſhall eat; and, if the maſter of the houſe happeneth to be of the ſame diſpoſition, he proceedeth, in the ſame tyrannical manner, to preſcribe in the drinking part: at the ſame time you are under the neceſſity of anſwering a thouſand apologies for your entertainment. And, although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the beſt faſhion, yet too much of it ſtill remaineth, eſpecially in the country; where an honeſt gentleman aſſured me, that, having been kept four days againſt his will at a friend's houſe, with all the circumſtances of hiding his boots, locking

:king up the ſtable, and other contri-
ıces of the like nature, he could not
nember, from the moment he came
o the houſe to the moment he left it,
y one thing, wherein his inclination
ıs not directly contradicted; as if the
ıole family had entered into a combi-
tion to torment him.

But, beſides all this, it would be end-
s to recount the many fooliſh and ri-
:ulous accidents I have obſerved among
eſe unfortunate proſelytes to ceremony.
ıave ſeen a dutcheſs fairly knocked down
the precipitancy of an officious cox-
mb running to ſave her the trouble of
ening a door. I remember upon a birth-
y at court, a great lady was utterly diſ-
ınſolate by a diſh of ſauce let fall by a
ge directly upon her head-dreſs and
ocade, while ſhe gave a ſudden turn to
:r elbow upon ſome point of ceremony
ith the perſon who ſat next to her.
onſieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, whoſe
ɔliticks and manners were much of a
ze, brought a ſon with him, about
ıirteen years old, to a great table at
ɔurt. The boy and his father, what-

ever they put on their plates, they firſt offered round in order, to every perſon in company; ſo that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At laſt their two plates happened to encounter, and with ſo much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces; and ſtained half the company with wet ſweet-meats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and ſciences; and ſometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itſelf, the pedantry is the greater. For which reaſon I look upon fidlers, dancing-maſters, heralds, maſters of the ceremony, *&c.* to be greater pedants than *Lipſius* or the elder *Scaliger*. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully ſtocked; I mean from the gentleman-uſher (at leaſt) incluſive, downward to the gentleman-porter: who are, generally ſpeaking, the moſt inſignificant race of people that this iſland can afford, and with the ſmalleſt tincture of good-man-

rs; which is the only trade they profeſs.
r, being wholly illiterate, and converſing
iefly with each other, they reduce the
ıole ſyſtem of breeding within the forms
d circles of their ſeveral offices: and,
they are below the notice of miniſters,
ey live and die in court under all revo-
ions, with great obſequiouſneſs to thoſe
ıo are in any degree of credit or favour,
d with rudeneſs and inſolence to every
dy elſe. From whence I have long
ncluded, that good-manners are not a
ant of the court growth: for if they
ere, thoſe people, who have underſtand-
gs directly of a level for ſuch acquire-
ents, who have ſerved ſuch long ap-
enticeſhips to nothing elſe, would
rtainly have picked them up. For as
the great officers, who attend the
ince's perſon or councils, or preſide in
s family, they are a tranſient body, who
ive no better a title to good-manners
an their neighbours, nor will probably
ive recourſe to gentlemen-uſhers for in-
ruction. So that I know little to be
arned at court upon this head, except
the material circumſtance of dreſs;

wherein the authority of the maids of honour muſt indeed be allowed to be almoſt equal to that of a favourite actreſs.

I remember a paſſage my lord *Bolingbroke* told me; that, going to receive prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince ſaid, he was much concerned that he could not ſee her majeſty that night; for Monſieur *Hoffman* (who was then by) had aſſured his highneſs that he could not be admitted into her preſence with a tied-up perriwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jeſt, and brought the prince to her majeſty; for which he was highly cenſured by the whole tribe of gentlemen-uſhers; among whom Monſieur *Hoffman*, an old dull reſident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which, I believe, was the beſt leſſon he had learned in five and twenty years reſidence.

I make a difference between good-manners and good-breeding; although,

in

in order to vary my expreſſion, I am ſometimes forced to confound them. By the firſt, I only underſtand the art of remembering and applying certain ſettled forms of general behaviour. But good-breeding is of a much larger extent; for, beſides an uncommon degree of literature ſufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it taketh in a great conpaſs of knowledge; no leſs than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of *Italy*, riding the great horſe, and ſpeaking *French*; not to mention ſome other ſecondary or ſubaltern accompliſhments, which are more eaſily acquired. So that the difference between good-breeding and good-manners lieth in this; that the former cannot be attained to by the beſt underſtandings without ſtudy and labour: whereas a tolerable degree of reaſon will inſtruct us in every part of good-manners without other aſſiſtance.

I can think of nothing more uſeful upon this ſubject, than to point out ſome particulars, wherein the very eſſentials of good-manners are concerned, the neglect

or perverting of which doth very much diſturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffick of mutual uneaſineſs in moſt companies.

Firſt, a neceſſary part of good-manners is a punctual obſervance of time at our own dwellings, or thoſe of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, buſineſs, or diverſion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reaſon, yet the greateſt [g] miniſter I ever knew was the greateſt treſpaſſer againſt it; by which all his buſineſs doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often uſed to railly him, as deficient in point of good-manners. I have known more than one ambaſſador, and ſecretary of ſtate, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good ſucceſs and applauſe by the mere force of exactneſs and regularity. If you duly obſerve time for the ſervice of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifeſt folly, as well as ingra-

[g] *Robert Harley*, earl of *Oxford*, lord high treaſurer to queen *Anne*.

titude,

titude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own diſadvantage is pride and injuſtice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be ſtyled ill-manners; becauſe forms are ſubject to frequent changes; and conſequeutly, being not founded upon reaſon, are beneath a wiſe man's regard. Beſides, they vary in every country; and, after a ſhort period of time, very frequently in the ſame: ſo that a man, who traveleth, muſt needs be at firſt a ſtranger to them in every court through which he paſſeth; and, perhaps, at his return, as much a ſtranger in his own; and, after all, they are eaſier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that ſuperficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more predominant than the reſt; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous upon all occaſions to intro-

introduce and propagate the new forms and faſhions they have brought back with them: So that, uſually ſpeaking, the worſt-bred perſon in company is a young traveller juſt returned from abroad.

THE

THE DIFFICULTY OF KNOWING ONE'S SELF.

KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verſe.

Hazael ſaid, But what! is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this great thing?

WE have a very ſingular inſtance of the deceitfulneſs of the heart, recorded to us in the perſon of *Hazael*: who was ſent to the prophet *Eliſha*, to inquire of the Lord, concerning his maſter king of *Syria's* recovery. For the man of God, having told him that the king might recover from the diſorder he was then labouring under, began to ſet and faſten his countenance upon him of a conſiderable time, and to break out into the moſt paſſionate expreſſions of ſorrow, and a deep concern for it; whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of ſhame and confuſion, aſked, *Why weepeth*

weepeth my lord? he anſwered, *Becauſe I know all the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Iſrael; their ſtrong holds wilt thou ſet on fire, and their young men wilt thou ſlay with the ſword, and wilt daſh their children, and rip up their women with child.* Thus much did the man of God ſay and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But *Hazael*, not knowing himſelf ſo well as the other did, was ſtartled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it poſſible, that a man of his temper could ever run out into ſuch enormous inſtances of cruelty and inhumanity. *What!* ſays he, *is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this great thing?*

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable, that he was then that man he could not imagine himſelf to be; for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and diſloyal manner, murdering his own maſter, and uſurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the ſad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of *Iſrael.*

And

And now the caſe is but very little better with moſt men than it was with *Hazael*; however it cometh to paſs, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and diſpoſition, and know very little of what paſſeth within them: for, of ſo many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured perſons that are in the world, where is there one of them, who, although he hath all the ſymptoms of the vice appearing upon every occaſion, can look with ſuch an impartial eye upon himſelf, as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundleſs and unfair? who, if he were told, by men of a diſcerning ſpirit and a ſtrong conjecture, of all the evil and abſurd things which that falſe heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much, as *Hazael* did before him? Thus for inſtance; tell an angry perſon, that he is weak and impotent, and of no conſiſtency of mind; tell him, that ſuch or ſuch a little accident, which he may then deſpiſe and think much below a paſſion, ſhall hereafter make him

ſay

ſay and do ſeveral abſurd, indiſcreet, and miſbecoming things: he may perhaps own that he hath a ſpirit of reſentment within him, that will not let him be impoſed on; but he fondly imagines, that he can lay a becoming reſtraint upon it when he pleaſeth, although it is ever running away with him into ſome indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring the words of my text to our preſent occaſion, I ſhall endeavour, in a further proſecution of them, to evince the great neceſſity of a nice and curious inſpection into the ſeveral receſſes of the heart, being the ſureſt and the ſhorteſt method that a wicked man can take to reform himſelf: for let us but ſtop the fountain, and the ſtreams will ſpend and waſte themſelves away in a very little time; but, if we go about, like children, to raiſe a bank, and to ſtop the current, not taking notice all the while of the ſpring which continually feedeth it, when the next flood of temptation riſeth and breaketh in upon it, then we ſhall find that we have begun at the wrong end of our duty; and that we are

very little more the better for it, than if we had ſat ſtill, and made no advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I ſhall ſpeak to theſe following particulars,

Firſt, by endeavouring to prove, *from particular inſtances*, that man is generally the moſt ignorant creature in the world of himſelf.

Secondly, By enquiring into the grounds and reaſons of his ignorance.

Thirdly, and Laſty, By propoſing ſeveral advantages, that *do moſt aſſuredly* attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourſelves.

Firſt, then, To prove that man is generally the moſt ignorant creature in the world of himſelf.

To purſue the heart of man through all the inſtances of life, in all its ſeveral windings and turnings, and under that infinite variety of ſhapes and appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almoſt impoſſible undertaking; ſo that I ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch as have a nearer reference to the preſent

preſent occaſion, and do, upon a cloſer view, ſhew themſelves through the whole buſineſs of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent; but whether he repenteth him truly of his ſins or not, who can know it?

Now the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of theſe two parts, a hearty ſorrow for the follies and miſcarriages of the time paſt, and a full purpoſe and reſolution of amendment for the time to come. And now, to ſhew the falſeneſs of the heart in both theſe parts of repentance: And,

Firſt, As to a hearty ſorrow for the ſins and miſcarriages of the time paſt. Is there a more uſual thing than for a man to impoſe upon himſelf, by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by caſting a ſevere look into his paſt conduct, and making ſome few pious and devout reflexions upon it; and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent purpoſe, without ever letting it ſtep forth into practice, and ſhew itſelf in a holy converſation? Nay, ſome perſons do carry the deceit a little higher; who, if they

hey can but bring themſelves to weep or their ſins, are then full of an ill-rounded confidence and ſecurity; never onſidering, that all this may prove to e no more than the very garb and out-vard dreſs of a contrite heart, which nother heart, as hard as the nether mill-tone, may as well put on. For tears nd ſighs, however in ſome perſons they nay be decent and commendable ex-reſſions of a godly ſorrow, are neither ne-eſſary nor infallible ſigns of a true and nfeigned repentance. Not neceſſary, ecauſe ſometimes, and in ſome perſons, he inward grief and anguiſh of the mind nay be too big to be expreſſed by ſo little thing as a tear, and then it turneth its dge inwards upon the mind; and, like hoſe wounds of the body which bleed nwardly, generally proves the moſt fatal nd dangerous to the whole body of ſin: Not infallible, becauſe a very ſmall por-ion of ſorrow may make ſome tender iſpoſitions melt, and break out into tears; r a man may perhaps weep at parting vith his ſins, as he would bid the laſt arewell to an old friend.

But there is ſtill a more pleaſant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadneſs, and a ſtrange kind of unaptneſs and indiſpoſition to all impreſſions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly ſorry for our ſins as we ſhould be, we then pretend to be ſorry that we are not more ſorry for them; which is not more abſurd and irrational, than that a man ſhould pretend to be very angry at a thing, becauſe he did not know how to be angry at all.

But, after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance, we expect to make up in the next; and to that purpoſe we put on a reſolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a houſe built upon a rock; ſo that, let the floods ariſe, and the winds blow, and the ſtreams beat vehemently upon it, nothing ſhall ſhake it into ruin or diſorder. We doubt not, upon the ſtrength of this reſolve, to ſtand faſt and unmoved amidſt the ſtorm of a temptation; and do firmly believe, at the time we make it, that nothing in the world will ever be able to make us commit thoſe ſins over again, which we have ſo firmly reſolved againſt.

Thus

Thus many a time have we come to the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full purpoſe of amendment, and with as full a perſuaſion of putting that ſame purpoſe into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that purpoſe, and falſified that ſame perſuaſion, by ſtarting aſide, like a broken bow, into thoſe very ſins, which we then ſo ſolemnly and ſo confidently declared againſt?

Whereas had but any other perſon entered with us into a vow ſo ſolemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it; I believe, had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we ſhould hardly ever after be prevailed upon to truſt that man again, although we ſtill continue to truſt our own fears, againſt reaſon and againſt experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough, and will of courſe betray all thoſe well-meaning perſons into ſin and folly, who are apt to take religion for a much eaſier thing than it is: but this is not the only miſtake we are apt to run into; we do not only think ſometimes that we can do more than we can do, but ſometimes that we are in-

capable of doing leſs; an error of another kind indeed, but not leſs dangerous, ariſing from a diffidence and falſe humility. For how much a wicked man can do in the buſineſs of religion, if he would but do his beſt, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to ſee a wicked man running headlong into ſin and folly, againſt his reaſon, againſt his religion, and againſt his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite diſparagement to his underſtanding, which, at another time, he ſetteth no ſmall value upon; tell him, that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than loſe; tell him, that the pleaſure of ſin is ſhort and tranſient, and leaveth a vexatious kind of ſting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him, that this is one of thoſe things for which God will moſt ſurely bring him to judgement, which he pretendeth to believe with a full aſſurance and perſuaſion: and yet, for all this, he ſhutteth his eyes againſt all conviction, and ruſheth into the ſin, like a horſe into battle; as if he had nothing left to do,

but,

but, like a ſilly child, to wink hard, and to think to eſcape a certain and infinite miſchief, only by endeavouring not to ſee it.

And now, to ſhew that the heart hath given in a falſe report of the temptation, we may learn from this, that the ſame weak man would reſiſt and maſter the ſame powerful temptation, upon conſiderations of infinitely leſs value than thoſe which religion offereth; nay, ſuch vile conſiderations, that the grace of God cannot without blaſphemy be ſuppoſed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus, for inſtance, it would be an hard matter to dreſs up a ſin in ſuch ſoft and tempting circumſtances, that a truly covetous man would not reſiſt for a conſiderable ſum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven, nor the fears of hell, could make an impreſſion upon him before. But can any thing be a ſurer indication of the deceitfulneſs of the heart, than thus to ſhew more courage, reſolution, and activity, in an ill cauſe, than it doth in a good one? and to exert itſelf to better purpoſe, when it is to ſerve its own

pride, or luſt, or revenge, or any other paſſion, than when it is to ſerve God upon motives of the goſpel, and upon all the arguments that have ever been made uſe of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus, having ſhewn that man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impoſe upon himſelf, in paſſing through the ſeveral ſtages of that great duty, repentance; I proceed now, in the

Second place, To enquire into the grounds and reaſons of this ignorance, *and to ſhew whence it cometh to paſs that man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himſelf, ſhould know ſo little of what paſſeth within him, and be ſo very much unacquainted even with the ſtanding diſpoſitions and complexion of his own heart.* The prime reaſon of it is, becauſe we ſo very ſeldom converſe with ourſelves, and take ſo little notice of what paſſeth within us: for a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face, any other way than by reflexion: he may as well tell over every feature of the ſmaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glaſs,

glaſs, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of the ſoul, thoſe ſtanding features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that this is liable to from cuſtom, from paſſion, and from opinion, without a very frequent uſe of looking within himſelf.

For our paſſions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving towards their reſpective objects; but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden receſſes of the heart, where they lay concealed for a while, until a freſh occaſion calls them forth again: ſo that not every tranſient, oblique, glance upon the mind can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its ſtrengths and weakneſſes; for a man may ſometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itſelf, as he may behold his natural face in a glaſs, and go away, *and ſtrait forget what manner of man he was.* But a man muſt rather ſit down and unravel every action of the paſt day into all its circumſtances and particularities, and obſerve how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impreſſion it

made upon his heart: this, done with that frequency and carefulneſs which the importance of the duty doth require, would, in a ſhort time, bring him into a nearer and intimate acquaintance with himſelf.

But when men, inſtead of this, do paſs away months and years in a perfect ſlumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they ſhould be ſo very ignorant of themſelves, and know very little more of what paſſeth within them than the very beaſts which periſh. But here it may not be amiſs to enquire into the reaſons why moſt men have ſo little converſation with themſelves.

And *firſt*, Becauſe this reflexion is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without ſome pain and difficulty: for, before a man can reflect upon himſelf, and look into his heart with a ſteady eye, he muſt contract his ſight, and collect all his ſcattering and roving thoughts into ſome order and compaſs, that he may be able to take a clear and diſtinct view of them; he muſt retire from the world for a while, and be unattent-

unattentive to all impreſſions of ſenſe; and how hard and painful a thing muſt it needs be to a man of paſſion and infirmity, amidſt ſuch a crowd of objects that are continually ſtriking upon the ſenſe and ſoliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them! But,

Secondly, Another reaſon why we ſo ſeldom converſe with ourſelves is, becauſe the buſineſs of the world taketh up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to ſpend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus twelve or fourteen years paſs away before we can well diſcern good from evil; and of the reſt ſo much goeth away in ſleep, ſo much in the proper buſineſs of our callings, that we have none to lay out upon the more ſerious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect ſort of a circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every day; he hath a ſett of thoughts, deſires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will very hardly be laid aſide to make room for any thing new and uncommon:

ſo

ſo that call upon him when you pleaſe to ſet about the ſtudy of his own heart, and you are ſure to find him pre-engaged; either he hath ſome buſineſs to do, or ſome diverſion to take, ſome acquaintance that he muſt viſit, or ſome company that he muſt entertain, or ſome croſs accident hath put him out of humour, and unfitted him for ſuch a grave employment. And thus it cometh to paſs, that a man can never find leiſure to look into himſelf, becauſe he doth not ſet apart ſome portion of the day for that very purpoſe, but fooliſhly deferreth from one day to another, until his glaſs is almoſt run out, and he is called upon to give a miſerable account of himſelf in the other world. But,

Thirdly, Another reaſon why a man doth not more frequently converſe with himſelf is, becauſe ſuch converſation with his own heart may diſcover ſome vice or ſome infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himſelf guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man, than to find that, upon a nearer view, he is not that perſon

he

he took himſelf to be? that he had neither the courage, nor the honeſty, nor the piety, nor the humility, that he dreamed he had? that a very little pain, for inſtance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleaſure ſofteneth and diſarmeth him into eaſe and wantonneſs? that he hath been at more pains, and labour, and coſt, to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the beſt friend he hath in the world? that he cannot bring himſelf to ſay his prayers without a great deal of reluctancy; and, when he doth ſay them, the ſpirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very ſhort time; and he can ſcarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked, thoughts coming into his head? Theſe are very unwelcome diſcoveries that a man may make of himſelf; ſo that it is no wonder that every one, who is already fluſhed with a good opinion of himſelf, ſhould rather ſtudy how to run away from it, than how to converſe with his own heart.

But further. If a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart,

heart, and to ſet apart ſome portion
the day for that very purpoſe; yet he
ſtill diſabled from paſſing a fair and i
partial judgement upon himſelf, by ſev
difficulties, ariſing partly from preju
and prepoſſeſſion, partly from the l
appetites and inclinations. And,

Firſt, That the buſineſs of prepoſ
on may lead and betray a man into a
judgement of his own heart. For we
obſerve, that the firſt opinion we tak
of any thing, or any perſon, doth g
rally ſtick cloſe to us; the nature o
mind being ſuch, that it cannot bu
ſire, and conſequently endeavour, to
ſome certain principles to go upon, ſ
thing fixed and unmoveable, where
may reſt and ſupport itſelf. And h
it cometh to paſs, that ſome perſon
with ſo much difficulty brought to t
well of a man they have once enterta
an ill opinion of: and, perhaps, tha
for a very abſurd and unwarran
reaſon. But how much more diff
then muſt it be for a man, who take
a fond opinion of his own heart long
fore he hath either years or ſenſe en

o underſtand it, either to be perſuaded ut of it by himſelf, whom he loveth ſo vell, or by another, whoſe intereſt or liverſion it may be to make him aſhamed f himſelf! Then,

Secondly, As to the difficulties ariſing rom the inferior appetites and inclinaions, let any man look into his own eart, and obſerve in how different a ight, and under what different complexions, any two ſins of equal turpitude and nalignity do appear to him, if he hath ut a ſtrong inclination to the one, and one at all to the other. That which he ath an inclination to is always dreſſed up n all the falſe beauty that a fond and uſy imagination can give it; the other ppeareth naked and deformed, and in ll the true circumſtances of folly and iſhonour. Thus, Stealing is a vice that ew gentlemen are inclined to; and they uſtly think it below the dignity of a man o ſtoop to ſo baſe and low a ſin; but no rinciple of honour, no workings of the nind and conſcience, not the ſtill voice f mercy, not the dreadful call of judgnent, nor any conſiderations whatever, can

can put a ſtop to that Violence and O
preſſion, that Pride and Ambition, th
Revelling and Wantonneſs, which
every day meet with in the world. N
it is eaſy to obſerve very different thoug
in a man of the ſin that he is moſt f
of, according to the different ebbs
flows of his inclination to it. For,
ſoon as the appetite is alarmed, and ſeiz
upon the heart, a little cloud gathe
about the head, and ſpreadeth a kind
darkneſs over the face of the ſoul, wh
by it is hindered from taking a clear
diſtinct view of things; but no ſoone
the appetite tired and ſatiated, but
ſame cloud *paſſeth away like a ſhad*
and, a new light ſpringing up in the m
of a ſudden, the man ſeeth much m
both of the folly and of the danger of
ſin, than he did before.

And thus, having done with the ſev
reaſons why man, the only creature in
world that can reflect and look into h
ſelf, is ſo very ignorant of what pa
within him, and ſo much unacquai
with the ſtandiug diſpoſitions and c
plexions of his own heart: I proceed n
in the 6 7

hird and *laſt* place, to lay down ſeve-
dvantages, that do, *moſt aſſuredly*
d a due improvement in the know-
e of ourſelves. And,

irſt, One great advantage is, that i
eth very much to mortify and humbl
n into a modeſt and low opinion o
elf. For, let a man take a nice an
us inſpection into all the ſeveral re-
s of the heart, and obſerve ever
irregular and amiſs within him
inſtance; how narrow and ſhort
ed a thing is the underſtanding!
how little reaſon do we take up a
ion, and upon how much leſs ſome
s do we lay it down again! hov
and falſe ground do we often wall
with the biggeſt confidence an
ance! and how tremulous and doubt
re we very often, where no doubt i
e made! Again: how wild and im
inent, how buſy and incoherent
g is the imagination, even in the be
wiſeſt men; inſomuch, that ever
may be ſaid to be mad, but ever
doth not ſhew it! Then as to th
ions; how noiſy, how turbulent, an

ho

how tumultuous are they! how eaſily are they ſtirred and ſet a-going, how eager and hot in the purſuit, and what ſtrange diſorder and confuſion do they throw a man into; ſo that he can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor act, as he ſhould do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them!

Thus, let every man look with a ſevere and impartial eye into all the diſtinct regions of the heart; and, no doubt, ſeveral deformities and irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and diſcloſe themſelves upon ſo near a view; and rather make the man aſhamed of himſelf than proud.

Secondly, A due improvement in the knowledge of ourſelves doth certainly ſecure us from the ſly and inſinuating aſſaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baſer and more hateful thing than flattery; it proceedeth from ſo much falſeneſs and inſincerity in the man that giveth it, and often diſcovereth ſo much weakneſs and folly in the man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is moſt to be blamed. Every man of common

ſenſe

ſenſe can demonſtrate in ſpeculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the praiſes and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinſic value of a man, than they can add to his ſtature. And yet, for all this, men of the beſt ſenſe and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themſelves, when they have the good fortune to be ſpoken well of by other perſons.

But the meaning of this abſurd proceeding ſeemeth to be no other than this; there are few men that have ſo intimate an acquaintance with their own hearts, as to know their own real worth, and how to ſet a juſt rate upon themſelves; and therefore they do not know but that he who praiſes them moſt may be moſt in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of a thing he loved as well as himſelf, he would meaſure the worth of it according to the eſteem of him who biddeth moſt for it, rather than of him that biddeth leſs.

Therefore, the moſt infallible way to diſentangle a man from the ſnares of

flattery is, to conſult and ſtudy his own heart; for whoever does that well will hardly be ſo abſurd as to take another man's word before his own ſenſe and experience.

Thirdly, Another advantage from this kind of ſtudy is this, that it teacheth a man how to behave himſelf patiently, when he has the ill fortune to be cenſured and abuſed by other people. For a man, who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, doth already know more evil of himſelf than any body elſe can tell him; and when any one ſpeaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God that he can ſay no worſe: for, could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden receſſes of the heart, he conſidereth what a number of impure thoughts he might there ſee brooding and hovering, like a dark cloud, upon the face of the ſoul; that there he might take a proſpect of the fancy, and view it acting over the ſeveral ſcenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of luſt, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination hath been reſtrained, for no other reaſon, but

juſt

t to ſave the man's credit or intereſt in
: world; and how many unbecoming
;redients have entered into the compo-
ion of his beſt actions. And now,
iat man in the whole world would be
le to bear ſo ſevere a teſt? to have every
ought and inward motion of the heart
d open and expoſed to the views of his
:mies? But,

Fourthly, and *laſtly*; Another advan-
;e of this kind is, that it maketh men
; ſevere upon other people's faults, and
; buſy and induſtrious in ſpreading
:m. For a man, employed at home,
pecting into his own failings, hath not
ſure to take notice of every little ſpot
d blemiſh that lieth ſcattered upon
iers; or, if he cannot eſcape the ſight
them, he always paſſes the moſt eaſy
d favourable conſtruction upon them.
ius, for inſtance; does the ill he know-
1 of a man proceed from an unhappy
nper and conſtitution of body? he then
nſidereth with himſelf, how hard a
ng it is, not to be born down with the
rrent of the blood and ſpirits; and ac-
rdingly layeth ſome part of the blame

upon the weakneſs of human nature, for he hath felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breaſt; although perhaps, in another inſtance, he remembereth how it rageth and ſwelleth by oppoſition; and, although it may be reſtrained, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally ſubdued.

Or, has the man ſinned out of cuſtom? he then, from his own experience, traceth an habit into the very firſt riſe and imperfect beginnings of it; and can tell by how ſlow and inſenſible advances it creepeth upon the heart; how it worketh itſelf by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and ſo paſſeth into a ſecond nature; and conſequently he hath a juſt ſenſe of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who hath been long accuſtomed to do evil.

Or, *Laſtly*, Hath a falſe opinion betrayed him into a ſin? he then calleth to mind what wrong apprehenſions he hath made of ſome things himſelf; how many opinions, that he once made no doubt of, he hath, upon a ſtricter examination, found to be doubtful, and uncertain; how

how many more to be unreaſonable and abſurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he ſtill believeth, for no other reaſon but becauſe he hath believed them ſo long already without a reaſon.

Thus, upon every occaſion, a man intimately acquainted with himſelf conſulteth his own heart, and maketh every man's caſe to be his own (and ſo puts the moſt favourable interpretation upon it). Let every man therefore look into his own heart, before he beginneth to abuſe the reputation of another; and then he will hardly be ſo abſurd as to throw a dart that will ſo certainly rebound and wound himſelf. And thus, through the whole courſe of his converſation, let him keep an eye upon that one great comprehenſive rule of Chriſtian duty, on which hangeth not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and ſpirit of the goſpel too; *Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them.* Which rule that we may all duly obſerve, by throwing aſide all ſcandal and de-

traction, all ſpite and rancour, all rudeneſs and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tendeth to make converſation and commerce either uneaſy or troubleſome, may the God of peace grant, for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake, &c.

Conſider what hath been ſaid; and the Lord give you a right underſtanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghoſt, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON

HEYLIN's Hiſtory of the Preſbyterians [i].

THIS book, by ſome errors and neglects in the ſtyle, ſeems not to have received the author's laſt correction. It is written with ſome vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an obſerver and a ſufferer, in *England*, under that diabolical fanatic ſect, which then deſtroyed church and ſtate. But by comparing, in my memory, what I have read in other hiſtories, he neither aggravates or falſifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in ſetting the actions of *Calviniſts* in the ſtrongeſt light, without equally dwelling on thoſe of the other ſide; which, however, to ſay the truth, was not his proper buſineſs. And yet he might have ſpent ſome more words on the inhuman maſſacre of *Paris*, and other

[i] Written by the Dean in the beginning of the Book, on one of the blank leaves.

parts of *France*, which no provocation (and yet the king had the greateſt poſſible) could excuſe, or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common miſtake of the term *Supreme Magiſtrate*, and not rightly diſtinguiſhing between the *Legiſlature* and *Adminiſtration*: Into which miſtake the clergy fell, or continued, in the reign of *Charles* II, as I have ſhewn and explained in a Treatiſe, &c.

J. SWIFT.

March 6, 1727-8.

PRE-

PREFACE

TO

ir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S MEMOIRS.

T was perfectly in compliance to ſome perſons for whoſe opinion I have great eference, that I ſo long withheld the ublication of the following papers. They emed to think, that the freedom of ſome aſſages in theſe Memoirs might give offence o ſeveral who were ſtill alive; and whoſe art in thoſe affairs which are here relat-d could not be tranſmitted to poſterity ith any advantage to their reputation. ut whether this objection be in itſelf of uch weight, may perhaps be diſputed; t leaſt it ſhould have little with me, who m under no reſtraint in that particular; ince I am not of an age to remember hoſe tranſactions, nor had any acquaint-nce with thoſe perſons whoſe counſels or roceedings are condemned, and who are ll of them now dead.

But, as this Author is very free in ex-oſing the weakneſs and corruptions of ill

miniſters, ſo he is as ready to commend the abilities and virtue of others, as may be obſerved from ſeveral paſſages of theſe Memoirs; particularly, of the late earl of *Sunderland*, with whom the author continued in the moſt intimate friendſhip to his death; and who was father of that moſt learned and excellent lord, now ſecretary of ſtate: as likewiſe, of the preſent earl of *Rocheſter*; and the earl of *Godolphin*, now lord treaſurer, repreſented by this impartial author as a perſon at that time deſervedly entruſted with ſo great a part in the prime-miniſtry; an office he now executes again with ſuch univerſal applauſe, ſo much to the Queen's honour and his own, and to the advantage of his country, as well as of the whole confederacy.

There are two objections I have ſometimes heard to have been offered againſt thoſe Memoirs that were printed in the Author's life time, and which theſe now publiſhed may perhaps be equally liable to. Firſt, as to the matter; that the Author ſpeaks too much of himſelf: Next, as to the Style; that he affects the uſe of

French

French words, as well as ſome turns of expreſſion peculiar to that language.

I believe, thoſe who make the former criticiſm do not well conſider the nature of Memoirs: 'Tis to the *French* (if I miſtake not) we chiefly owe that manner of writing; and Sir *William Temple* is not only the firſt, but I think the only *Engliſhman* (at leaſt of any conſequence) who ever attempted it. The beſt *French* Memoirs are writ by ſuch perſons as were the principal actors in thoſe tranſactions they pretend to relate, whether of wars or negotiations. Thoſe of Sir *William Temple* are of the ſame nature; and therefore, in my judgement, the publiſher (who ſent them into the world without the Author's privity) gave them a wrong title, when he call'd them *Memoirs of what paſs'd in Chriſtendom*, &c. whereas it ſhould rather have been, *Memoirs of the Treaty at Nimeguen*, which was plainly the ſenſe of the Author, who in the Epiſtle tells his Son, that "in compliance with his "deſire, he will leave him ſome Me- "moirs of what paſs'd in his public em- "ployments abroad;" and in the book itſelf,

itſelf, when he deduces an account of the ſtate of war in Chriſtendom, he ſays it is only to prepare the reader for a relation of that famous treaty; where he and Sir *Lionel Jenkins* were the only mediators that continued any conſiderable time; and as the Author was firſt in commiſſion, ſo in point of abilities or credit, either abroad or at home, there was no ſort of compariſon between the two perſons. Thoſe Memoirs, therefore, are properly a relation of a general treaty of peace, wherein the Author had the principal as well as the moſt honourable part, in quality of mediator; ſo that the frequent mention of himſelf ſeems not only excuſeable but neceſſary. The ſame may be offered in defence of the following papers; becauſe, during the greateſt part of the period they treat of, the Author was in chief confidence with the King his Maſter. To which may be added, That, in the few preliminary lines at the head of the firſt page, the Author profeſſes he writ thoſe papers "for the ſatisfaction of his friends "hereafter, upon the grounds of his re-"tirement, and his reſolution never to "meddle

meddle again with public affairs." As to the objection againſt the ſtyle of the former Memoirs, that it abounds in *French* words and turns of expreſſion; it is to be conſidered, that, at the treaty of *Nimeguen*, all buſineſs, either by writing or diſcourſe, paſſed in the *French* tongue; and the Author having lived ſo many years abroad, in that and former embaſſies, where all buſineſs, as well as converſation, ran in that language, it was hardly poſſible for him to write upon public affairs without ſome tincture of it in his ſtyle, though in his other writings there be little or nothing of it to be obſerved; and, as he has often aſſured me, it was a thing he never affected; ſo, upon the objections made to his former Memoirs, he blotted out ſome *French* words in theſe, and placed *Engliſh* in their ſtead, though perhaps not ſo ſignificant.

There is one thing proper to inform the reader, why theſe Memoirs are called the *Third part*, there having never been publiſhed but one part before, where, in the beginning, the Author mentions a former part, and in the concluſion promiſes

miſes a third. The ſubject of the firſt part was chiefly the Triple Alliance, during the negotiation of which my lord *Arlington* was ſecretary of ſtate and chief miniſter. Sir *William Temple* often aſſured me, he had burnt thoſe Memoirs; and for that reaſon was content his letters, during his embaſſies at the *Hague* and *Aix la Chapelle*, ſhould be printed after his death, in ſome manner to ſupply that loſs.

What it was that moved Sir *William Temple* to burn thoſe firſt Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from ſome paſſages in the ſecond part, formerly printed: In one place, the Author has theſe words, "My lord *Arlington*, who made ſo great "a figure in the former part of theſe "Memoirs, was now grown out of all "credit," *&c.* In other parts, he tells us, "That lord was of the Miniſtry "which broke the Triple League; ad- "viſed the *Dutch* War and *French* Alli- "ance; and in ſhort, was the bottom of "all thoſe ruinous meaſures which the "court of *England* was then taking;" ſo that, as I have been told from a good hand, and as it ſeems very probable, he could

could not think that lord a perſon fit to be celebrated for his part in forwarding that famous League while he was ſecretary of ſtate, who had made ſuch counterplaces to deſtroy it. At the end I have ſubjoined an Appendix, containing, beſides one or two other particulars, a Speech of Sir *William Temple's* in the Houſe of Commons, and an Anſwer of the King's to an Addreſs of that Houſe relating to the Bill of Excluſion, both which are mentioned in theſe Memoirs.

I have only further to inform the Reader, that, although theſe papers were corrected by the Author, yet he had once intended to inſert ſome additions in ſeveral places, as appeared by certain hints or memorandums in the margin; but whether they were omitted out of forgetfulneſs, neglect, or want of health, I cannot determine: One paſſage relating to Sir *William Jones* he was pleaſed to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix. The reſt I know nothing of; but the thread of the ſtory is entire without them.

DEDI-

DEDICATION[k]

TO

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LETTERS,

VOL. I.

TO His moſt Sacred Majeſty, *William* the Third, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c. Theſe Letters of Sir *William Temple* having been left to my care, they are moſt humbly preſented to your Majeſty, by

Your Majeſty's

Moſt dutiful

and obedient Subject,

J. SWIFT.

[k] The Dedication was neglected; nor did his Majeſty take the leaſt notice of him after Sir *William Temple*'s death. ORRERY's *Remark.*

PRE-

PREFACE

TO

r WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LETTERS.

THE collection of letters is owing to the diligence of Mr. *Thomas Dow-rton*, who was Sir *William Temple's* ſe-retary during the whole time wherein ey bear date; and it has ſucceeded very rtunately for the publick that there is ntained in them an account of all the ief tranſactions and negotiations which aſſed in Chriſtendom during the ſeven ears wherein they are dated; as the War om *Holland*, which began in 1665; he Treaty between his majeſty and the iſhop of *Munſter*, with the iſſue of it; ne *French* incuſſion in *Flanders* in the ear 1667; the peace concluded between *pain* and *Portugal* by the king's medi-tion; the treaty at *Breda*; the *Triple lliance*; the peace at *Aix-la-Chapelle* in he firſt part; and, in the ſecond part, he negotiations in *Holland* in conſequence f thoſe alliances, with the ſteps and de-

grees by which they came to decay; the journey and death of Madam; the ſeiſure of *Lorrain* and his excellency's re-calling, with the firſt unkindneſs between *England* and *Holland*, upon the yacht's tranſporting his lady and family; and the begining of the ſecond *Dutch* war in 1671. With theſe are intermixed ſeveral letters, familiar and pleaſant.

I found the book among Sir *William Temple's* papers, with many other, wherewith I had the opportunity of being long converſant, having paſſed ſeveral years in his family.

I pretend no other part than the care that Mr. *Dowarton's* book ſhould be correctly tranſlated, and the letters placed in the order they were writ. I have alſo made ſome literal amendments, eſpecially in the *Latin*, *French*, and *Spaniſh*; theſe I took care ſhould be tranſlated and printed in another column, for the uſe of ſuch readers as may be unacquainted with the originals. Whatever fault there may be in the tranſlation, I doubt I muſt anſwer for the greater part, and muſt leave the reſt to thoſe friends who where pleaſed to aſſiſt me.

I ſpeak only of the *French* and *Latin*; the few *Spaniſh* tranſlations I believe l no apology.

t is generally believed that this Author advanced our *Engliſh* tongue to as great rfection as it can well bear[1]; and yet r great a maſter he was of it, as I k, never appeared ſo much as it in thoſe letters, wherein the ſtyle ap- s ſo very different, according to the rence of the perſons to whom they e addreſſed, either men of buſineſs or , of pleaſure or ſerious, of great or leſs parts or ability, in their ſeveral ons; ſo that one may diſcover the acters of moſt of thoſe perſons he es to, from the ſtile of his letters.

t the end of each volume, is added ollection, copied by the ſame hand, veral letters to this ambaſſador, from chief perſons employed, either at ie or abroad, in theſe tranſactions, during ſix years courſe of his nego- ons; among which are many from penſionary *John De Wit*, and all the

[1] ow admirably the Dean red, or rather improved upon, this excellent pattern, his works abundantly teſtify.

writings of this kind, that I know of, which remain of that miniſter, ſo renowned in his time.

It has been juſtly complained of as a defect among us, that the *Engliſh* tongue has produced no letters of any value[m]; to ſupply which it has been the view of late years, to tranſlate ſeveral out of other languages, though I think with little ſucceſs; yet, among many advantages, which might recommend this ſort of writing, it is certain that nothing is ſo capable of giving a true account of ſtories, as Letters are, which deſcribe actions while they are breathing, whereas all other relations are of actions paſt and dead, ſo as it hath been obſerved, that the epiſtle of *Cicero* to *Atticus* gave a better account of thoſe times than is to be found in any other writer.

In theſe Letters, the reader will every where diſcover the force and ſpirit of this Author; but that which will moſt value them to the publick, both at home and abroad, is, firſt, that the matters contain-

[m] The Dean's Epiſtolary Correſpondence may now be appealed to, as an anſwer to any ſuch complaint.

ed

d in them were the ground and founda-
ion, whereon all the wars and invaſions,
s well as all the negotiations and treaties
f peace in Chriſtendom have ſince been
aiſed. And next, that they are written
y a perſon who had ſo great a ſhare in
ll thoſe tranſactions and negotiations.

By reſiding in his family, I know the
uthor has had frequent inſtances from
veral great perſons, both at home and
broad, to publiſh ſome Memoirs of thoſe
ffairs and tranſactions, which are the ſub-
ct of the following papers; and parti-
ularly of the Treaties of the *Triple Alli-
nce*, and thoſe of *Aix-la-Chapelle*; but
is uſual anſwer was, that whatever Me-
noirs he had written of thoſe times and
egotiations were burnt; however, that
erhaps after his death ſome papers might
ome out, wherein there would be ſome
ccount of them. By which, as he has
ften told me, he meant theſe Letters.

I had begun to fit them for the preſs
luring the Author's life, but never could
revail for leave to publiſh them; though
e was pleaſed to be at the pains of re-
viewing, and to give me his directions

for digeſting them in order. It has ſince pleaſed God to take this great and good perſon to himſelf; and he having done me the honour to leave and recommend to me the care of his writings, I thought I could not at preſent do a greater ſervice to my country, or to the Author's memory, than by making theſe papers public.

By way of introduction, I need only take notice, that, after the peace of the *Pyrenees*, and his majeſty's happy Reſtoration in 1660, there was a general peace in Chriſtendom (except only the remainder of a war between *Spain* and *Portugal*), until the year 1665, when that between *England* and *Holland* began, which produced a treaty between his majeſty and the biſhop of *Munſter*. And this commences the following Letters.

POEMS

ON

EVERAL OCCASIONS.

BALLYSPELLIN[a].

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

ALL you that wou'd refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at *Ballyſpellin*.

If pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you've been
A month at *Ballyſpellin*.

If ladies cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe's at *Ballyſpellin*.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen*;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of *Ballyſpellin*.

[a] A famous ſpaw in the county of *Kilkenny*, where Dr. *Sheridan* had been to drink the waters, with a favourite lady. See, in Vol. XVII. *The Hiſtory of the Second Solomon*.

Our

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As *Roſs*, or bright *Dunkelling*:
And *Mars* might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Ballyſpellin*.

We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign,
They're queens at *Ballyſpellin*.

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the power of quelling
Such deſperate foes as dare oppoſe
Their power at *Ballyſpellin*.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at *Ballyſpellin*.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their *Anne* or *Nell* in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with *Ballyſpellin*.

No politicks, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of theſe at *Ballyſpellin*.

The troubled mind, the puſt with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are ſure to work their cure
By drinking *Ballyſpellin.*

If dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyſpellin.*

Death throws no darts thro' all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die,*
But *live* at *Ballyſpellin:*

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in;
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyſpellin.*

Good chear, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at *Ballyſpellin.*

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a yelling;
Except you wake, for *Cælia's* ſake,
All night at *Ballyſpellin.*

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at *Ballyſpellin.*

My rhimes are gone; I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But ſince I'm here to heaven ſo near,
I can't at *Ballyſpellin!*

THE ANSWER.

By Dr. SWIFT[b].

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute,
And think there's no refelling
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe
You give to *Ballyſpellin?*

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and ſcours the blood,
When drunk at *Ballyſpellin.*

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty *Ballyſpellin.*

[b] This anſwer was reſented by Dr. *Sheridan*, as an affront on himſelf and the lady he attended to the ſpaw.

Llewellyn

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt doctor *Pellin*;
So hard ſometimes you tug for rhimes,
To bring in *Ballyſpellin*.

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
That meet at *Ballyſpellin*.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At *Market-hill* more beaux can kill,
Than yours at *Ballyſpellin*.

Would I was whipt, when *Sheelah* ſtript,
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paultry *Ballyſpellin*.

Your mawkins there ſmocks *hempen* wear,
Of *Holland* not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyſpellin*.

But *Tom* will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Becauſe he gets a few *griſettes*,
At louſy *Ballyſpellin*.

There's

There's bonny *Jane*, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt the *Bell-inn*;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your *Ballyſpellin*?

We have a girl deſerves an earl;
She came from *Enniſkillin*;
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at *Ballyſpellin*.

How would you ſtare, to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowſe,
Who lives at *Ballyſpellin!*

Now as I live, I would not give
A *Stiver* for a *Skellin*,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at *Ballyſpellin*.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe,
Deſerves a good cudgelling:
Who falſly boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty *Ballyſpellin*.

My rhimes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling.
As proper quite as thoſe you write,
To force in *Ballyſpellin*.

BOUTS

BOUTS RHIMES.

On Signora DOMITILLA.

OUR ſchool-maſter may rave i' th' fit
Of claſſic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inſpires ſuch wit
As th' ogling beams of *Domitilla*.

Let nobles toaſt, in bright *champain*,
Nymphs higher born than *Domitilla*;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In *Berkeley's* tar, or ſars-parilla.

At *Goodmans-Fields* I've much admir'd
The poſtures ſtrange of monſieur *Brilla*;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
The gliding air, of *Domitilla?*

Virgil has eterniz'd in ſong
The flying footſteps of *Camilla*:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dream'd of *Domitilla*.

Great *Theodoſe* condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his *Placilla*,
And duce take *London*, if ſome knight
O' th' city wed not *Domitilla*.

Wheeler,

Wheeler, Sir *George*, in travels wiſe,
Gives us a medal of *Plantilla*;
But O! the empreſs has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breaſt like *Domitilla*.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd *Italy*,
Pil'd on the mules of king *At-tila*,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, ſnatch'd from *Domitilla*.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped *Harrow of the Hill*, a-
—'bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd
let
To verſe—but not for *Domitilla*.

Dan *Pope* conſigns *Belinda's* watch
To the fair ſylphid *Momentilla*,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' ſnow-white hands of *Domitilla*.

ON

The Counteſs of DONEGAL.

UNERRING heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom *Jove* endow'd with every grace:
The glory of the *Granard* race;

Now

Now deſtin'd by the powers divine,
The bleſſing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchleſs dame,
Whom you'd conſign to endleſs fame?
Invoke not *Cytherea's* aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid,
Nor need you on the Graces call;—
Take qualities from *Donegal*.

ON

PADDY's Character of the INTELLIGENCER.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an *Iriſh* cabbin's brow,
Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *Entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poets brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe-buſh for ſpite.
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightening ſpares*.
And now, to exemplify this moral,
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel

(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
A trophy, on his temple-ſide);
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair,
And thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by [c] *Medley's* model,
Lets drive at *Tom's* devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Humms like a hornet at his noſe,
At length, preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The *Dean*, *Tom's* honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to *Jove*, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt,
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The *ſpiteful inſect* ſtung the god.

[c] A dean then in *Ireland*, and would-be-poet, who hoped to arrive at fame, by attacking that of other writers.

A RIDDLE.

A RIDDLE.

By Dr. DELANY.

Inſcribed to the Lady CARTERET.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot.
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide,
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Tho' ſometimes they ſay I bewitch and do harm;

Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical miror I'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers, ſafe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell;
Tho' my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in You

The ſame anſwered by Dr. SWIFT.

WITH half an Eye
Your *Riddle* I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes
Is ſtrained thro' glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet,
I flatly deny it:

It wanders about,
Without ſtirring out,
No paſſion ſo weak
But gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion
Set it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magick,
Which you ſay it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound
And revive above ground.
After all you have writ,
It cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from *Apollo*,
Its cowardice ſuch,
It cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milkſop,
Grows drunk with a drop;
Another great fault,
It cannot bear ſalt;
And a hair can diſarm
It of every charm.

A RIDDLE. By Dr. SWIFT.

To my Lady CARTERET.

FROM *India's* burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales by Zephyrs fraught.
Not *Iris*, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhew more different hue than I;
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt,
I'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft in hand of lady fair.
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhime—and you're the man.

Anſwered by Dr. SHERIDAN.

YOUR houſe of hair and lady's hand
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now——'tis plain enough——
Your hairy buſineſs is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſt and ſails.
And for the rhime to *you're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

A young

A young LADY'S COMPLAINT FOR The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND.

BLOW, ye *Zephyrs*, gentle gales,
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye *Nereids* fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in *May*,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, *Neptune*, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer *Argo* wait:
Argo, bring my *Golden-fleece*,
Argo, bring him to his *Greece*.
Will *Cadenus* longer ſtay?
Come, *Cadenus*, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee,
Luſcious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,

And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;
All are ripe and courting ſue,
To be pluck'd and preſs'd by you.
Pinks have loſt their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid ſeems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wond'rous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, *Cadenus*, bleſs once more,
Bleſs again thy native ſhore,
Bleſs again this drooping iſle,
Make its weeping beauties ſmile,
Beauties that thine abſence mourn,
Beauties wiſhing thy return:
Come, *Cadenus*, come with haſte,
Come before the winter's blaſt;
Swifter than the lightening fly,
Or I, like *Vaneſſa*, die.

A LETTER

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

When in ENGLAND, in MDCCXXVI.

YOU will excuſe me, I ſuppoſe,
For ſending rhyme inſtead of proſe,
Becauſe hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more eaſy.

While you are trudging *London* town,
I'm ſtroling *Dublin* up and down;
While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chuſe companions as I pleaſe.
I'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with [d] *Fauſtina*,
I'm charm'd at home, with our *Sheelina*.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I'm cramming here with butcher's meat:

[d] Signora *Fauſtina*, a famous *Italian* ſinger.

You

You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, *Cyprus*, and *Tokay*;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What tho' you mayn't in *Ireland* hope
To find ſuch folk as *Gay* and *Pope*;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen *Popes* and *Gays*.

Our weather's good, our ſky is clear,
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by *Ireland's-eye!*
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to *Quilca* go;
To ſee *Mc. Fayden's* horny brothers,
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers.
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;
My ſhatter'd firs, my blaſted oaks,
My houſe in common to all folks;

No cabbage for a ſingle ſnail,
My turnips, carrots, parſnips, fail;
My no green peaſe, my few green ſprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horſes rid, or gone aſtray;
My fiſh all ſtol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.

A man, come now from *Quilca*, ſays,
They've[e] ſtolen the locks from all your keys:
But, what muſt fret and vex me more,
He ſays, *they* ſtole the keys before.
They've ſtol'n the knives from all the forks,
And half the cows from half the ſturks;
Nay more, the fellow ſwears and vows,
They've ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:
With many more accounts of woe.
Yet, tho' the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reaſon's clear,
Becauſe I've more vexation here.

[e] *They*, is the grand chief of the county of *Cavan*; for whatever is ſtolen, if you enquire of a ſervant about it, the anſwer is, *They* have ſtolen it.

PALI-

PALINODIA.

HOR. Od. xvi. lib. I.

GREAT Sir, than *Phœbus* more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine;
Look down upon your quondam foe,
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
Should you compaſſion ſhew.

Take thoſe Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour;
If not, they'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roul on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your phyſick take,
I muſt intreat you then to make
A proper application;

'Tis

'Tis what I've done myſelf before,
With *Dan's* fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
A gooſe attack a ſwan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her huſband's hands and face aſſail,
While he's no longer man.

Tho' ſome we find are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wond'rous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector;
But, when the world's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chuſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find,
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. *Patrick's* chymes
Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe),
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

Have done, have done, I quit the field,
To you, as to my wife, I yield;
As ſhe muſt wear the breeches,
So ſhall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human kind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle* and *Smigleſius*,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain:
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That Inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute;
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks diſturb their mind;

They

hey eat their meals, and take their ſport,
or know who's in or out at court.
hey never to the levee go
o treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
hey never importune his grace,
or ever cringe to men in place;
or undertake a dirty job,
ot draw the quill to write for *Bob*;
raught with invective they ne'er go
o folks at *Pater-noſter-row:*
o judges, fidlers, dancing-maſters,
o pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
re known to honeſt quadrupeds:
o ſingle brute his fellows leads.
rutes never meet in bloody fray,
or cut each other's throats for pay.
f beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
omes neareſt us in human ſhape;
ike man, he imitates each faſhion,
nd malice is his ruling paſſion:
ut, both in malice and grimaces,
courtier any ape ſurpaſſes:
ehold him humbly cringing wait
pon the miniſter of ſtate;
iew him ſoon after to inferiors
ping the conduct of ſuperiors:

He

He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators.
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike, for all ape all.

A POEM ON

The Dean of St. PATRICK's BIRTH-DAY,

Being on *Nov.* 30. St. ANDREW's-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Intranc'd in ſofteſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be.
The *Queen of dreams*, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. *Patrick's Dean*;
I ſtraight

I ſtraight beheld on either hand
Two ſaints, like *guardian angels*, ſtand,
And either claim'd him for their ſon,
And thus the high diſpute begun:
St. *Andrew* firſt, with reaſon ſtrong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong.
"SWIFT is my own, by right divine,
"All born upon this day are mine."
St. *Patrick* ſaid, "I own this true,
"So far he does belong to you:
"But in my church he's born again,
"My ſon adopted, and *my Dean*.
"When firſt the *Chriſtian-truth* I ſpread,
"The poor within this iſle I fed,
"And, darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,
"Made knowledge in their place commence;
"Nay more, at my divine command,
"All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
"I made both Peace and Plenty ſmile.
"*Hibernia* was my favourite iſle;
"Now *his*—for he ſucceeds to me,
"Two *angels* cannot more agree.
"His joy is to relieve the poor;
"Behold them weekly at his door!
"His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,
"He like the ſun to all conveys,

" Shews *wiſdom* in a ſingle page,
" And in one hour inſtructs an age.
" When ruin lately ſtood around
" Th' incloſures of my *ſacred ground*,
" He glorioufly did interpoſe,
" And ſav'd it from invading foes;
" For this I claim immortal SWIFT,
" As my own ſon, and heaven's beſt gift."
The *Caledonian* ſaint enrag'd,
Now cloſer in diſpute engag'd,
Eſſays to prove by tranſmigration,
The *Dean* is of the *Scottiſh* nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he choſe
The loyal ſoul of great MONTROSE;
" MONTROSE and HE are both the ſame,
" They only differ in the name:
" Both heroes in a righteous cauſe,
" Aſſert their liberties and laws;
" *He*'s now the ſame, MONTROSE was then,
" But that the *ſword* is turn'd a *pen*,
" A *pen* of ſo great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's *ſword*."
Now words grew high—we can't ſuppoſe
Immortals ever come to blows,
But, leſt unruly paſſion ſhou'd
Degrade them into fleſh and blood,

An

n *angel* quick from heaven deſcends,
nd he at once the conteſt ends.
" Ye reverend pair, from diſcord ceaſe,
Ye both miſtake the preſent caſe;
One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
To ſo much virtue! ſo much ſenſe;
Search *heaven's* record; and there you'll
find,
That HE was born for all mankind."

) DE ON SCIENCE.

) H! heav'nly born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt Science ever dwells
Beneath this moſſy cave;
dulge the verdure of the woods:
ith azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

ır Melancholy ever reigns
:lighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
hile *Dian*, huntreſs of the vales,
:ks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, Goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
'Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring Zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright *Aſtræa* gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles;
In vain the Zodiac ſyſtem rolls;
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom, with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Erne bear on azure wing:
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So when *Amphion* had the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound,
And petrifying ſong.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The Gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid,
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſt and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus *Dædalus* and *Ovid* too,
That man's a blockhead have confeſt,
Powel and *Stretch* [f] the hint purſue,
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

The ſame great truth *South-ſea* [g] hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*,
Where thouſands by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What *Momus* was of old to *Jove*,
The ſame a *Harlequin* is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a *Punch* below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear,
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

[f] Two puppet-ſhow men.
[g] See the poem on the *South Sea* project.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
  Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within,
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
  Are oft but wiſdom in machine.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
  And timber as a lord take place,
A ſtatue may put on a frown
  And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
  And made to act for ends unknown,
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
  And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a ſcolding wife
  Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life,
  Mix'd and imbitter'd by a *Joan*.

In ſhort, whatever men purſue
  Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view,
  Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

So on, great *Stretch*, with artful hand,
  Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
  Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhewn,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame.
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell *Tom* he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs;
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of *Punch* will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

On PSYCHE[h].

AT two afternoon for our *Pſyche* inquire,
Her tea kettle's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitering, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?

[h] Mrs. *Sican*, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. *John Sican*, an eminent grocer in *Dublin*.

ıs, a greyhound out-runs the whole
pack in a race,
would rather be hang'd than he'd
leave a warm place.
gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in
pain;
ever with prudence takes care of the
main.
pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chuſe
a nice bit;
her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her
wit.
oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace
ev'ry market,
would do your heart good, to ſee how
ſhe will cark it.
beware of her arts, for it plainly ap-
pears,
ſaves half her victuals, by feeding your
ears.

Mrs. HOUGHTON of *Bormount*, upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a god of your
ſpouſe,
t this neither reaſon nor conſcience al-
lows;

Perhaps

Perhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find,
For you, by this rule, muſt adore all mankind.

On the Collar of Mrs. DINGLEY's Lap-dog.

PRAY ſteal me not, I'm Mrs, *Dingley's*,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

A left-handed Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN[1].

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer, than we were at firſt.
Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely muſt tell ye,
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.

[1] All the humour of this poem is loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

Tho'

ho' *Delany* advis'd you to plague me no longer,
ou reply and rejoin like *Hoadley* of *Bangor*.
muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore:
ow many to anſwer? One, two, three, four,
ıt, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
ou treat me like a boy that knocks-down his foe,
/ho, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing blow.
et I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
/ould, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah, "yield:"
) the *French*, when our generals ſoundly did pay 'em,
/ent triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum*:
) the famous *Tom Leigh*, when quite run a ground,
omes off by out-laughing the company round.

In

In every vile pamphlet you'll read the
ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further
advances.
My offers of peace you ill underſtood,
Friend *Sheridan*, when will you know
your own good?
'Twas to teach you in moderate language
your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude
t'ye.
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief
intends,
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, "Let us
"be friends."
But we like *Antæus* and *Hercules* fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you
write;
And I'll uſe you as he did that over-grown
clown,
I'll firſt take you up, and then take you
down:
And 'tis your own caſe, for you never
can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he's
heav'd from the ground.

I beg

I beg your pardon for uſing my left-hand; but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs.

September 20, 1718.

I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure; but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

Upon ſtealing a CROWN when the DEAN was aſleep.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy-wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour door:
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe?
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound.
Then ſleep, my friend, dear Dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me. The

The DEAN'S Anſwer.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens [k] and ſix pence ha'-
penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye?
I thought the lady [l] at St. *Cath'rines*
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with *Agmon-*
diſham [m],
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

Saturday Night.

[k] An *Engliſh* ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen-pence in *Ireland*.

[l] Lady *Montcaſhel*.

[m] *Agmondiſham Veſey*, Eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great eſteem.

Probatur

Probatur aliter.

A Long-ear'd beaſt, and a field-houſe for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a bird that prates,
The bridegrooms firſt gift to their mates,
s by all pious Chriſtians thought.
n clergymen the greateſt fault.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and woman of *Endor*,
f your wife be a ſcold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beaſt, and med'cine's uſe,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and ſpruce.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and holy fable,
trengthens the ſhoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and *Rheninſh* wine,
ies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and *Flanders* college,
s Dr. *T*——*l*, to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and bird of night,
Ve ſinners are too apt to ſlight.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a ſhameful vermin,
judge will eat, tho' clad in ermin.

A long-

Can leave a mark and give a ſmart.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and *Iriſh* cart,
A long-ear'd beaſt in mud to lie,
No bird in air ſo ſwift can fly.
A long-ear'd beaſt and a ſputt'ring old whig,
I wiſh he were in it and dancing a jig.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable ſmell both morning and night.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the child of a ſheep,
At whiſt they will make a deſperate ſweep.
A beaſt long-ear'd, and till midnight you ſtay,
Will cover a houſe much better than clay.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the drink you love beſt,
You call him a ſloven in earneſt or jeſt.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and the ſixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unleſs I look'd better.
A long-ear'd beaſt give me, and eggs unſound,
Or elſe I will not ride one inch of ground.

A long-

A long-ear'd beaſt, another name for jeer,
To ladies ſkins there is nothing comes ſo near.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and kind noiſe of a cat,
Is uſeful in journies; take notice of that.
A long-ear'd beaſt, and what ſeaſons your beef,
On ſuch an occaſion the law gives relief.
A long-ear'd beaſt, a thing that force muſt drive in,
Bears up his houſe, that's of his own contriving.

CLUB-VERSES.

BE mi ſol ab ride lis as ſit formis as
ſora mare,
Amat i, a ruas apto prata ſe ver.
Do es ure dean ab uſu
Heris abrato fine Patri geſto
At nite. Cani prognoſtick
Arrogavit me.

A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. SWIFT, *Vicar of* Laracor; *upon lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of* ——, *till his own was built.*

AN oaken, broken, elbow-chair;
A cawdle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-ſword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd acroſs, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A diſh which might good meat afford once;
An *Ovid*, and an old *Concordance*;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water:
There likewiſe is a copper ſkillet,
Which runs as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all,
And thus his houſhold-goods you have all.

Theſe,

Theſe, to your lordſhip, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll ſerve your lordſhip for a ſhift;
Why not, as well as doctor *Swift*?

Verſes by Dr. SWIFT, *on his Curate's Complaint of hard Duty.*

I March'd three miles through ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand:
I rode four more to *Great St. Mary*,
Uſing four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing *Hymen*:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run:
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*,
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it!

A Letter from the Rev. Dean SWIFT's *Cook-Maid, to the Rev. Dr.* SHERIDAN. *In Imitation of* FRANCES HARRIS's *Petition*[m].

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man
ſince my mother bound my head,
You a gentleman? marry come up, I
wonder where you were bred?
I am ſure ſuch words does not become a
man of your cloth,
I would not give ſuch language to a dog,
faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave; fye,
Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better
things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave! in your teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis
a ſhame and a ſin,
The Dean my maſter is an honeſter man
than you and all your kin;
He has more goodneſs in his little finger
than you have in your whole body;
My maſter is a perſonable man, and not a
ſpindle-ſhankt hoddy-doddy.

[m] See Vol. VI. p. 96.

And now whereby I find, you would fain
make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day in anger call'd
you a gooſe;
Which I am ſure, I have been his ſervant
four years ſince *October*,
And he never call'd me worſe than *Sweet-*
heart, drunk or ſober;
Not that his reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,
Tho' you and your comrogues keep him
ſo late in your wicked college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave.
A chriſtian and eat graſs!
Whereby, you now confeſs yourſelf to be
a gooſe or an aſs.
But that is as much as to ſay, that maſter
he ſhould die before you,
Well, well, that is as God pleaſes, and I
don't believe then that's a true ſtory;
I am ſure, never the truer for your ſaying
ſo, and ſo ſay your worſt,
And I hope for all that, to ſee your own
head laid low firſt;
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go
tell my maſter, what care I?
I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to
Mary;

Every body knows I love to ſpeak truth
and ſhame the devil,
I am but a poor ſervant, but I think, gentle-
folks ſhould be civil;
Beſides, you found fault with our vittles
one day you was here,
I remember it was upon *Tueſday*, of all
days in the year;
And *Saunders* the man too ſays, you are
always jeſting and mocking,
Mary, ſaid he one day, as I was mending
my maſter's ſtocking,
My maſter is ſo fond of the miniſter that
keeps the ſchool,
I thought my maſter was a wiſe man, but
that makes him a fool,
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a
quart of ale,
He would come into our kitchen, I
would pin a diſh-clout to his tail.

To a Friend, who had been much abuſed in many different Libels.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd
by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;

The

he vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
et ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
nd calumny, by working under ground,
an, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What's to be done? Shall wit and learning chuſe
o live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
y cenſure frighted out of honour's road,
or dare to uſe the gifts by heav'n beſtow'd;
r fearleſs enter in thro' virtue's gate,
nd buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

ON NOISY TOM.

——Qui promittit, cives, urbem ſibi curæ
mperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum;
uo patre ſit natus, num ignota matre inhoneſtus,
mnes mortales curare, et quærere cogit.
une Syri, Damæ, aut Dionyſii filius audes
ejicere e ſaxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

HOR. Lib. i. Sat. vi. ver. 34—39.

Tranſlated literally.

WHOEVER promiſeth (in the ſenate) to take the city (of *Rome*) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, *Italy*, and the temples of the gods; ſuch a man compelleth all mortals curiouſly to enquire from what father he ſprung, and whether his mother were ſome obſcure diſhonourable female. (The people would cry out) What! thou, the ſon of *Cyrus**, or *Damas**, or *Dionyſius**, dareſt thou caſt our citizens down the *Tarpeian* rock, or deliver them priſoners to *Cadmus* [n]?

PARAPHRASED.

IF noiſy *Tom* [o] ſhould in the S-n-te prate,
That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;

* Uſual names of ſlaves at *Rome*.

[n] *Cadmus* was a lictor, an officer who ſeized on criminals, like a conſtable, or meſſenger of the H—— of C——.

[o] Sir *Thomas P*——.

And

And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection:
All mortals muſt be curious to enquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
What! thou, the ſpawn of him [p] who ſham'd our iſle,
That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile.
Though by the female ſide [q] you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
What was thy grandſire [r] but a mountaineer,
Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
Whoſe maſter, *Moore* [s], preſerv'd him from the halter,
For ſtealing cows; nor could he read the pſalter?

[p] The father of Sir *Thomas* ****, who engaged in a plot to murder king *William* III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet.

[q] *C—d—g—n's* family.

[r] A poor thieving cottager under Mr. *Moore*, condemned at *Clonmell* aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows.

[s] The grandfather of *Guy Moore*, Eſq; who procured him a pardon.

Durſt

Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the S-n-te chaſe
Thy founder's grandſon [f], and uſurp his place?
Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
Survive in thee, and make the proverb good [t].
Then vote a worthy citizen [u] to jail,
In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail.

[f] *Guy Moore* was fairly elected member of Parliament for *Clonmell*; but Sir *Thomas*, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of *Parſon-hunters*, petitioned the houſe againſt him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

[t] "Save a thief from the "gallows, and he will cut "your throat."

[u] Mr. *George Faulkner*, a very honeſt eminent printer in *Dublin*, who was voted to *Newgate* upon a ridiculous complaint of one ſerjeant *Betteſworth*.

It

It is well known, that Queen Anne *had nominated Dr.* Swift *to an* Engliſh *biſhoprick, which was oppoſed by Dr.* Sharp, *archbiſhop of* York, *and the dutcheſs of* Somerſet, *who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aſide the nomination, which her majeſty refuſed; but, the dutcheſs falling on her knees, and ſhewing the following prophecy to her majeſty, the biſhoprick was given to another. See the Poem,* The Author on himſelf, Vol. VII.

The *Windſor* Prophecy.

About three months ago, at *Windſor*, a poor knight's widow was buried in the Cloiſters. In digging the grave, the ſexton ſtruck againſt a ſmall leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had diſcovered a treaſure, opened it with ſome difficulty; but found only a ſmall parchment, rolled up very faſt, put into a leather caſe; which caſe was tied at the top, and ſealed with a St. *George*, the

the impreſſion on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old *Engliſh* letter, and in the orthography of the age, which ſeems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a ſhift to obtain a copy of it; but the tranſcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the ſpelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. *W*—, F.R.S. where, I ſuppoſe, the curious will not be refuſed the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it.

The lines ſeem to be a ſort of prophecy, and written in verſe, as old prophecies uſually are, but in a very hobbling kind of meaſure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, ſeveral perſons were of opinion, that they deſerved to be publiſhed, both as they diſcover ſomewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amuſement to the preſent.

" When

" When a holy black *Swede* [v], the ſon
of *Bob*,
With a *ſaint* at his chin, and a *ſeal* at his
fob,
hall not ſee one [w] New-years-day in that
year,
Then let old *Englond* make good chear:
Vindſor and *Briſtow* then ſhall be
oined together in the *Low-countree*.
Then ſhall the tall black [x] *Deventry Bird*
peak againſt peace right many a word;
And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall flit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* [y] that *crawls on
all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no
more.
But *Englond* muſt cry alack and well-a-
day,
If the *ſtick* be taken from the *dead ſea*.

[v] Dr. *Robinſon*, biſhop of *Briſtol*, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the peace of *Utrecht*.

[w] There was eleven days difference between the Old and New ſtyle, the latter received at *Utrecht* before his Biſhop went thither, but which did not take place in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* until *Sept.* 2, 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called *Sept.* 13. The Biſhop therefore ſet out from *England* before *Jan.* 1. O. S.

[x] Earl of *Nottingham*.

[y] Duke of *Marlborough*.

And,

And, dear *Englond*, if aught I underſtand,
Beware of *Carrots* from *Northumberland* [z].
Carrots ſown *Thynne* [a] a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Sommer ſet*:
Their [b] *Conyngs mark* thou, for I have been told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
Root out theſe *Carrots*, O thou [c], whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that *name*,
Which [d] backwards and forwards is almoſt the ſame.

[z] Lady *Elizabeth Percy*, ſole daughter and heir of *Joceline Percy*, earl of *Northumberland*, was married to *Charles Seymour*, duke of *Somerſet*.

[a] *Thomas Thynne*, Eſq; a gentleman of very great eſtate, who was courting the above lady, after the death of her firſt huſband *Henry Cavendiſh*, earl of *Ogle*, only ſon to *Henry* duke of *Newcaſtle*, who died before he was of age to-cohabit with her, being ſet upon in the *Hay-Market*, *London*, was murdered by Count *Coningſmark*, a *Poliſh* nobleman (who paid his addreſſes to this lady, but was refuſed) and two ruffians, who ſhot Mr. *Thynne* in his coach. The count made his eſcape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, erected to the memory of Mr. *Thynne*, upon an entablature of which this tranſaction of his murder is repreſented.

[b] Count *Coningſmark*.

[c] *Anna* Regina.

[d] Lady *Maſham*.

And,

l, *Englond*, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
y thoſe *Carrots* under a [e] *Hill*.

RSES occaſioned by the ſudden dry-ng up of St. PATRICK's WELL near *rinity-College*, *Dublin*, in 1726.

Y holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame[f],
To thee, once fav'rite iſle, with joy I came;
at time the *Goth*, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
l my own native *Italy* [g] o'er-run.
e, to the world's remoteſt parts,
own'd for valour [h], policy, and arts.

ady *Maſham's* maiden was *Hill*.
'eſtus *Avienus* flouriſhed). See his poem *De ritimis*, where he uſes expreſſion concerning *t*, "Inſula ſacra et Inſulam dixere priſci; ique late Gens Hiber-um colit."
taly was not properly tive place of St. *Patrick*, e place of his education, here he received his n; and becauſe he had w birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture-figure, our author calls that country his native *Italy*.

[h] *Julius Solinus*, wh olived about the time of *Tacitus*, in the year 80, Chap. 21. ſpeaking of the *Iriſh* as a warlike nation, ſays, that the wives in *Ireland*, when delivered of a ſon, give the child its firſt food off the point of their huſband's ſword. "Puerpera, "ſi quando marem edidit, "primos Cibos Gladio im-"ponit mariti, inque os Par-

Hither from *Colchos* [i], with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee [k], happy iſland, *Pallas* call'd her own,
When haughty *Britain* was a land unknown:
From thee, with pride, the *Caledonians* [l] trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:

" vuli ſummo mucrone ali-
" mentorum leviter infert et
" gentilibus votis optat non
" aliter quam in bello et inter
" arma mortem oppetat."
Again, " Præcipua viris glo-
" ria eſt in armorum tutela."

Polydore Vergil ſays, they were diſtinguiſhed for their ſkill in muſick. " Hiberni
" ſunt muſicæ peritiſſimi."
So *Giraldus Cambrenſis*, who was preceptor to king *John*, in his *Topographia Hiberniæ*, cap. 11. " In muſicis ſo-
" lum, præ omni natione
" quam vidimus, incompa-
" rabiliter eſt inſtructa gens
" hæc."

[i] *Orpheus*, or the antient author of the *Greek* poem on the *Argonautic* expedition, whoever he be, ſays that *Jaſon*, who manned the ſhip *Argos* at *Theſſaly*, ſailed to *Ireland*. And *Adrianus Junius* ſays the ſame thing in theſe lines,

Illa ego ſum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne
Dicta, et Jaſoniæ puppis bene cognita nautis.

[k] *Tacitus*, in the life of *Julius Agricola*, ſays, that the harbours of *Ireland*, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of *Britain*. " Solum, cœlumque, et in-
" genia cultuſque hominum,
" haud multum a Britannia
" differunt; melius aditus,
" portuſque per commercia
" et negotiatores cogniti."

[l] *Fordun*, in his *Scoti Chronicon*, *Hector Boethius*, *Buchanan*, and all the *Scotch* hiſtorians agree, that *Fergus*, ſon of *Ferquard* king of *Ireland*, was the firſt king of

Thy

martial ſons, whom now they dare
deſpiſe,
once their land ſubdue and civilize:
ir dreſs, their language, and the
Scottiſh name,
feſs the ſoil from whence the victors
came.
l may they boaſt that ancient blood,
which runs
ıin their veins, who are thy younger
ſons,

d, which country he
:d: that he began to
330 years before the
ian æra; and, in return-
viſit his native country,
hipwrecked on thoſe
n the county of *Antrim*,
from that accident
ıeen ſince named *Car-*
gus. His deſcendants
d after him in *Scotland*;
: crown was ſettled on
ıd his lineal ſucceſſors.
e liſt of the kings of
d in *Hector Boethius*
eorge Buchanan, which
thus: "1. Ferguſius
nus Scotorum rex, filius
quardi regis Hiberniæ,
ıare incepit anno ante
iſti Servatoris in car-
ı adventum trecenteſi-
" mo trigeſimo. Regnavit
" annis xxv, et naufragio
" periit ad Scopulum Fer-
" guſis (Cragfergus verna-
" cule) in mari Hiberniæ."

The *Iriſh* language and habit are ſtill retained in the northern parts of *Scotland*, where the *Highlanders* ſpeak the *Iriſh* tongue, and uſe their antient dreſs. As to the name *Scotland*, *Camden*, *de Hibernia*, mentions it from the authority of *Iſidore* and *Beda*, that they called *Ireland Scotia*, and that *Scotland* was termed *Scotia a Scotis Incolis, et inde Scotiæ nomen cum Scotis in Britanniam noſtram commigraſſe*. Bede, Lib. i. cap. 1. ſays, *Hibernia propria Scotorum patria*.

A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt,
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful *Morrough's* aid[m],
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:
Britain, with ſhame confeſs this land of mine[n]
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine;

[m] In the reign of king *Henry* II. *Dermot M'Morrough*, king of *Leinſter*, being deprived of his kingdom by *Roderick O'Connor*, king of *Connaught*, he invited the *Engliſh* over as auxiliaries, and promiſed *Richard Strangbow*, earl of *Pembroke*, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance *M'Morrough* recovered his crown, and *Strangbow* became poſſeſſed of all *Leinſter*. After this, more forces being ſent into *Ireland*, the *Engliſh* became powerful here; and when *Henry* II. arrived, the *Iriſh* princes ſubmitted to his government, and began to uſe the *Engliſh* laws.

[n] St. *Patrick* arrived in *Ireland* in the year 431, and compleated the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by *Palladius* and others. And as biſhop *Nicholſon* obſerves (who was better acquainted with the contents of all the antient hiſtories of both kingdoms than any man of the age), *Ireland* ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtians, as well as the *Engliſh*, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature; *viz.*

My

prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
de your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
t like the paſtors of thy ravenous breed,
10 come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched *Ierne!* with what grief I ſee
e fatal changes time hath made in thee!

ndi et Scholaſticæ Eruditi gratia. For within a ury after the death of St. *ick*, the *Iriſh* ſeminaries arning increaſed to ſuch gree, that moſt parts *urope* ſent hither their lren to be educated, and from hence both their ops and Doctors. See enerable *Bede*, an *Engliſh* rian of undoubted credit, . Eccleſ. Lib. iii. cap. 4,), 11, 27. Among other apoſtles, he ſays, Saint *nb* converted all the *Picts*, many other *Britons*; and Saint *Aidan* was the in- tor of king *Oſwald's* n ſubjects in Chriſtianity. *den, in Hibernia*, writes; bſequente ætate Scoticis onarchis nihil eruditius erit, et in univerſam "Europam ſanctiſſimorum "virorum examina emiſe- "rint." He ſays farther, that they not only repaired to *Ireland* as to the mart of learning, but alſo brought from thence even the form of their letters: "Anglo-Saxones "etiam noſtri illa ætate in "Hiberniam tanquam ad bo- "narum literarum mercatu- "ram undique confluxe- "runt; unde de viris ſanct's "ſæpiſſime in noſtris ſcrip- "toribus legitur; amanda- "tus eſt ad diſciplinam in "Hiberniam. Indeque noſ- "trates Saxones rationem f r- "mandi literas accepiſſe vi- "deantur, quum eodem plane "charactere uſi fuerint, qui "hodie Hibernicis eſt in uſu." And ſee *The Remains of Japhet*, by Dr. *Parſons*, paſſim.

The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! Infidelity return'd again.
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land;
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing °,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.

With omens oft I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpye from the *Britiſh* ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.

° There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads in *Ireland*; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpyes came a ſhort time before, and the *Norway* rats ſince.

What

What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhops geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?

As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.

See, where the new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of *Huns*;
With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offspring round.

Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here from the neighbouring P nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their *Phœbus* I, my ſpring their *Hippocrene*.
Diſcourag'd youths, now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;

P The univerſity of *Dublin*, called *Trinity College*, was founded by queen *Elizabeth* in 1591.

Or,

Or, for the claſſicks read th' attorney's guide;
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! had I been apoſtle to the *Swiſs*,
Or hardy *Scot*, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defy'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Nor fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons, the time is juſt at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the uſe of no *Hibernian* born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords [q] afford thee braſs.

[q] *Wood's* ruinous project againſt the people of *Ireland* was ſupported by Sir *Robert Walpole* in 1724.

But all turn leaſers to that [r] mongrel breed,
Who from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.

I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

To the Rev. Mr. DANIEL JACKSON, to be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

[r] The abſentees, who ſpend the income of their *Iriſh* eſtates, places, and penſions, in *England*.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As *Hercules* the ſky;
Now take him you, *Dan Atlas*, back.
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak,
In compaſs of a day;
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With me you left him out at nurſe,
Yet are you not my debtor,
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhimes and puns, and puns and rhimes,
Juſt as he did before;
And when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
He rhimes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
The more they friſk and ſkip:
The ſchool-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load
(A beaſt of *Iriſh* breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye;
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
He'll ſtrut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear *Dan*, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We'll ſend him to *Delany*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean *Tom*, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threat'n'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.

But,

ıt, I think, little *Dan*, that in ſpite of
what our foe ſays,
e will find I read *Ovid*, and his meta-
morphoſis.
ɔr omitting the firſt (where I make a
compariſon,
'ith a ſort of alluſion to *Putland* or
Harriſon)
et, by my deſcription, you'll find he in
ſhort is,
pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
› I hope from hence forward, you ne'er
will aſk, can I maul
his teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent
animal?
nd if this rebuke might turn to his be-
nefit
'or I pity the man), I ſhould then be
glad of it.

A Copy

A Copy of a Copy of Verſes from THOMAS SHERIDAN, Clerk, to GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Eſq;

Written *July* 15th, 8721, at Night [v].

I'D have you t' know, *George*, *Dan*, *Dean*, and *Nim*,
That I've learned how verſe t' compoſe trim,
Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him
And th't I'd rid'cule their, 'nd our flam flim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps ſays you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark't notes i'th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be moroſe 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'ſtle put m' in a mea-grim;

[s] *George Rochfort*, Eſq;
[t] His brother *John Rochfort*, called *Nim*, becauſe he was a great hunter, from *Nimrod*.
[u] The Rev. Mr. *Daniel Jackſon*.
[w] Dr. *Swift*, dean of St. *Patrick's*.
[v] See an anſwer to theſe verſes in vol. VII. p. 424. And ſome other flights of fancy in conſequence of them, in vol. XVIII.

Though,

Though, 'nrept' t'on day, I' appear ver' ſlim,
Th' laſt bowl 't *Helſham's* did m' head t' ſwim,
So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry ſcrubb'd limb,
Cauſe th' top of th' bowl I'h'd oft us'd t' ſkim;
And b'des [w] *D'lan'* ſwears th't I'h'd ſwall'w'd ſ'v'rl brimmers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pimples: m'r'o'er though m' ſcull were (s'tis n't) 's ſtrong timber, 't muſt have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge Sanh'drim,
pres'nt th'r humbl' and 'fect'nate reſpects; that's t'ſay, *D'lan*, *'chlin*, *P. Ludl'*, *Dic St'wart*, *H'lſham*, capt'n *P'rr' Walmſl'*, and longſh'nks [x] *Timm.*

[w] Dr. *Delany.*
[x] Mr. *Stopford* of *Finglas*, miniſter of that pariſh, afterwards biſhop of *Cloyne.*

A Dialogue

A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer[y], and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. Being an Alluſion to the Firſt Satire of the Second Book of *Horace*.—*Sunt quibus in Satira*, &c.

Written *February*, 1728.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There's too much ſatire in my vein,
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers lore,
What's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or hum'rous proſe,
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgement of a friend,
Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,

[y] Mr. *Lindſay*, who was afterwards a judge of the *Common-Pleas*.

Forbear

Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert that *Hyde* [z], in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a tory:
While *Burnet* [a], in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To *Woolſton* [b] recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?

[z] Earl of *Clarendon*, who wrote of the Civil wars, begun in the year 1641.

[a] Biſhop of *Saliſbury*, who wrote the Hiſtory of his own times, &c.

[b] A degraded clergyman of the church of *England*, who wrote againſt the miracles of our Saviour.

To

To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of *Milton's* choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wiſdom fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That force free virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the Muſes' bower?

As from the tripod of *Apollo*,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
Some, by philoſophers miſled,
Muſt honour you alive and dead;
And ſuch as know what *Greece* hath writ,
Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate,
And you on *Drapier's* [c] *hill* muſt lye,
And there without a mitre dye.

[c] In the county of *Armagh*.

PAULUS.

PAULUS. By Mr. LYNDSAY.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's heats,
In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
While ſmiling nature, in her beſt attire,
Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
Can he, who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?
Thus *Paulus* preach'd:—When entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and dozeth on the laws.

The ANSWER. By Dr. SWIFT.

LYNDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt *Paulus* judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you're all undone?

Did *Paulus* e'er complain of ſweat?
Did *Paulus* e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams,
Soon licks up all unſav'ry ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd:
It has: but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been *Apollo's* friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, or gilding flowers;
Nor for inſpiring poets brains,
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Not for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe,
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom *Paulus* ever muſt adore,
As parents of the golden ore.

By *Phœbus*, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth.
By *Phœbus* firſt produc'd to light,
By *Vulcan* form'd ſo round and bright;
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees;

Nor,

Nor, when we ſee *Aſtræa* ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her ſcales, you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts', the lawyers' gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty *Paulus*, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur?*

But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For *Paulus* and for *Lyndſay's* ſake.
By topicks, which, tho' I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*;
Yet, I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes:
I own the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.

I own, his conſcience always free,
Provided he has got his fee,
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for ſaving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken.
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd,
To prove it I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhew,
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Tho' he was drunk the night before:
And, crop-ſick with unclub'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine.
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In *Engliſh* vile, and viler *French*,
And *Latin*, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee.

Of

Of paper how is he profuſe?
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe;
What pains he takes to be prolix?
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix;
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge,
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe,
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night.
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;
And, diſencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Deſpiſeth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the *Newry* mountains ſides.
Lyndſay, 'tis you have ſet me on,
To ſtate this queſtion *pro* and *con*.
My ſatire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.

I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps he found one honeſt man;

Yet, link them cloſe, in this they jump,
To be but ſharpers in the lump.
Imagine *Lyndſay* at the bar,
He's much the ſame his brethren are,
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's juſt defence,
Muſt deviate oft from common ſenſe;
And make his ignorance diſcern'd,
To get the name of council learn'd,
(As *Lucus* comes a *non Lucendo*),
And wiſely do as other men do;
But ſhift him to a better ſcene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taſte his humour, ſenſe and wit;
You'd ſwear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard where dulneſs over-rules,
To keep good ſenſe in crowds of fools,
And we admire the man who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue at diſcretion,
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lyndſay, you know what pains you take,
In both, yet barely ſave your ſtake;

And

And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters?
For, as the rabble dawb and riſle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd:
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place,
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe,
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To——, ——, and —— ——.

On Dr. RUNDLE, biſhop of DERRY.

MAKE *Rundle* biſhop! fie for ſhame!
An *Arian* to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the HOLY GHOST;

In mother church to bread a variance,
By coupling *Orthodox* with *Arians?*

Yet, were he *Heathen*, *Turk* or *Jew*,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an HOLY GHOST:
The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like *Paul's Epheſians*, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

RUNDLE a biſhop! well he may;
He's ſtill a *Chriſtian* more than they.

We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.

There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has ev'ry circumſtance to pleaſe us,
'Though fools may doubt his faith in J—.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And,

And, is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
'Tho' not ſo goſpel-ward devout:
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine,
But *Mammon* and the *German* line.

Say, how did *Rundle* undermine 'em:
Who ſhew'd a better *Jus divinum*?
From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *Epiſcopari*.

Our biſhop's predeceſſor, *Magus*,
Would offer all the ſands of *Tagus*;
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the *Spirit* ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly *Peter*, "*Magus*, prithee,
"Begone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were *Peter* now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a ſcore of chaps:
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.

Some

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of GOD;
Though ev'n the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by GOD's *Anointed*,
And, well we know, the *Congé Regal*
Is more ſecure as well as legal;
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhopricks are held in ſee.

Dear *Baldwin* chaſte, and witty *Croſſe*,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

AN EPIGRAM.

FRIEND *Rundle* fell with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump:
Poor rump! thou hadſt been better ſped,
Had thou been join'd to *Boulter's* head!
A head ſo weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

The

The FABLE of the BITCHES.

Written in the year 1715, on an Attempt to repeal the Teſt Act.

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town;
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay her.

At length to *Muſick's* [e] houſe ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity,
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
"I'll die, if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth *Bawty* [f] did ſo far prevail;

[e] *Muſick's* houſe, the Church of *England.*

[f] *Bawty* (the name of a bitch in *Scotch*) alludes to the kirk.

That

That *Muſick* gave her leave to litter,
But mark what followed—Faith! ſhe bit her.

Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For, well ſhe knew, her num'rous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.

But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms—"My friend," ſays ſhe,
"My houſe you've had on courteſy;
"And now I earneſtly deſire,
"That you would with your cubs retire:
"For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
"I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."

The gueſt reply'd—"My friend, your "leave
"I muſt a little longer crave!
"Stay till my tender cubs can find
"Their way—for now, you ſee, they're "blind;
"But, when we've gather'd ſtrength, I "ſwear,
"We'll to our barn again repair."

The

The time paſs'd on, and *Muſick* came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But *Bawty*, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—"A bite, a bite!"

The MORAL.

Thus did the *Grecian* wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But *Ilium's* loſt, and *Priam* falls.

Copy of the BIRTH-DAY Verſes on Mr. FORD.

COME, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For *Stella* has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. *Ford* was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;

And not my compliment to ſpoil
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if theſe topicks ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,
I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good manners muſt give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you firſt began,
Are each become a *harridan*;
And *Montague* ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid,
And ev'ry belle that ſince aroſe
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors once in power,
Are now in exile or the Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot.

For, true or falſe, they'll ne'er enquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than *Prior*[a].

In *London*, what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or *Iriſh* phraſe;
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director;
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?
Obſerve where bloody —— ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail,
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To *London* ſtrait return again,
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.

I thought my very ſpleen would burſt
When fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons, names, nor places knew:
But now I act as other fo'ke,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.

[a] *Matt. Prior*, Eſq; with whom the Dean was intimately connected. See above, Letter XL.

If

If you have *London* ſtill at heart,
We'll make a ſmall one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. *James's-Park*, and *Stephen's-Green*;
And *Dawſon-ſtreet* will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as *Pall-Mall*,
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice.
The deanry houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the *Thatcht*[h];
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtumm.
Then, for a middle-aged chamber,
Stella may vye with your main charmer,
She's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The dean and *Sheridan*, I hope,
Will half ſupply a *Gay* and *Pope*,
Corbet[i], though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good *Arbuthnot*;
I throw into the bargain *Tim*;
In *London* can you equal him?

[h] A famous tavern in St. *James's-Street*, near the palace.

[i] Dr. *Corbet*, afterwards dean of St *Patrick's* cathedral, *Dublin*, on the death of Dr. *Maturine*, who ſucceeded Dr. *Swift*.

What

What think you of my fav'rite clan,
Robin[k] and *Jack*, and *Jack* and *Dan*;
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With chearful looks and honeſt hearts?

Can you on *Dublin* look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and *Ormond*[l] born.

Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with *Robert Grattan's* eyes.
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth,
And ſwears *Belcamp*[m] is, to his taſte,
As fine as *Hampton-Court*, at leaſt.
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of *Italy*, or *France*,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you and ſubmit:
But then to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of a gutter,
To live in this or t'other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this,

[k] Rev. *Robert* and *John Grattan*, brothers; *John* and *Daniel Jackſon*.

[l] *James Butler*, the late duke of *Ormond*,

[m] In *Fingall*, about five miles from *Dublin*.

We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen [n]; and on yours in flannel.
You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in ev'ry ſtreet;
While we may trace all *Dublin* o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.

You ſee my arguments are ſtrong,
I wonder you held out ſo long;
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

[n] In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made in *Ireland* to bury in woolen.

A PE-

A PETITION to his Grace the Duke of GRAFTON.

Non Domus aut Fundus—— HOR.

By Dean SMEDLEY.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous ſhift
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
But now St. *Patrick's* ſaucy dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a ſtall,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he leſs a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I, the *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
In humbly lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:

Rejoicing that in better times,
Grafton [o] requires my loyal lines.
Proud! that at once I can commend
King *George's* and the Muſes' friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee,
Diſjoin'd *Hibernia* by the ſea,
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill,
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.

But where ſhall *Smedley* make his neſt,
And lay his wandering head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe
To treat his friends, and chear his ſpouſe?
Oh! lack, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:

[o] *Charles Fitzroy*, duke of *Grafton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

A limpid brook ſhall trouts ſupply,
In *May* to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little *Euſton* may it be,
Euſton I'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then would'ſt ſhew another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the *Artic* wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good *John* [p] indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.

[p] Dr. *John Sterne*, biſhop of *Clogher*, predeceſſor to Dr. *Swift* as dean of St. *Patrick's*.

My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail;
Beſides, the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that's gone to *Down*,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigu'd with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.

Ah! how unlike to *Gerard-Street*,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape ſeed does in plenty grow;
And *Griz* (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, *Hot mutton pies!*
There lady *Luna* in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when *Paunchforth* was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.

There

There——but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to *Connor* from ſweet *London*,
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe——we ſhall be ill at eaſe.

You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient tack,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There, preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and others ſouls.

His GRACE's Anſwer.

By Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed*, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignify'd:

Connor is united to the biſhoprick of *Down*; but here are two deans.

I hope, to make you yet as clean,
As that ſame, *viz.* St. *Patrick's* dean.
I'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe.*
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*,
Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!
While others rack their buſy brains,
Your are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air.*
I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your *dear ſpouſe*, and you together,
May breathe your bellies full of *æther.*
When lady *Luna* is your neighbour,
She'll help your *wife* when ſhe's in labour.
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you ſhall ſee a *raree-ſhew*,
Will make you ſcorn this *world below*,
When

When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day,
The glittering conſtellations roll
About the grinding *Artic* pole.
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſick of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe is *undone*
For quitting her beloved *London*.
When ſhe's exalted in the ſkies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above *dean*, viz.
You'll never think of goody *Griz*.
But ever, ever live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive *your wife to pleaſe*;
In her you'll center all your joys,
And get ten thouſand *girls* and *boys*:
Ten thouſand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like ſtars, ſhall *riſe* and *ſet*.
While *you and ſpouſe*, transform'd, ſhall
ſoon
Be a *new ſun* and a *new moon*:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

Dean

Dean SWIFT at Sir ARTHUR ACHESON's, in the north of IRELAND [r].

THE dean would viſit *Market-Hill*,
Our invitation was but ſlight;
I ſaid—Why let him, if he will,
And ſo I bid Sir *Arthur* write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the devil's in't;
But, he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life, will take the hint.

[r] See Vol. VII. p. 121.

But

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or you may ſay——My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to *Aghnacloy*[s],
Or Mr. *Moore* will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing,
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurpriſing,
How much he eats, how much he ſwills!

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff,
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough!
His horſes too eat all our hay!

[s] The ſeat of *Acheſon Moore*, Eſq;

Oh!

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face, and wainſcot paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe.

Muſt I be every moment chid
With [f] ſkinny bonia, ſnip and lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting tyrant dean!

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To *Neptune* went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal *H—te*[t],
And ſhe would kindly thank him for't;
A wretch! whom *E-gl-h* rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.

The God, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:

[f] The Dean uſed to call lady *Acheſon* by thoſe names.

[t] See in Vol. XVIII, a letter dated *May* 12, 1730.

But

But *Venus* had been there before,
Pleaded the B—— lov'd a w——,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
He own'd no deity beſide.
At ſea, or land, if e'er you found him
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since *B-rn-t's* death, the B——s bench,
'Till *H——te* arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench;
If *H——te* muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one ſingle prelate:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe did intend him,
Elect of *Cyprus*, *in commendam*.
And, ſince her birth the Ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her Uncle's favour.

Then *Proteus* urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;
Said he—" Great ſovereign of the main,
" To drown him all attempts are vain,
" *H——te* can aſſume more forms than I,
" A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy.
" Can creep, or run, or fly, or ſwim,
" All motions are alike to him:
" Turn him adriſt, and you ſhall find
" He knows to ſail with every wind;
" Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
" As well againſt as with the tide.

" But

" But, *Pallas*, you've apply'd too late;
" For 'tis decreed by *Jove* and Fate,
" That *Ireland* muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
" And who but *H--te* ſhould be employ'd?
" You need not then have been ſo pert,
" In ſending *Bolton* [u] to *Clonfert*.
" I found you did it by your grinning;
" Your buſineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe,
" In making B—s, no one knows;
" Or who regarded your report,
" For never were you ſeen at court.
" And, if you muſt have your petition,
" There's *Berkely* [v] in the ſame condition;
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
" If one muſt drown, the other muſt;
" But, if you'll leave us B—p *Judas*,
" We'll give you *Berkely* for *Bermudas* [w].
" Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.

[u] Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, afterwards archbiſhop of *Caſhel*.

[v] Dr. *George Berkely*, a ſenior fellow of *Trinity-College*, *Dublin*, from whence he was made dean of *Derry*, and afterwards biſhop of *Cloyne*.

[w] See his ſcheme in his miſcellanies for erecting an univerſity at *Bermudas*.

" You'll

" You'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and
" damn
" (And every moment take a dram)
" His ghaſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair:
" Or elſe ſome hiding hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhou'd ſay he ſqueaks;
" Or, as *Fitzpatrick* [x] did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his w——;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And, but for ſhame, would ſay his
prayers.
" Or would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſtink?
" If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good madam *Pallas*, pray be eaſy,
" To *Neptune* ſpeak, and he'll conſent;
" But he'll come back the knave he went."

The goodeſs, who conceiv'd an hope,
That *H—te* was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing *Berkely* might be ſcar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

[x] Brigadier *Fitzpatrick* was drowned in one of the packet boats in the bay of *Dublin*, in a great ſtorm.

An Inſcription intended for a Compartment in Dr. SWIFT'S *Monument, deſigned by* CUNNINGHAM, *on* College-Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the DRAPIER'S vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a ſanction from the DRAPIER'S name
Muſt bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by the above Inſcription.

WHICH gave the DRAPIER *Birth* two Realms contend;
And each aſſerts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her Mitre jealous BRITAIN may deny;
That Loſs IERNE'S Laurel ſhall ſupply:
Thro' Life's low Vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him Bread;
Her vocal Stones ſhall vindicate him dead.

B. N.

In the Picture-Gallery at Oxford, *is placed the Portrait of Mr.* Pope, *with this Inſcription:*

ALEXANDER POPE, ARMIGER.
ET,
QVOD EXIMIO APVD ERVDITOS NOMINI
INVIDENDAM ATTVLIT DIGNITATIS
ACCESSIONEM,
EFFIGIEM DEDIT
ET VIRVM COHONESTAVIT,
A. D. MDCCXXII,
HONORATISSIMVS
EDWARDVS COMES OXON. ET MORTIMER.

In Engliſh:

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQUIRE.
And, what gives to a Name admired by the Learned
An Acceſſion of Dignity even to be envied,
This Shadow was preſented,
And the Original honoured,
A. D. MDCCXXII,
By the Right Honourable
Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

In the ſame Gallery is a Portrait of Dr. SWIFT, *with this Inſcription:*

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. S. PATRIC. DVBL.
EFFIGIEM VIRI MVSIS AMICISSIMI,
INGENIO PRORSVS SIBI PROPRIO
CELEBERRIMI,
VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQVATENVS
REDONARET,
PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
IOHANNES BARBER, ARMIGER,
ALDERMANNVS,
NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

In Engliſh:

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN.
This Portrait of the Muſes' Friend,
Of a happy turn of Wit peculiar to himſelf,
That he might in ſome ſort be reſtored
to his Oxford Friends,
Was placed in the Wall of the Bodleian
Gallery,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
At the Deſire of JOHN BARBER, Eſq;
Alderman, and ſome time Lord Mayor of
London.

AFTER this general *Oxford* teſtimony of the Dean, in which that Univerſity affectionately aſſerts her right to him as *no degenerate ſon*, we ſhall ſubjoin that of another writer, whom, it is ſaid, ſhe refuſed to accept as an *adopted* one.

" The *religious Author of the Tale of a* " *Tub* will tell you, *Religion* is but a Re- " ſervoir of Fools and Madmen; and *the* " *virtuous Lemuel Gulliver* will anſwer for " the *State*, that it is a Den of Savages " and Cut-throats. What think you, " Reader? is not the Syſtem round and " great? And now the Fig-leaf is ſo " clearly plucked off, what remains, but " bravely to ſtrike away the rotten Staff, " that yet keeps our old doating Parents " on their laſt Legs!

" Serioufly let it be as they ſay, that " Ridicule and Satire are the Supplement " of public Laws; ſhould not, then, the " Ends of both be the ſame; the Benefit " of Mankind? But where is the Senſe of " a *general* Satire, if the whole Species " be *degenerated?* And where is the

" Juſtice of it, if it be not? The Puniſh-
" ment of Lunaticks is as wiſe as the one,
" and a general Execution as honeſt as the
" other. In ſhort, a general Satire, the
" Work only of ill Men or little Geniuſes,
" was proſcribed of Old both by the *Critick*
" and the *Magiſtrate*, as an Offence
" equally againſt Juſtice and Common
" Senſe."—*A Critical and Philoſophical Enquiry into the Cauſes of Prodigies and Miracles*, &c. *Lond.* 1727. pag. 33. ſuppoſed to have been written by the *Right Reverend Author of the Divine Legation of Moſes*; which is the more probable, becauſe we find, in the Dedication to the latter, p. xv. a ſimilar Cenſure on another part of this Collection, in theſe words:

" However, once on a time a great Wit
" ſet upon this taſk [*ridiculing a love of*
" *public Liberty*]; he undertook to laugh
" at this very virtue, and that too ſo ſuc-
" ceſsfully, that he ſet the whole nation
" a laughing with him. What mighty
" engine, you will aſk, was employed to
" put in motion ſo large a body, and for
" ſo extraordinary a cauſe? In truth, a very
" ſimple one: a *diſcourſe*, of which ALL
" the

" the WIT conſiſts in the TITLE; and that " too ſkulking, as you will ſee, under " one unlucky word. Mrs. *Bull's vindi-* " *cation of the duty of* CUCKOLDOM, *incum-* " *bent upon wives, in caſe of the tyranny,* " *infidelity, or inſufficiency of huſbands* [a]. " Now had the merry reader been but ſo " wiſe as to reflect, that reaſon was the " teſt of ridicule, and not *ridicule the teſt* " *of truth*, he would have ſeen to rectify " the propoſition, and to ſtate it fairly " thus: *The indiſpenſable duty of* DIVORCE, " *&c.* And then the joke had been over, " before the laugh could have begun."

Another Author however, who is allowed by the Biſhop to be no ill judge of the province of Ridicule, ſpeaks of the former work in ſomewhat more moderate terms:

" There is not perhaps in any language " a bolder or ſtronger Ridicule, than the " well-known apologue of *The Tale of a* " *Tub.* Its manifeſt deſign is to recom- " mend the *Engliſh* church, and to diſ- " grace the two extremes of Popery and

[a] Hiſtory of *John Bull*, part I. chap. 13.

" Puritaniſm [b]. Now if we conſider this " exquiſite piece of raillery as a teſt of " Truth, we ſhall find it impotent and " vain. For the queſtion ſtill recurs, " whether MARTIN be a juſt emblem of " the *Engliſh*, JACK of the *Scotch*, or " PETER of the *Roman* Church. All the " points in debate between the ſeveral " parties are taken for granted in the re- " preſentation: And we muſt have re- " courſe to *argument*, and that alone, ere " we can determine the merits of the " queſtion.

" If we next conſider this Maſter-piece " of wit as a mode of *eloquence*; we ſhall " find it indeed of great efficacy in con- " firming every member of the *Church* " *of England* in his own communion, " and in giving him a thorough diſtaſte " of thoſe of *Scotland* and *Rome*. And

" [b] Some indeed have pre- " tended otherwiſe. ——— " The pious author of the " Independent Whig affirms " [with the above A. of *the* " *Critical Enquiry*] that it was " an open attack upon Chriſ- " tianity, *&c.* where, by the " way, the contraſt is re- " markable enough, that he " ſhould pronounce the *Tale* " *of a Tub* to be a Libel on " Chriſtianity, while it is in " Fact, *A Vindication of our* " *Eccleſiaſtical Eſtabliſhment*; " and at the ſame time entitle " his own Book, *A Vindica-* " *tion of our Eccleſiaſtical Eſta-* " *bliſhment*, while it is in fact " a *Libel on Chriſtianity*."

" ſo

" ſo far as this may be regarded as a " matter of *public utility*, ſo far the ri- " dicule may be laudable.

" But if we extend our views ſo as to " comprehend a larger plan of *moral uſe*; " we ſhall find this method of perſuaſion " is ſuch as charity can hardly approve of: " For by repreſenting the one of theſe " churches under the character of *craft* " *and knavery*, the other under that of " *incurable madneſs*, it muſt needs tend " to inſpire every member of the *Engliſh* " Church, who believes the repreſentation, " with ſuch *hatred* of the one, and *con-* " *tempt* of the other, as to prevent all " *friendly debate*, and *rational remon-* " *ſtrance*.

" Its effect on thoſe who hold the " doctrines of *Calvin*, or of *Rome*, muſt " be yet worſe: Unleſs it can be proved, " that the way to attract the love, and " convince the reaſon, of mankind, is to " ſhew that we hate or deſpiſe them. " While they revere what we deride, 'tis " plain, we cannot both view the ſubject " in the ſame light: And though we de- " ride what appears to us *contemptible*,

"we deride what to them appears *ſacred*.
"They will therefore accuſe us of miſre-
"preſenting their opinions, and abhor us
"as *unjuſt* and *impious*.

"Thus, although this noted apologue
"be indeed a vindication of our *Engliſh*
"Church, yet it is ſuch as had been
"better ſpared: Becauſe its natural effect
"is to create prejudice, and inſpire the
"contending parties with mutual diſtaſte,
"contempt, and hatred[c]."

According to one of theſe Writers, the *Tale of a Tub* is a ridicule of all religion; according to the other, it is a defence of our conſtitution in church and ſtate; but with an unlawful weapon. And yet how few controverſialiſts do not make uſe of this weapon when they can lay hold of it! which of them keep themſelves within the ſtrict rules of pleadings in the *Areopagus!*

Another ingenious writer[d] is much offended with our Author's ſatire on the depravity of mankind, in *Gulliver's*

[c] Dr. Brown's *Eſſays on the Characteriſtics*, Eſſay I, § xi.

[d] Conjectures on Original Compoſition, p. 62. &c.

Travels.

Travels. One would think that he, who could draw up *The true Eſtimate of Human Life*, which ſeems to be an Impeachment of Providence, might admit *The true Eſtimate of Human Virtues*, debaſed as they are by our own corruptions. The truth is, both of them had their *Night* and gloomy *Thoughts*, and caricatured Human Nature as Melancholy or Spleen ſuggeſted, both in hopes to correct it. The charge againſt *Swift* is thus drawn up:

" *Lucian* was, at firſt, an apprentice to " a ſtatuary; and when he was reflected " on as ſuch, by being called *Prometheus*, " he replied, *I am indeed the inventor of* " *new work*; *the model of which I owe to* " *none*; *and, if I do not execute it well,* " *I deſerve to be torn by twelve vulturs,* " *inſtead of one.*"

" If ſo, O *Gulliver!* doſt thou not " ſhudder at thy brother *Lucian's* vultures " hovering over thee? Shudder on! they " cannot ſhock thee more, than decency " has been ſhock'd by thee. How have " thy *Houyhnhnms* thrown thy judgement " from its ſeat, and laid thy imagination

" in the mire? In what ordure haſt thou
" dipt thy pencil? What a monſter haſt
" thou made of the

" — *Human face divine?*

" This writer has ſo ſatirized human
" nature, as to give a demonſtration in
" himſelf, that it deſerves to be ſatirized.
" But, ſay his wholeſale admirers, " Few
" could *ſo* have written." True; and
" Fewer would. If it required great abili-
" ties to commit the fault, greater ſtill
" would have ſaved him from it. But
" whence ariſe ſuch warm advocates for
" ſuch a performance? From hence, *viz.*
" before a character is eſtabliſhed, merit
" makes fame; afterwards fame makes
" merit. *Swift* is not commended for
" this piece, but this piece for *Swift.*
" He has given us ſome beauties which
" deſerve all our praiſe; and our comfort
" is, that his faults will not become com-
" mon; for none can be guilty of them,
" but who have wit as well as reputation
" to ſpare. His wit had been leſs wild,
" if his temper had not joſtled his judge-
" ment. If his favourite *Houyhnhnms*
" could write, and *Swift* had been one of
" them,

" them, every horſe with him would
" have been an aſs; and he would have
" written a panegyrick on mankind,
" ſaddling with much reproach the pre-
" ſent heroes of his pen: On the contrary,
" being born amongſt men, and, of
" conſequence, piqued by many, and
" peeviſh at more, he has blaſphemed a
" nature little lower than that of angels,
" and aſſumed by far higher than they:
" But ſurely the contempt of the world
" is not a greater virtue, than the con-
" tempt of mankind is a vice. There-
" fore I wonder that, though forborn by
" others, the laughter-loving *Swift* was
" not reproved by the venerable Dean,
" who could ſometimes be very grave.

" For I remember, as I and others
" were taking with him an evening's
" walk, about a mile out of *Dublin*,
" he ſtopped ſhort; we paſſed on; but
" perceiving that he did not follow us, I
" went back, and found him fixed as a
" ſtatue, and earneſtly gazing upward at
" a noble elm, which in its uppermoſt
" branches was much withered and de-
" cayed.

" cayed. Pointing at it, he ſaid, *I ſhall*
" *be like that tree*; *I ſhall die at top.* As
" in this he ſeemed to propheſy like one
" of the Sibyls; if, like one of them, he
" had burnt part of his works, eſpecially
" *this* blaſted branch of a noble genius,
" like her too, he might have riſen in his
" demand for the reſt."

But, whatever may be thought of the Dean as a DIVINE, all agree in their elogium of him as a WRITER.

" It is now about fifty years (ſays Bp.
" *Lowth*, *Gramm.* p. iv.) ſince Dr. *Swift*
" made a public remonſtrance, addreſſed
" to the Earl of *Oxford*, then Lord Trea-
" ſurer, of the imperfect ſtate of our
" language[d]; alledging in particular, that
" in many inſtances it offended againſt
" every part of Grammar.—*Swift* muſt
" be allowed to have been a good judge
" of this matter; to which he was him-
" ſelf very attentive, both in his own
" writings, and his remarks upon thoſe of
" his friends: he is one of the moſt

[d] See *Swift's* Letter to Lord *Oxford*, in vol. iii.

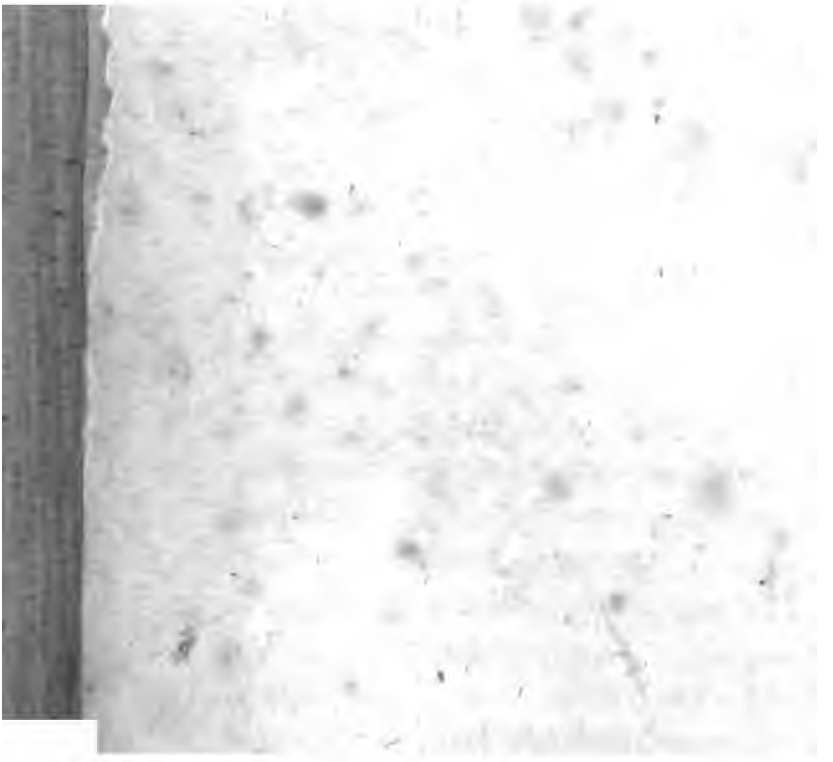
" *correct*,

" *correct*, and perhaps the beſt of our " Proſe Writers."

" The writer, who gives us the beſt " idea of what may be called the *genteel* " in ſtyle and manner of writing, is, in " my opinion, my Lord *Shafteſbury*. " Then Mr. *Addiſon* and Dr. *Swift*." *Shenſtone's Eſſays on Men, Manners, and Things*, p. 175.

" *Swift* in poetry deſerves a place " ſomewhere betwixt *Butler* and *Horace*. " He has the *Wit* of the former, and the " *Graceful Negligence* which we find in " the latter's epiſtles and ſatires." Ibid. p. 205.

END OF VOL. XIV.



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